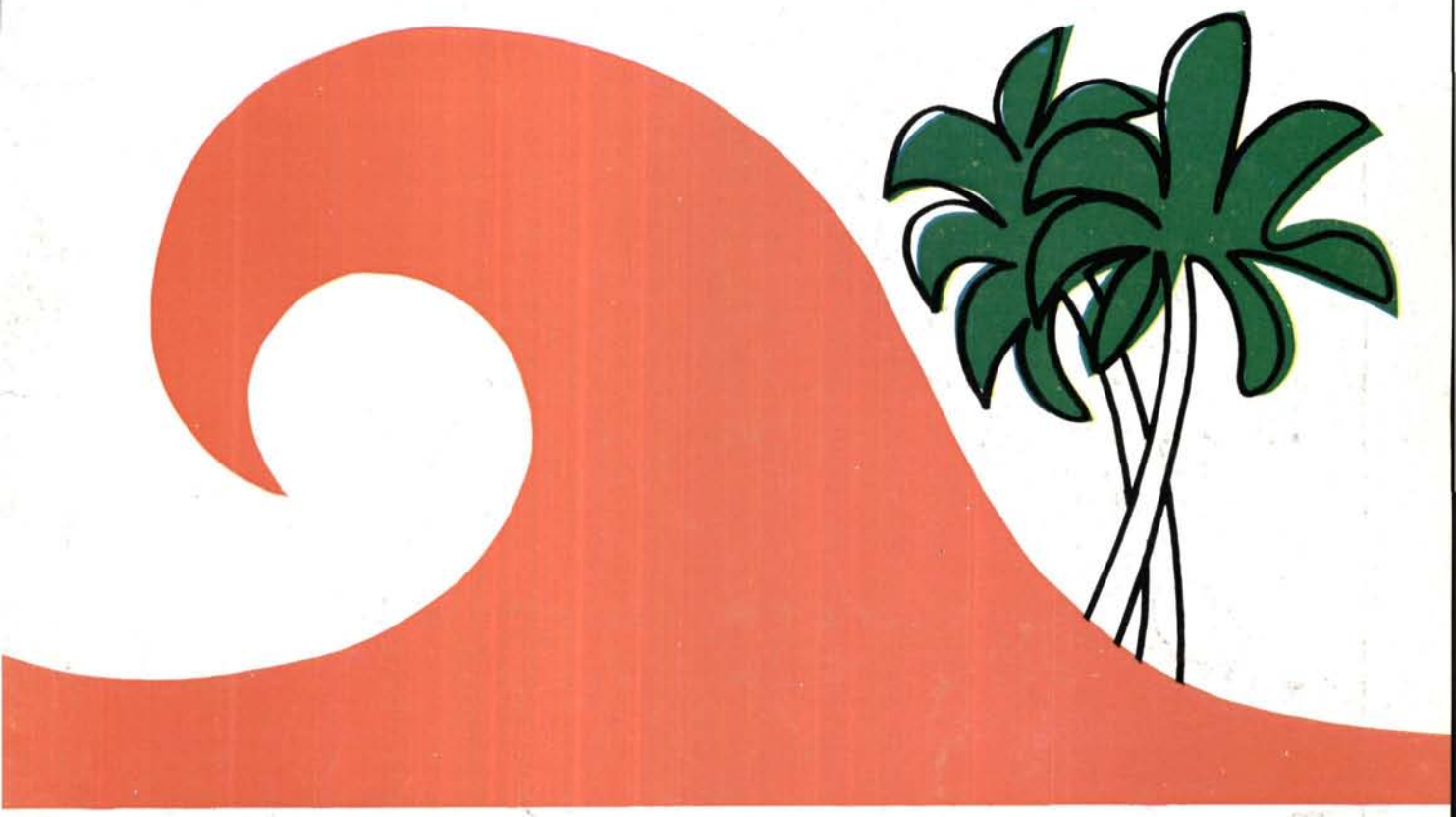
Saturday Review

October 8, 1966 35¢

AMERICA AS A PACIFIC NATION

THE INFLUENCE / THE INVOLVEMENT
THE NEIGHBORS / THE LEGACY



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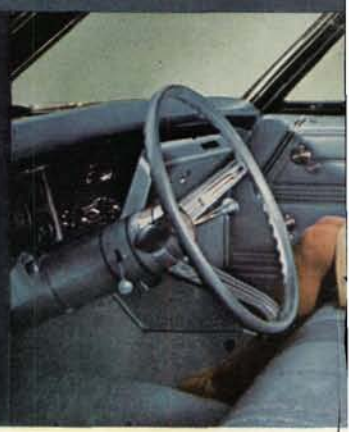

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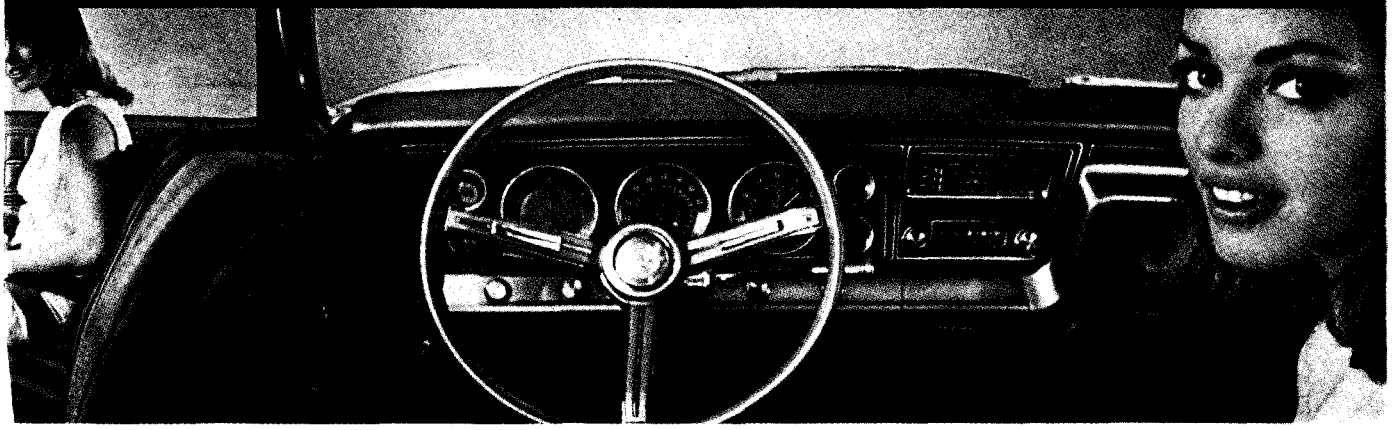

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—*—

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—*—

As a group, these few earn some 70% of all the net profits reported by all companies, and pay about 60% of all the dividends.

—*—

Of the estimated 20 million U.S. shareowners, some 12 million own shares of these 1,200 companies. (In the first half of this year, on the average, about 8 million shares were reported to have changed hands on the Exchange each trading day. This supply and demand is one reason investors usually can buy and sell listed stocks so easily.)

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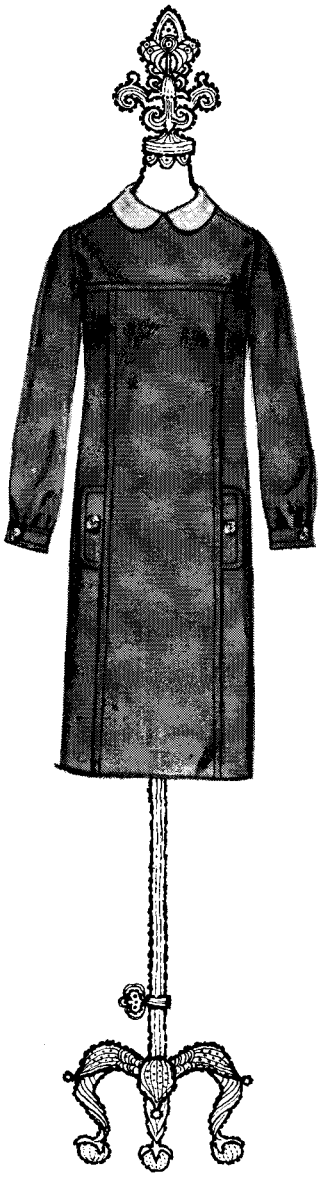

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October 8, 1966

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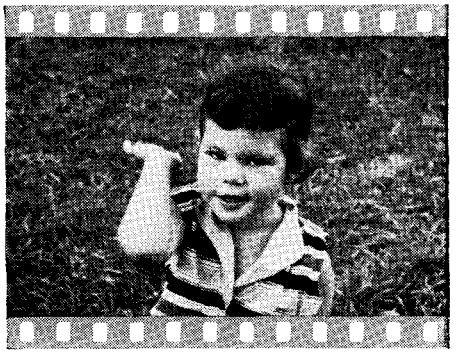

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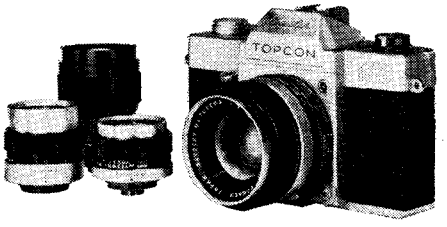

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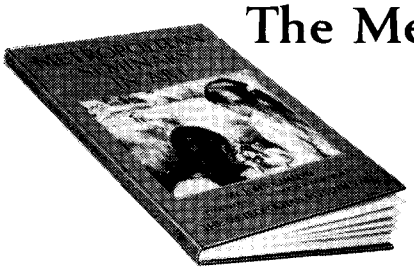
Are you one of many who admire the Mona Lisa for the wrong reasons?

PERHAPS, like so many people, you attribute the Mona Lisa's greatness to her enigmatic expression—to the fact that she "begins to smile," if looked at long enough. Or perhaps you are intrigued because her eyes seem to "follow you around the room" through some technique known only to Leonardo. Both of these common reactions are discussed in the very first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art as prime examples of the superficial fashion in which most people look at paintings. As the portfolio points out, anyone who admires a painting solely because of its technical competence or the appeal of its subject matter is probably missing all that the artist is really trying to convey. A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have this blind spot when they stand before a famous work of art.

It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted self-education* in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and particularly its unique method of learning *by comparison among great paintings.*

MONA LISA by Leonardo da Vinci



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Out of Sorts

Edited by MARTIN LEVIN

Behind the Hair Curtain

WHEN I visited the Soviet Union recently, I found very few of the Iron Curtain problems I had expected, and I had quite a fine time. I drank a lot of vodka and champagne, and, being an eternally hungry man, I devoured glistening mountains of delicious, fresh, inexpensive caviar, though, unlike one of my Russian table companions, I never tried it for breakfast. I went to ballets and operas, and heard a Faust I'll never forget. I visited Lenin's cool, quiet, eerie tomb in Red Square—and felt self-conscious at having been let in ahead of several hundred waiting Russians. (Visitors accompanied by Intourist guides get special privileges, and nobody seems to mind.)

The hotel chambermaids were the most helpful I've encountered anywhere. They pressed suits at odd hours, and had to be coaxed into accepting tips. Once I left a bathtub full of socks and underwear; I had no time to wash them so I just put them to soak. When I returned, I found everything had been washed and hung up to dry. Another day, I completed my laundry and went out sightseeing, aware that I hadn't done a good job; the white things looked far from white. When I got back to my room, I found everything had been relaundered, and the white articles bleached.

So it went—one pleasant experience after another. But there was that Hair Curtain, which I encountered in, of all places, a post office.

Visitors in the Soviet Union are not permitted to receive mail at their hotels. They don't even know which hotel they will be assigned to until they arrive. Each visitor is given a number, designating a postal station at which he must call in person in order to receive his mail Every day in Moscow my guide, a willowy blonde, escorted me to the station, and for the first few days I found letters awaiting me. But several I had been expecting had not yet arrived, and on my last day, when we went to inquire, I was told there was nothing for me.

The postal clerk, whom I had not seen before, was a young girl with an unbelievably large mop of coarse, brown hair which fell to the sides, and forward, from a central part, and completely obliterated her face as she sat hunched over a sorting table. I watched, fascinated, as she started through the large stack she had pulled from a pigeonhole marked "J." She would lift one letter from the stack, brush her hair back, peer out at the address, and set the letter aside. Again and again the slow process was repeated. It was amusing for a few moments, but then I grew impatient—and fearful.

"Are you sure she has my name right?" I asked the guide.

"She has it," came the firm reply.

"But I have a last name for a first name," I said. "Sometimes that confuses people."

"I told her your name—both of your names."

"Perhaps you'd better write it out for her," I suggested.

Reluctantly, she printed my name on a note pad, underscored the last name, and held it out for the girl to see. After several thrashing motions of hands toward head, the girl looked at the note pad, nodded, and went back to more sorting and thrashing. When she reached the last letter she reported something in Russian to the guide, who told me that there was nothing for me.

"But I'm sure I must have something there," I said. "Would you ask her to look through the letters again?"

After a rather lengthy exchange in Russian, the clerk again started through the letters, of which there must have been fifty. Time dragged on, and it almost seemed as if her hair had become thicker, and longer. With every letter lifted from the stack came the frantic brushing back, a shake of the head, and the slow scrutiny. Maddening! Once more, as she reached the last letter, a negative report.

I looked sternly at the guide and expressed my doubts. Would it be possible, I asked, for *me* to look through the stack?

"There is obviously nothing for you," she said.

"But perhaps she missed some," I said. "She—"

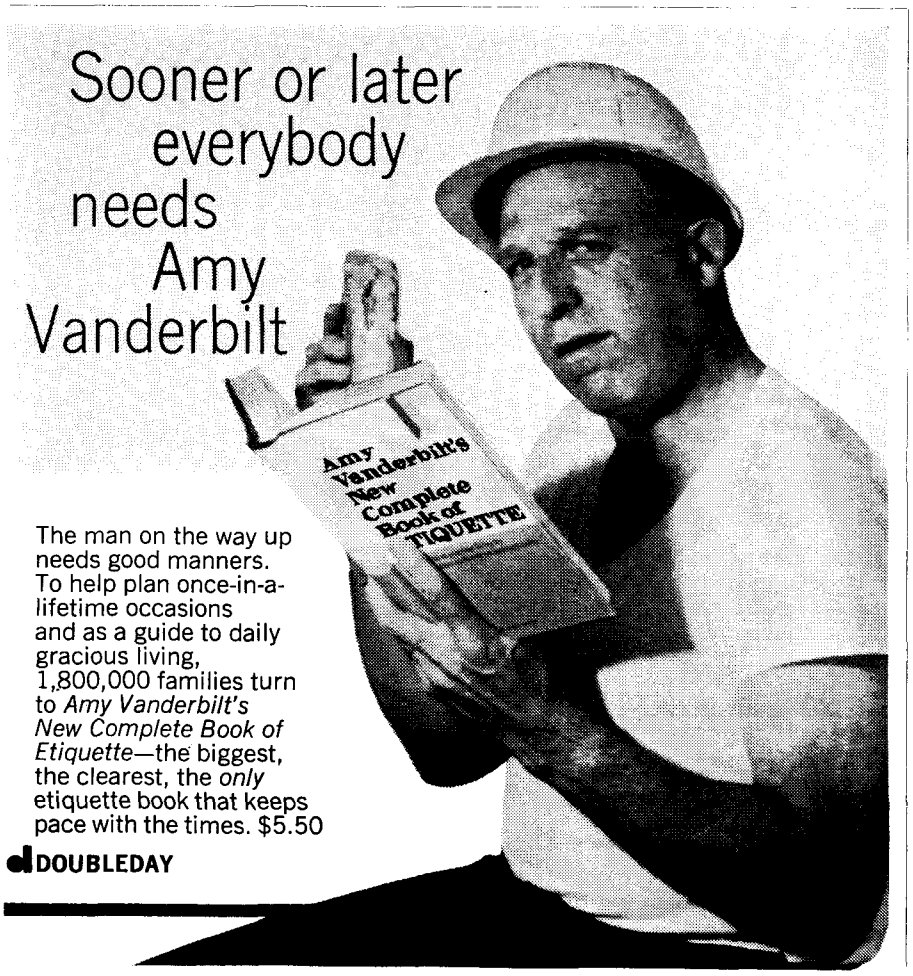
"You *saw* her. She has looked *twice*. I don't believe you have any letters here today."

"But I *must* have," I said. "My wife writes frequently—nearly every day—and I haven't had a letter from her for several days. Surely they . . ."

"If she wrote you letters, and mailed them, they would be here," she said.

"But—"

She looked at her watch. "It is time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now for us to continue your tour," she said. "We missed St. Basil's Cathedral yesterday, and you wanted to see it. If we—"

"Forget St. Basil's," I said. "I'm *leaving* here early tomorrow morning. If letters do arrive, can I have them forwarded to me in Leningrad?"

"Yes, of course," she said. "You must leave your forwarding address here, and there is a fee you must pay."

More conversation, in Russian, with Miss Mopnik, who groped around under the counter and finally came up with a form on which I wrote my name and Leningrad postal station number. I paid the small fee, and we started to leave.

"Wait," I said at the door. "I'm *sure* there must be some mail here for me. I'd like to look through those letters, myself. *Please?*"

"You will miss St. Basil's and the Exhibition of Economic Achievements, too," she said.

"Forget St. Basil's! And forget . . . achievements!" I sputtered. "I'm interested in my mail, and that's all!"

She shrugged, and we went back to the counter. The Hair Curtain was still lowered, and two fumbling hands beneath it were trying to rearrange the stack of letters. More Russian dialogue followed; I couldn't understand a word

of it, but it was long, and seemed to have sharp edges. At last the stack was shoved across the counter to me.

I began to go through it, slowly. There were letters from everywhere, and in all sizes and colors. Some of them were addressed in undecipherable handwriting, and many, I noted, were more than a month old. After I had looked, wistfully, at about a dozen, a familiar script appeared, and there it was—a letter from my wife. I continued on, and found another, and directly beneath it, still another. By the time I had reached the bottom of the stack, I had found seven letters, each clearly and correctly addressed to me. One had been forwarded from Sydney, and another from Bangkok; the rest were directly from New York.

As I rammed them into my pocket, I couldn't resist a smug, satisfied glance at my guide, who merely shrugged. I glanced at the clerk, too, but of course she could not see me. She was waiting on someone else now, and the Hair Curtain was down. We left her there, thrashing and peering. We had time for a few minutes in St. Basil's, but we had to skip the Exhibition of Economic Achievements. —Hayes B. Jacobs.

The Prints and the Paupers

THE New York City administration's latest money-saver calls for important visitors to receive prints of City Hall instead of the usual key to the city. The keys used to run around $17, but *Life* magazine has given some 500 prints to the Lindsay people for nothing.

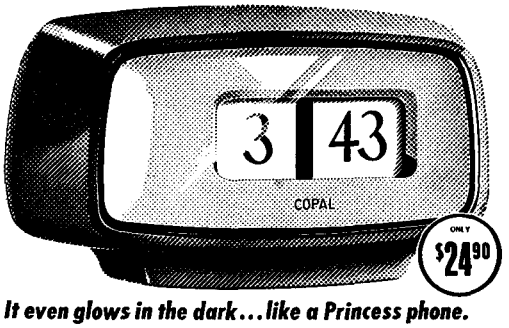
However, it still costs the city $3 for the picture frame and the case, representing a net saving of $14 for each customer or $70 a year, since the city gives the glad hand to about five dignitaries annually—not counting Arabian monarchs.

A little quick arithmetic shows the city won't soon run out of prints. At the present rate there's enough on hand to last 100 years—well beyond the time old City Hall will have been torn down. With the $3 as a base expenditure, the city can throw a little knickknack or trinket into the deal and still hold the overall cost around $4.85 per king, or whoever else comes along. Even the $4.85 doesn't necessarily represent a loss. There's a good chance that the city will break even or possibly make a profit on the visitor. If he blows into town with a sizeable retinue or goes on a spending spree, the city sales tax will easily nick him of $4.85.

But there's a negative side to the new print arrangement. How can the mayor be sure he won't run into a little embarrassment? "From *Life*?" some potentate might thunder, tearing his print into little pieces and dropping them at the mayor's feet, "Why just last month we kicked their correspondent out of my country." And, of course, a visiting dignitary may not feel he's on the receiving end of something unique when Mayor Lindsay peels one of the prints from the pile. "Take one," he might say, "There's plenty more where this came from."

—J. J. Haggerty.

THIS KIND OF CLOCK TELLS A DIFFERENT KIND OF TIME.



It even glows in the dark... like a Princess phone.

Time is just time you say? Well read how this Caslon Clock will change the way you read it.

It is a psychological fact (try it on friends) that when people look away from an ordinary clock (one with hands!), they seldom remember the exact time. They know about what time it is. This is because most often you just glance at a clock to orient yourself to the time . . . in relationship to some upcoming moment, date, event or whatever. But. When you glance away from this digital timepiece and someone asks you the time: you'll give it exactly. Right to the minute. **"It is 3:43".** That's the difference between seeing all 12 hours at once and this "digital readout" that states the precise time, and only the precise time.

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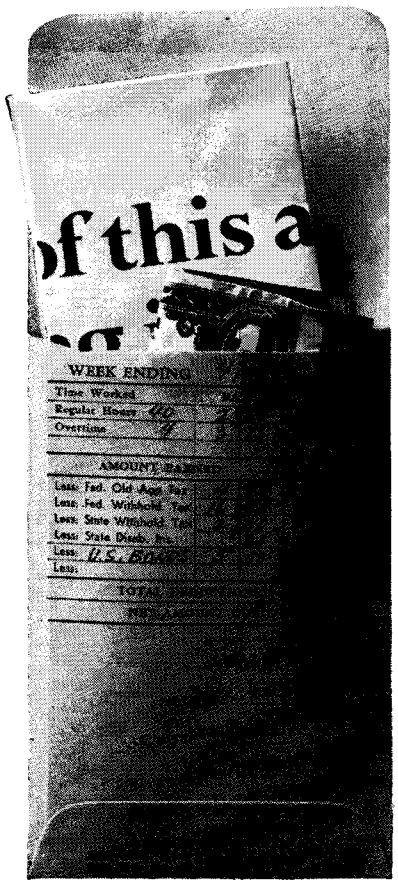

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Let's see if we can keep Avis ads honest.

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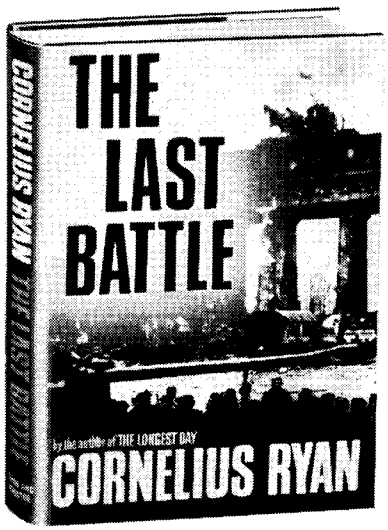

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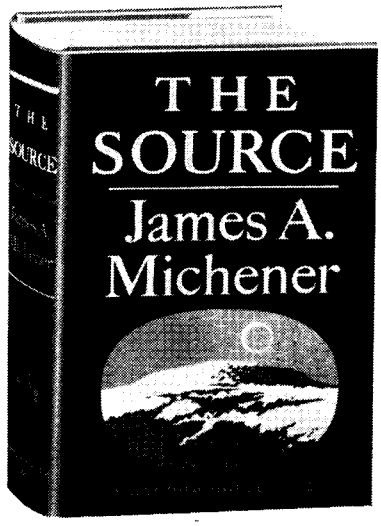

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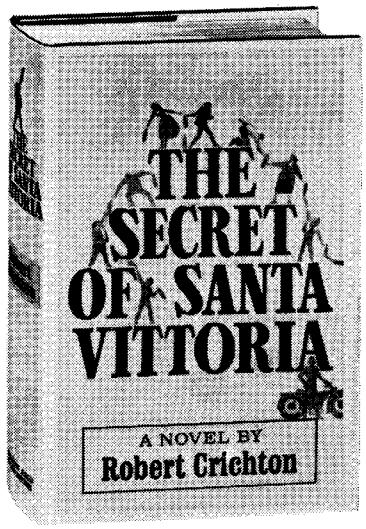

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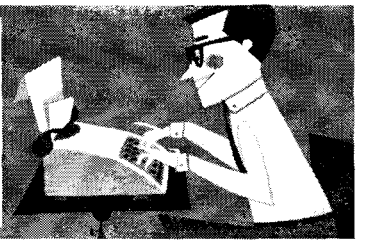
Top of My Head



Sunset

IT ALWAYS SEEMS so damned unfair. So unprepared are we for the sudden news of a death, that even now it is difficult to accept the passing of Gertrude Berg. We know too well the inexorable pattern which *in finite* gathers us all to mother earth. But not Molly! Not so soon! She herself was mother to all earthlings.

It was only a year ago this month that Gertrude Berg sat quietly huddled in a remote corner of a TV studio in Brooklyn where they were preparing the Perry Como program. I came over and stood behind her, watching her softly rehearse to herself the lines she was to speak when she assumed the warm, matronly mantle of the universal mama, Molly Goldberg.

"What worries me most," she said to me, "is the singing. I never sang in public before. Do you think I'll be?"

I remembered that when she bustled busily around her kitchen her sentences had a way of ending like that.

"You'll be, you'll be," I said. "I'm sure you'll be."

"Yes?" she asked. Molly always had that quizzical look when you spoke to her, as if she were listening not only to what you were saying but also to what you were thinking.

She wasn't sure. She was worried. The duet which she and Perry were to sing that night was "Sunrise, Sunset," from *Fiddler on the Roof*, a haunting melody with poignant lyrics.

Sunrise, sunset, swiftly fly the years.

This was strange to her. And with the usual and painstaking care of a mistress of her craft she was wrestling with a new problem. Words set to music. Actually it wasn't the singing that should have troubled her. The lilt and the lament for the years that fly so swiftly had always been in her voice. But pacing lyrics to the tempo of music—this was something else again. Softly she tried the line for me:

Sunrise, sunset, swiftly fly the years.

"Wonderful, Molly," I said. She was a tiny bit off key—ever so slightly—but it was truly and unmistakably Molly. And, of course, when they sang it, Perry would easily cover for her. She had been a guest on many of Perry's shows through the years and had always brightened the hour with her warmth and mama philosophy.

"It'll be like always, Molly. You've always been wonderful every season," I said.

She *kvelled* a little as she continued:

One season, following another,
laden with happiness and tears.

I reminded her that many years ago she had been a guest on the show and had brought along the two children of her radio program—Rosalie and Sammy. She nodded and smiled nostalgically.

Where is the little girl I carried
where is the little boy at play?

But now, several years later, both she and Perry were grandparents.

I don't remember growing older,
when did they?

Both were so suited to the tender pathos of the music and accompanying sonnet they were to perform that evening. It was destined to be a memorable three minutes of the hour.

The show itself was to be a happy meeting between Perry and Molly. It was the Thanksgiving program. According to script, Molly was to come on to invite Perry to the Goldberg home in the Bronx to a Thanksgiving dinner.

"This year," she said to Perry, "you're coming to my house for Thanksgiving, I hope?"

"I'm sorry, Molly," said Perry, "but I already have a dinner invitation. I'm eating with some friends."

Molly persisted:

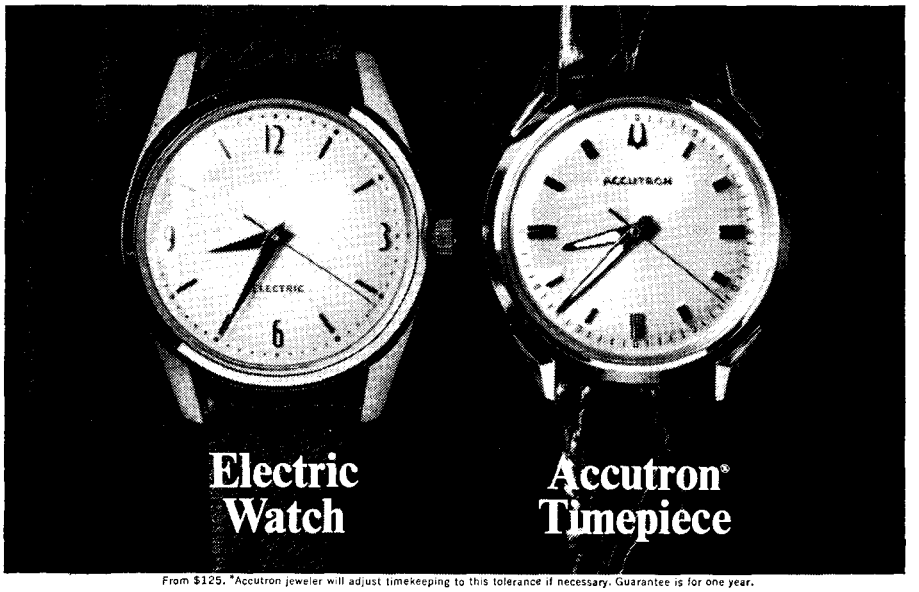
"But Perele," she said, "you can't go out to eat on an empty stomach. Come to my house. I have a big turkey—I'll roast you—I'll stuff you. In all these years you've never been to my home."

Sunrise, sunset, swiftly fly the years.

Her audiences always purred with delight. Here was everyone's mother—who gathered her children to her ample bosom. And all was right with the world.

Sunrise . . .
Goodbye mama.
. . . Sunset.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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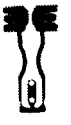
You'd think they'd both keep the same time since they both operate with batteries. But they don't. Because an electric watch is a conventional watch that keeps time with a conventional balance wheel. The balance wheel is just driven by a battery instead of a spring. No electric watch guarantees the time it will keep.

The Accutron timepiece is not a watch and has no balance wheel. Instead, its battery operates a *tuning fork* that splits a second into 360 equal parts. (A watch divides a second into only 5 parts.) This is how we (Bulova) can guarantee Accutron accuracy within a minute a month.* U.S. satellites use Accutron timers, not electric watches.



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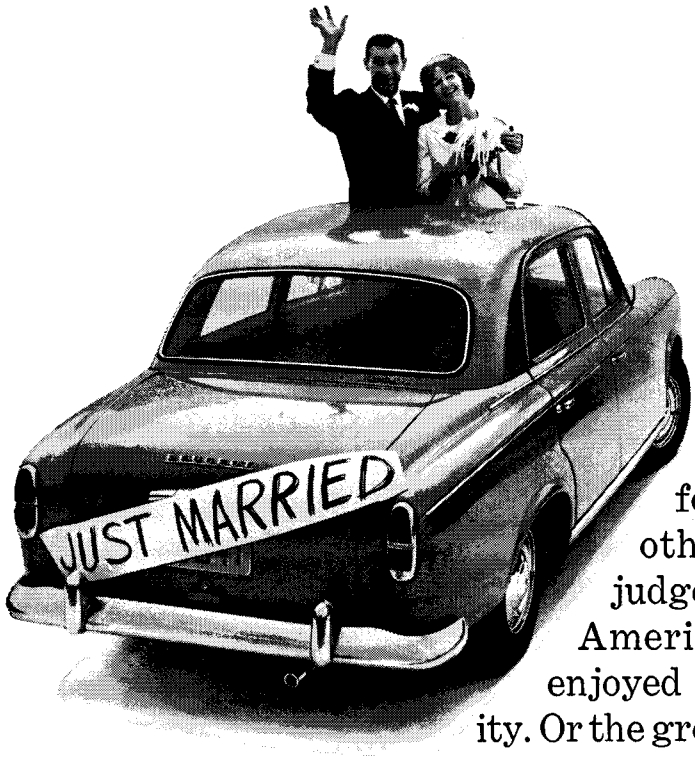
One good Peugeot



That's the story of Peugeot's life. People who once buy a Peugeot seem to come back for another. And another. There must be a reason. Perhaps they found that Peugeot lasts far longer than other cars—after all, Peugeot has been judged the "Toughest Car in the World" by American Rodding Magazine. Perhaps they enjoyed Peugeot's response and maneuverability. Or the great mileage. Or the $500 worth of extras that don't cost a penny extra. You'll find reasons of your own once you test drive a Peugeot. Do it today. Chances are you'll come back for more. And more.

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Mr. Humphrey: A Prize Pupil Ran All the Way

Negro Pupils Say 'God Love You' To White Principal

Each week, this "quiet" family newspaper starts some of the country's liveliest discussions

The National Observer does it without sensationalism and scare headlines, but by adding something special to traditional news coverage. It not only tells you *what* is happening in the world – it also tells you *why*.

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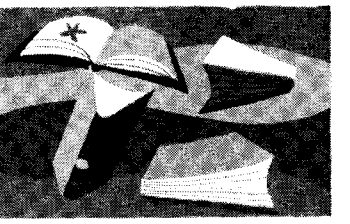


I found this story in that marvelous biography, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*. James Henry Riley was an old pal of Mark Twain. Twain thought Riley was the wittiest and most entertaining person he knew. Once, in the boarding house where he lived in Washington, Riley's landlady told him about the old cook next door who had fallen to sleep over her red-hot stove and was burned to death. Without a smile or a moment's hesitation, Riley pronounced the epitaph:

"Well done, good and faithful servant."

When writer Ken Kraft was new to Santa Rosa, California, he made use of the library one day and disappeared into the stacks. When his wife Pat came to meet him, she couldn't find him. She stood in the reading room and looked around helplessly. One of the staff girls saw Pat and quietly asked if she were looking for a book.

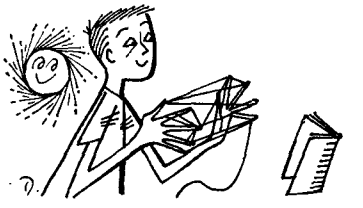
Pat whispered, "No, thanks. For a husband."

The young lady sighed and whispered back, "Aren't we all?"

Some friends of mine spent a couple of weeks in their summer house near the sand dunes in Wellfleet, Massachusetts. When they were packing to drive there from the city, the parents told their two teen-age boys to bring along some reading matter in case the weather was bad. When I visited them one day, the sun was shining, but the boys were in the house reading out of the one book they had both brought, and playing with string.

The book was *String Figures and How to Make Them: A Study of Cat's-Cradle in Many Lands*, by Caroline Furness-Jayne. It was first published in 1906, and has been reissued by Dover in a paperback, which has 400 pages filled with diagrams showing how to construct more than 100 string figures. Someone had given the boys this book, and they had been on a cat's-cradle kick for quite some time when I saw them. Their strings and the book had made them forget about the beach.

String figures are an ancient pastime, practiced in all parts of the world, from Fiji to Alaska, from Japan to East Africa. Whoever Caroline Furness-Jayne was, she did a masterful job of collecting the many string figures from around the world, of showing how to make them, and of writing a history of the game. Every figure has a name, such as "Carrying Money," which pictures four men in Yap carrying one of those big stones they used for money on that island. Or "Two Boys Fighting for an Arrow,"



which is done by the Klamath Indians of the Northwest Coast.

At the time the book was written, no one knew for sure where string figures had originated. The guess was China or Korea. Somehow the pastime had spread around the world to Europe. Not surprisingly, there are similarities between figures in various parts of the world. The most widely spread game is called in the British Isles "The Leashing of Lochiel's Dogs." In this country it is known as the Cherokee's "Crow's Feet," and in Algeria, as "Cock's Feet." In Africa the Ulungu call it "Wooden Spoon," and it is found in Australia, too.

Get yourself the book and some string and you'll have something with which to amuse yourself on a sunny day.

On her way from Bangkok to the beaches of the Gulf of Siam, Jane Hamilton, now of the University of Dayton, used to stop at the little town of Cholburi and have a snack at the Smarnmit Restaurant. On the back of the menu was this message:

> Have the map with Thai and English for your-tourist of Cholburi. We have cars at your service all the time. If you reach to Smarnmit-Restaurant already. If you wish to meet someone or want to-go somewhere or buy somethings. We pleasure to advice to you always. If your car have object, we have the mender for you. If you want the food already make to your resident. We pleasure to bring to your resident or you want the food go with you for travel we have the box prepare for you all the time.

The funny thing about that paragraph is that if you read it carefully, it makes

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Tactical Radio: A report from General Dynamics

In old suspense movies there always seemed to be a sequence in which the fleeing suspect tunes his car radio to the police band, hears: "Car 64, fugitive headed your way—intercept." Whereupon, suspect swings away and escapes.

Even today, by and large, if police car A wants to reach squad car B one mile away, willy-nilly, cars C, D, and E, all tuned to the same channel, have to listen too. And so can lots of unofficial ears.

This problem is compounded a thousandfold by modern military tactical requirements. Hundreds of squads, vehicles, and individuals may be operating separately over a wide area, all scrambled up with enemy units.

On occasion a commander must broadcast orders to a hundred squads at once. But he may also need to talk to a single intelligence scout hidden hundreds of miles away. Or an individual unit may have to call another unit with information or to call for support, without hundreds of ears, friend or foe, all automatically listening too.

Radio sets just that selective are now being delivered or developed by General Dynamics. Small and rugged enough to go anywhere a man can go, and simple to operate, the new radios are a key to modern tactical mobility.

From 2 to 74,000:

World War II walkie-talkies had one or two channels. The new sets have from 28,000 to 74,000 different channels for voice or teletype communication. A generation ago, a mere 12 channels called for a large fixed installation. Now one with some 45,000 channels will be carried on a man's back. The biggest one can fit the back seat of a jeep.

The enormous number of channels permits direct "calling numbers" for hundreds, even thousands, of other radios within sending and receiving range. Each set, in fact, has a number of different calling numbers that can be changed in prearranged groups every day, every hour or in rapid sequence on a moment's notice to aid security.

The new combat radios are based primarily on an old principle—single sideband transmission. It took developments of the past decade, however, in both solid-state electronics and ultra-miniature packaging to make practical such sets for mobile ground use.

On an oscilloscope, an AM (amplitude modulation) radio wave looks like a single line. Actually that line is made up of three distinct parts: a central carrier and two sidebands.

The central carrier is generated at a specific frequency—in effect its "address." When modulated, (that is, the message added) two sidebands come into being to carry the actual information. Both bear identical "intelligence."

Less becomes more:

SSB techniques filter out the central carrier and one redundant sideband. The message is sent on the remaining sideband, which contains all the essential information.

Only one-quarter of the power is now required to send a signal the same distance. Alternatively, the same amount of power needed for a full AM band will send an SSB message at least four times as far.

And with greater clarity.

"Noise" or static, comes from any electrical interference—power lines, vehicle engines, a storm 100 miles away. The carrier section of standard AM is particularly vulnerable. By using only one sideband, two-thirds of the static potential is avoided.

Radio tuning traditionally depended upon quartz crystals, each of which vibrates at an individual wave length. With enough of them, a large number of channels has always been theoretically possible. The number of fragile and expensive crystals that could be carried in combat was limited.

Today's sets still use crystals but in conjunction with electronic or electromechanical oscillators and synthesizers that can create thousands of different rates of vibration—or separate channels—and can change from one to another within fractions of a second.

Big becomes small:

New packaging techniques have been equally important. For instance, big tuning capacitors were originally the size of a pair of clenched fists. Now their function has been squeezed into a diode the size of a match head. Sets in development are only one-fiftieth the size and weight of World War II sets that had only a tiny fraction of today's channels, range or clarity.

Once upon a time there was room to spare on our radio airways. Today, channels jam closer and closer; interference has become a serious problem. General Dynamics' new sets are today filling military needs. Future civilian applications, however, could double the number of channels available for voice or data communication within the space now taken up by AM transmissions.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases. *Reprints of this series are available.*

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perfectly good sense. What's more, I'll bet there isn't an American out there who knows Thai half as well as the Smarnmit-Restaurant knows English.

Sharps and Flats: The largest private coin and money collection in the world is owned by Francis Cardinal Spellman. Valued at $500,000, it is being displayed in public for the first time at the new branch of the Manhattan Savings Bank at 86th Street and Third Avenue, New York. For some reason, the collection includes the $80 found in the pocket of John Dillinger when he was shot to death in 1934.

► When Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Bono arrived at Copenhagen's Royal S.A.S. Hotel September 9, the desk clerk looked at them and cancelled their reservations, saying, "We do not accept guests wearing outlandish costumes." Mr. and Mrs. Bono, better known as Sonny and Cher, were finally admitted to their rooms after two hours of high-level negotiations.

► A small New York publishing firm, wanting to diversify, is haggling over a controlling interest in General Motors.

► R. Blagden reports from Tokyo that Police Inspector Shimpachi Utsugi retired after thirty-five years as Japan's Number 1 foe of pickpockets. He was so expert that often, to save time when he saw a pickpocket pick a pocket, he would pick the pickpocket's pocket and repocket the pickings in the pocket of the man whose pocket the pickpocket had picked, no one the wiser. Inspector Utsugi would then go on his way, knowing that a crime had been prevented, without all the fuss of making an arrest, complaints, etc., etc.

► Leo J. Kessler says: Show me a squirrel's home and I'll show you a nutcracker's suite.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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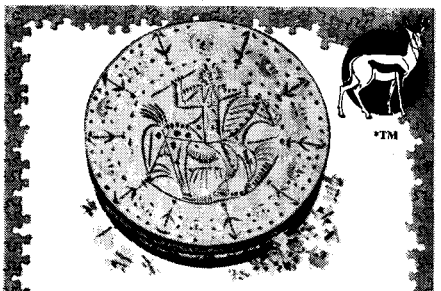

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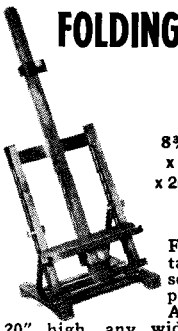

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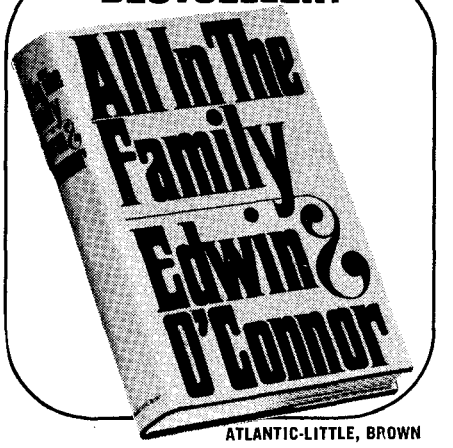

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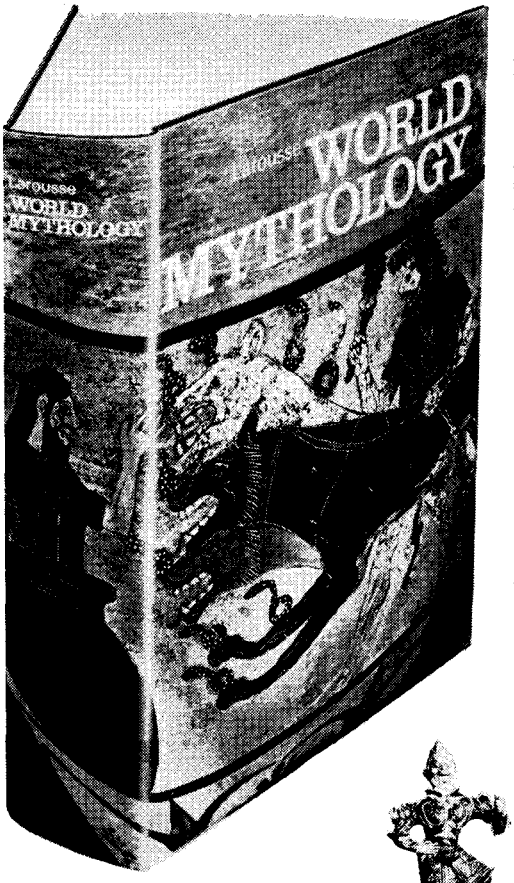

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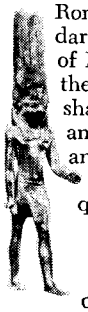

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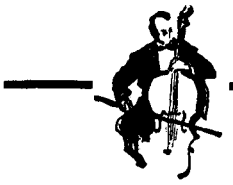

MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Met's New "Gioconda" and "Traviata"

YEARS AND YEARS AGO, Oscar Wilde suggested that "Nothing succeeds like excess." Somewhat later Edgar A. Guest—or was it Polly Adler?—observed that "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it a home." Taken together, they provide the reasons for one of the longest opera performances in history as the Metropolitan began its second week of existence in Lincoln Center with new productions of Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* and Verdi's *La Traviata.*

What was at fault about the more than splendid, no less than splendiferous, production of *Gioconda* by Beni Montresor (its predecessor dated to the first administration of Calvin Coolidge) was, in the main, a product of the Wilde-Guest-Adler syndrome—a house not yet become a home, in which it was discovered, too late, that some of the constructions were too high to be moved off laterally, and had to be broken down before the next scene could take its place. This resulted in intermissions of such length that Renata Tebaldi's "Suicidio" came on Friday rather than Thursday. What was right about it will continue to enliven many an evening in the future—not, please God, as many as its predecessor—when the hard-working stage crew, map in hand, can put up and take down Venice and environs in shorter intermissions than would accommodate a performance of *La Bohème* as part of a double bill.

If one separates the action from the inaction, the immediate success was a ringing affirmation for the acoustical planning of the Messrs. Jordan and Harris, rendered *viva voce* by the six leading singers required in Ponchielli's well-stuffed score, as many choristers as the roster affords, and a broad panorama of orchestral playing admirably directed by Fausto Cleva. When the total complement—ranging from Tebaldi as Gioconda and Mignon Dunn as La Cieca, (Biserka Cvejic, the Laura, was at the moment lying off-stage semi-dead, as the script decrees) to Franco Corelli (Enzo), Cesare Siepi (Alvise), and Cornell MacNeil (Barnaba)—had placed the vocal capstone on the arch of sound in the third act finale, one wondered whether there is another opera house, new or old, where so much sound would ring so true.

Montresor's fertility is of such youthful potence that all the values in his settings might be described, in an Italianization of Wilde, as *issimo–bellissimo,* for the riotous richness of the courtyard of the Doge's palace, *grandissimo* for the interior of same, *malignissimo* for the concluding episode on the Giudecca, etc. A good third of it could be spared, with gain to clarity (and, certainly, convenience of movement), but economy is a virtue that youth must learn from age. As a practitioner of the theater, he should quickly realize that a raised, interior stage is a device to be used sparingly, especially when a thrice important scene requires floor space for such an elaborate ballet as becomes "The Dance of the Hours." What he allotted amid the eight candelabra-bearing statues that ringed the stage so hemmed in the dancers that part of Zachary Solov's flouncy patterns were performed on the stage floor near the footlights. The result was the first split-level ballet in history. This would have embarrassed a more competent ensemble than the Metropolitan ballet, with or without the circumstance of Robert Davis's having flubbed his responsibilities of partnership. His last-minute recovery saved Sally Brayley, the principal female dancer, from a nasty crash from shoulder height, but hardly settled her nerves for what followed.

The handicaps that Montresor's scenic arrangement (picturesque as most of it was) imposed on movement and action were multiplied by Margherita Wallmann's affection for overcomplicating the simplest situation. As noted in her staging of *Lucia* a few years back, she dotes on rather meaningless minutiae—a pantomime of Venetian life behind a scrim as the prelude is being played (no license for it in the score), bits and pieces of by-play during Act I which are motivated by directorial fantasy rather than dramatic purpose, a sly little unscripted "murder" in Act II to add realism to the act's opening, people toting bales and making movements behind the singing of a major musical episode. The rehearsal time required to regiment all this left the principals mostly to their own acting devices, which ranged from crude in the instance of MacNeil to cultured in the instance of Siepi.

As an offset to all this was the awareness, as one scene succeeded another, that Metropolitan operagoers were hearing, for the first time in the memory of all but the most aged, a rendition of *Gioconda* in which all the vocal values were coordinated, and a sense of musical order replaced the in-fighting that usually prevails when this work is "revived" rather than restored. The lion of the evening, in the quality of his roar as well as the shapely mass of his mane, was Franco Corelli, who earned a billing as king of operatic beasts with the best performance he has yet given in New York. He has, through some mysterious persuasion, been brought to the realization that there is as much virtue in a well controlled *piano* as in a blatant *forte.* This gave him access to a more cultivated "Cielo e mar" than has been his norm (not yet Gigli, but let's be reasonable). This is far from the whole of Enzo's part, but the rest, for a tenor of Corelli's capabilities, is a matter of doing what comes naturally. That is to say, flinging out high notes and making the picturesque presence for which Nature designed him. Now, if he could straighten the right leg, and assume a less nonchalant posture. . . .

At another extreme of artistic endeavor was Tebaldi's first Gioconda ever, the "happy one" who is thrice cursed—

(*Continued on page* 23)

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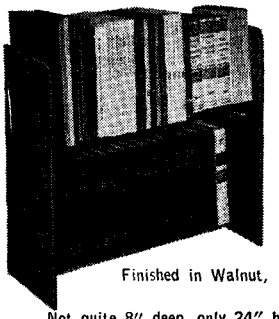

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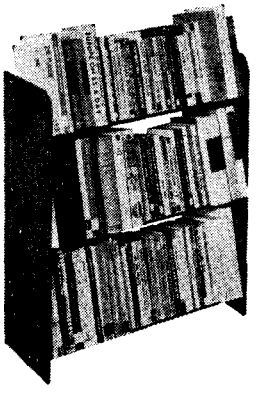

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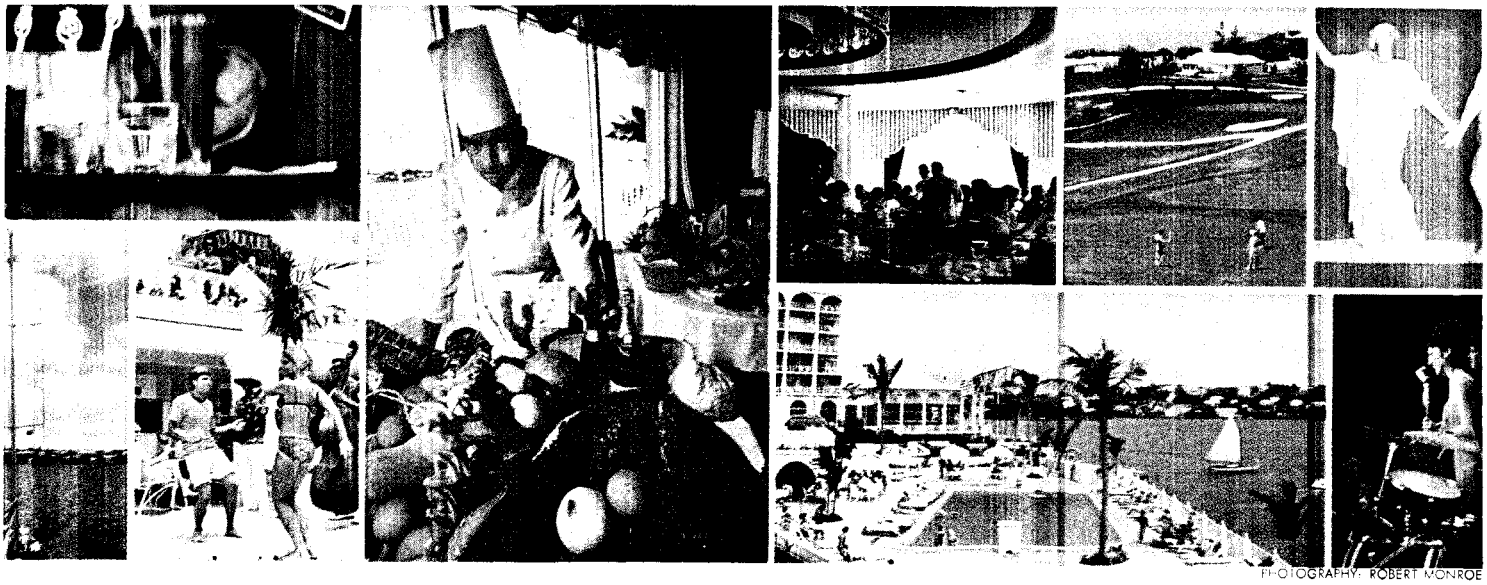

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Continued from page 20

by a blind mother, by a disinterested object of her affections, and by a pursuer for whom she cares not. Neither the richness nor the abundance of the sound she once possessed is any longer at her command, but she has become a much more thoughtful artist, who puts her good looks and still luminous "star quality" to the service of the role she plays rather than assuming a dominance of the scene as she once did. The least abundantly dressed of the principals—she wore the same well-conceived "street singer" garb throughout—she nevertheless invested her part with the most reality. When it came her turn to hold stage center with her post-midnight "Suicidio," she applied all the ounces of artistry at her command to equal the pounds of persuasion she used to assert by voice alone.

Quieter in tone but no less contributory to the outcome were Dunn's well sung Cieca and Cvejic's attractive Laura, which suggested that Miss Cvejic is gaining the upper hand, technically, of her basically fine sound. Dramatically, there was the most to admire in Siepi's Alvise. He has now reached the happy state of stage security in which he can put aside mere masculine good looks on behalf of a sinister makeup that underlines the part this character plays in a complicated drama (further complicated by one of those Metropolitan cuts in which Alvise fails to show up in Act II to observe what makes him indignant in Act III). MacNeil's Barnaba, on the other hand, was all operatic villainy, though his mighty sound could support many more shades of dramatic meaning.

That all of it added, nevertheless, to the best likeness of *Gioconda* seen as well as heard here in years may relate as much to the ailments of some predecessors as to the health of this one. Could it, like an overlong manuscript, be edited and refined, the best of a handsome pictorial frame replacing the shadowy remnants now interred could go on giving pleasure for years.

No such qualifications need be invoked in the case of the *Traviata* staged by Alfred Lunt with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. Neither of these practiced theatrical craftsmen has to prove, at this point, that he can plan fancy as well as plain. Together they have created a scheme that is admirable in unity, total in mood, and altogether rewarding to see. They have placed the action at the beginning of the Second Empire (1853), which is to say almost contemporary with the happenings treated by Dumas-Piave-Verdi. Billowing gowns, men with shoulder-length hair, establishments where servants are almost as numerous as guests—all proclaim an era gone but fondly remembered.

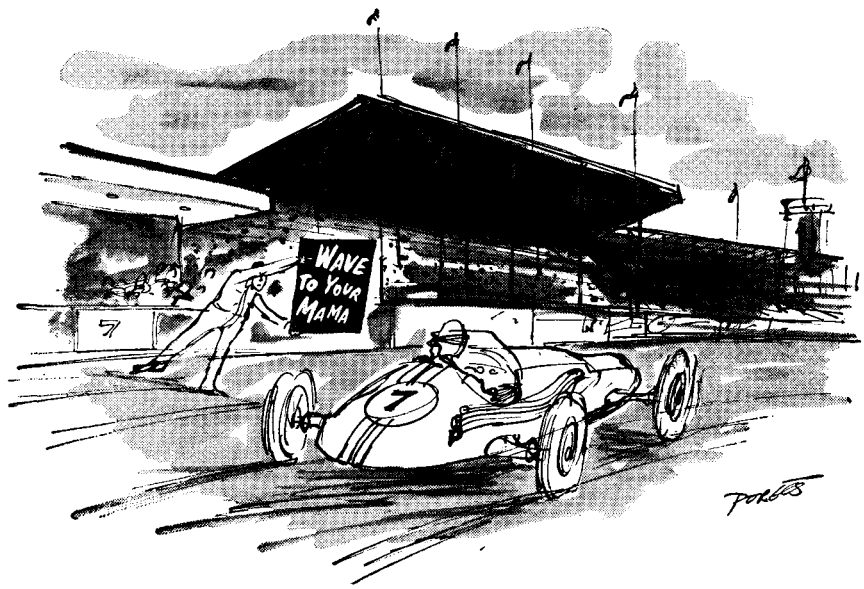
Thus, Violetta's "apartment," all browns and dark greens, is a period piece complete with sliding doors and translucent panels; she lives, come summer, in a thatched "cottage" evocative of Versailles; Flora's ballroom is a mélange of ruby and gilt; and when the courtesan has fallen on evil days, it is a shabby reminder of the grace she once owned. Lunt has restrained any effort at "improving" the opportunities provided by the text, concentrating, instead, on improving the ability of the performers to render what is justly due it. At a moment of climax, however, he deploys his own sense of natural action to evade the extravagances usually encountered. Thus, the impulsive movement of Alfredo, at the parting with Violetta, in falling to his knees and clutching her hand, the shaming attitudes of the ensemble during the row at Flora's, and the implacable dignity of Germont *père* conveyed not by airsawing gestures but by mere attention-commanding immobility.

Musically, the performance infrequently attained the distinction invited by the surroundings. Georges Prêtre, on the podium, did not seem to have the range, either acoustically or metronomically, at first: His prelude was overslow and his quickened pace for the opening scene hasty, even judged as an effort to suggest the fevered mood of a consumptive heroine. This aspect improved as the evening progressed, with an uncommonly sensitive treatment of the fourth act prelude. Tonally, however, it was all rather Frenchified and *sec* to do full justice to a work which is, in every aspect, redolently Italian.

As the consumptive heroine, Anna Moffo left an impression more of medical detachment than of emotional involvement with Violetta's fate. Her singing of the notes is, as it has been since her debut a half-dozen years ago in the same part, accurate and fluent, but almost too literally that of a *Dame aux Camélias*—which is to say, white. Violettas traditionally are either very good in the first act and not so good thereafter, or much better once the florid music of the first act is out of the way. Moffo's was much the same from one end to the other—doll-like, noncommunicative, close to the surface—save that her reading of the letter in Act III was verbally inadequate and her "Addio" pathetic rather than heartrending. Bruno Prevedi is hardly a first tenor in the sense that he belongs in such a new staging of a standard work: His is an ordinary voice at best, and that best did not occur until after a nervous first act (a beginner's kind of pitch trouble) and an undistinguished second. His good looks are to be cultivated, but in less conspicuous circumstances.

What was lacking in the principals of Act I became apparent immediately when Robert Merrill entered the scene as Germont senior, top hat tilted rakishly in a vivid reminder of the great Giuseppe de Luca. The analogy still held when he began to sing with power, style, and an ingrained awareness of the kind of character Verdi created. Considering that it will be, come December 15, twenty-one Metropolitan seasons since Merrill made his debut in the same part, it may be said that his Germont has come of age, and that he has endured as a fine opera singer should, to match the experience of working with a Toscanini to that of a Lunt, and still have the voice to make it all meaningful. One or two more of such quality would make this a *Traviata* to cherish.

—Irving Kolodin.



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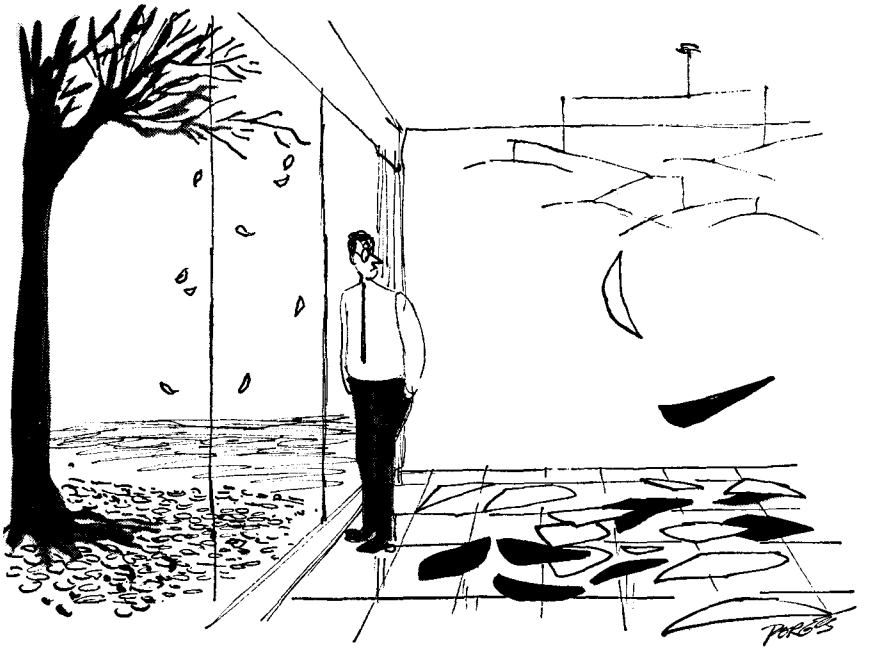

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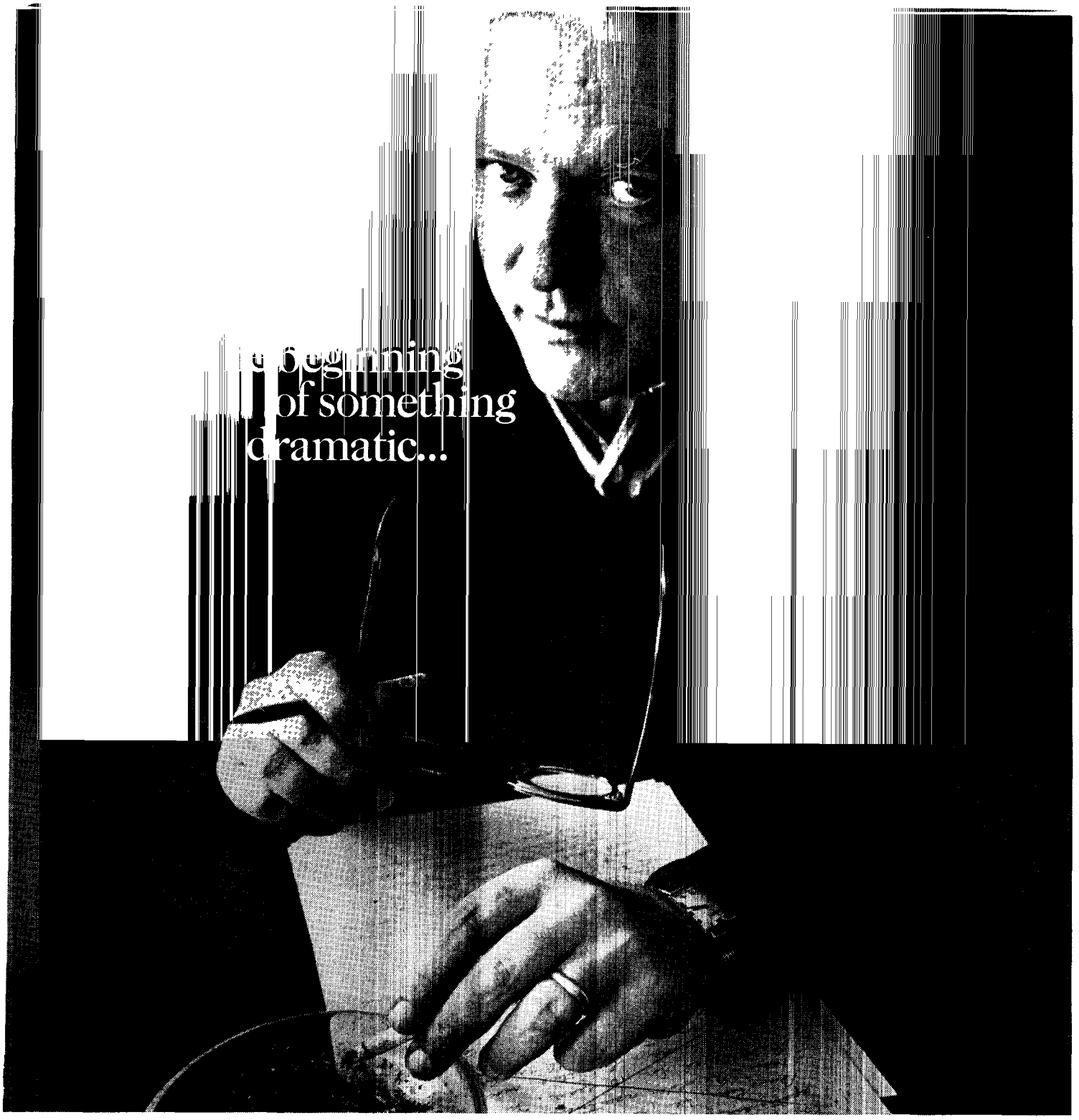

Reginald Rose as photographed by Robert Fréson

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CBS

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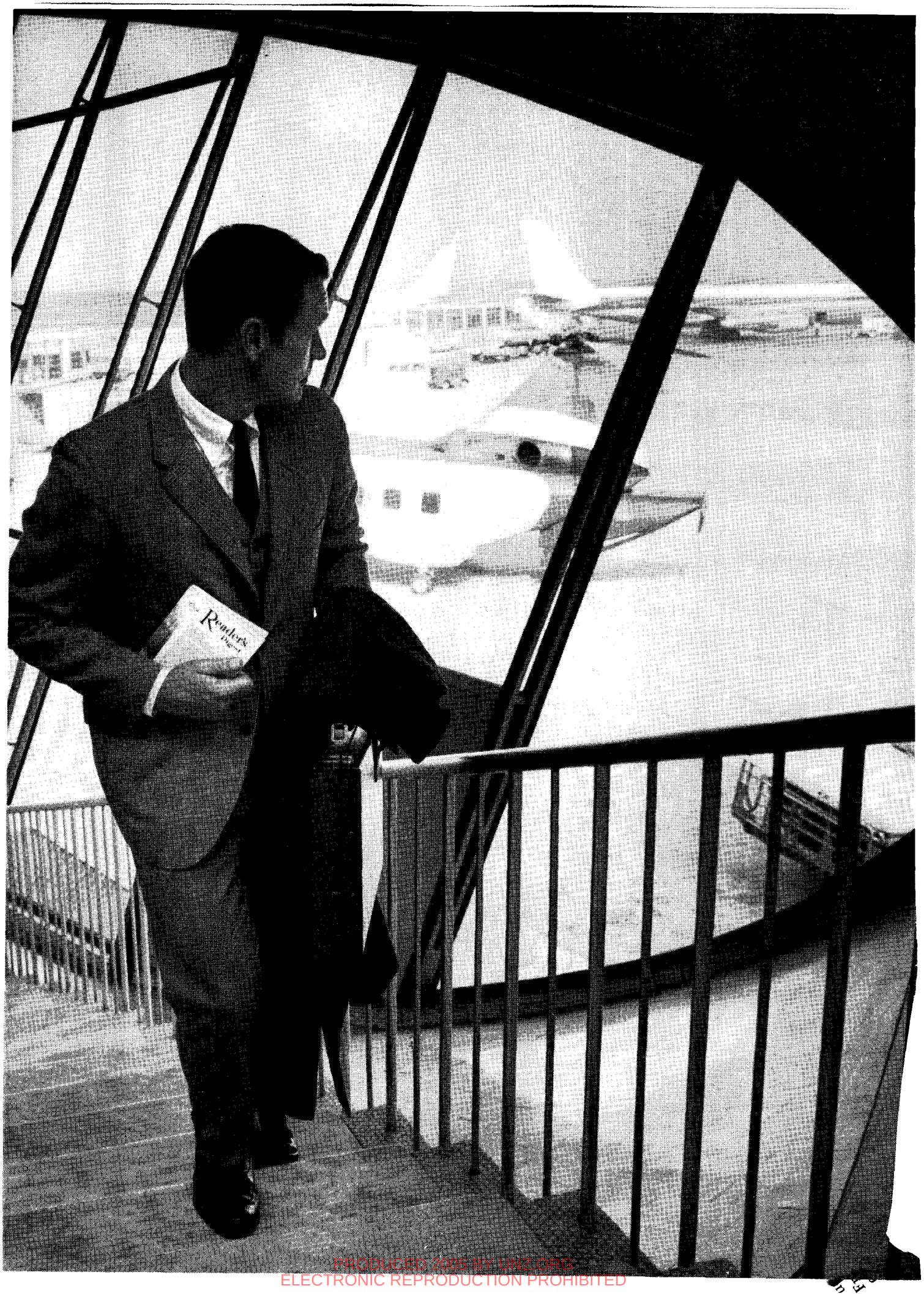

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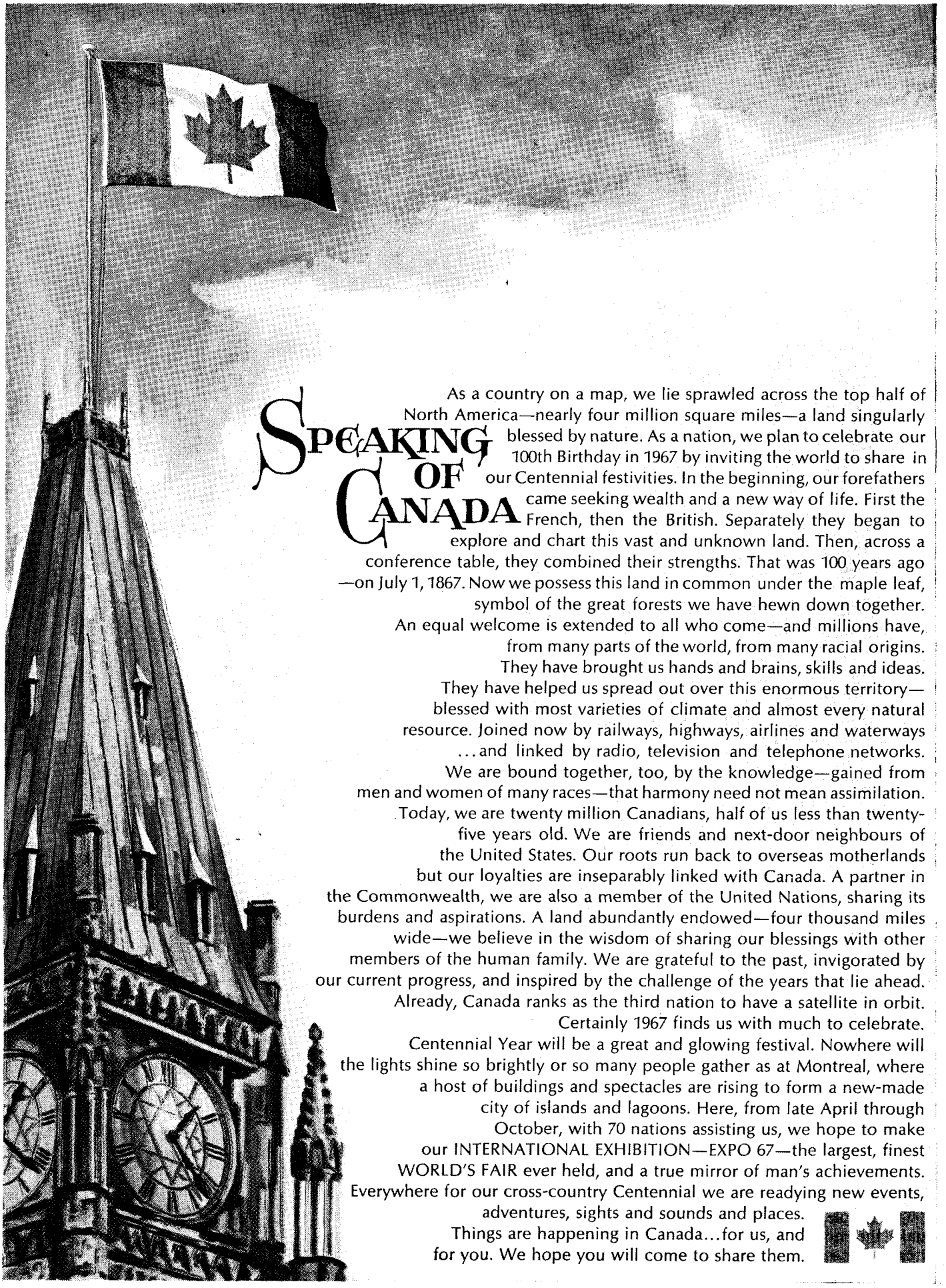

SPEAKING OF CANADA

As a country on a map, we lie sprawled across the top half of North America—nearly four million square miles—a land singularly blessed by nature. As a nation, we plan to celebrate our 100th Birthday in 1967 by inviting the world to share in our Centennial festivities. In the beginning, our forefathers came seeking wealth and a new way of life. First the French, then the British. Separately they began to explore and chart this vast and unknown land. Then, across a conference table, they combined their strengths. That was 100 years ago —on July 1, 1867. Now we possess this land in common under the maple leaf, symbol of the great forests we have hewn down together. An equal welcome is extended to all who come—and millions have, from many parts of the world, from many racial origins. They have brought us hands and brains, skills and ideas. They have helped us spread out over this enormous territory—blessed with most varieties of climate and almost every natural resource. Joined now by railways, highways, airlines and waterways ...and linked by radio, television and telephone networks. We are bound together, too, by the knowledge—gained from men and women of many races—that harmony need not mean assimilation. Today, we are twenty million Canadians, half of us less than twenty-five years old. We are friends and next-door neighbours of the United States. Our roots run back to overseas motherlands but our loyalties are inseparably linked with Canada. A partner in the Commonwealth, we are also a member of the United Nations, sharing its burdens and aspirations. A land abundantly endowed—four thousand miles wide—we believe in the wisdom of sharing our blessings with other members of the human family. We are grateful to the past, invigorated by our current progress, and inspired by the challenge of the years that lie ahead. Already, Canada ranks as the third nation to have a satellite in orbit. Certainly 1967 finds us with much to celebrate. Centennial Year will be a great and glowing festival. Nowhere will the lights shine so brightly or so many people gather as at Montreal, where a host of buildings and spectacles are rising to form a new-made city of islands and lagoons. Here, from late April through October, with 70 nations assisting us, we hope to make our INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—EXPO 67—the largest, finest WORLD'S FAIR ever held, and a true mirror of man's achievements. Everywhere for our cross-country Centennial we are readying new events, adventures, sights and sounds and places. Things are happening in Canada...for us, and for you. We hope you will come to share them.

PEACE TOWER, OTTAWA, CANADA

Centennial Commission, Ottawa, Canada.

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Saturday Review
October 8, 1966

Position Papers—1966

The New Right: What Does It Seek?

"In 1964 the time was not right. Now, as the nation aches for a return to law and order, respect for property, and greater personal freedom, the striking hour for our ideas is near."

By JAMES J. KILPATRICK

This is the second article in *SR*'s series of 1966 Position Papers, in which leading national spokesmen outline the positions of the major segments of American political opinion. The first article—"The New Left: What Does It Mean?" by Edward M. Keating—appeared in the September 24 issue. The author of this article is editor of the Richmond, Virginia, *News Leader*. He also writes the syndicated column "A Conservative View," and is author of the books *The Sovereign States* and *The Smut Peddlers*; editor of *We the States*; and co-editor of *The Lasting South*. Papers representing other viewpoints will be published prior to the November elections.

TWO YEARS AGO, after the bloody rites of the San Francisco convention, some of the leaders of the liberal movement took the pragmatic view that perhaps the nomination of Barry Goldwater was all for the best. If conservatism, so embodied, had its chance to win, and sank instead, that would be the end of this pernicious and persistent philosophy. And when Mr. Goldwater went down by twenty-seven million votes to Mr. Johnson's forty-three million, there ensued a considerable rubbing of hands amid the gnashing of teeth. Dean Burch fled to exterior darkness; Ray Bliss sat down at the head of the surviving angels. The GOP's liberals, at once triumphant and resentful, filled the winter air with wild honks of "I told you so!" and "Never again!"

In recent months, a strangely lugubrious silence has settled upon these jubilation singers. They have discovered that American conservatism was not drowned —it was not even badly waterlogged— when our eloquent leader sank out of sight. The funeral rites were premature. At this writing, it is a fair guess that the Republicans will claim an additional thirty seats in the coming Congress, and that two-thirds of these will be occupied by men of conservative instincts. If this happy prospect materializes, the flood tides of regressive liberalism that swept the 89th Congress will be controlled by new levees in the 90th, for twenty conservative votes in the House will make a world of difference.

Now, a kind of Gresham's Law operates in the field of semantics. Bad meanings tend to drive good meanings from the marketplace of ideas. We are talking here of liberalism and conservatism. The exponents of American conservatism insist, however futilely, that they themselves are the true liberals, in the historic sense of the term. Those who today identify themselves as "liberals," in the conservative view, have inherited nothing from the liberalism of the ages; they have merely kidnapped the label, and perverted it to their own illiberal uses. But one is stuck with the lexicography of his own time. For my own partisan and probably nefarious purposes, let me define contemporary liberalism as a political philosophy that manifests itself by and large, in aggrandizement of the central state, and also manifests itself, in a benevolent contempt for the individual man. My colleagues in this symposium doubtless will have different views and different definitions.

These past few years, plainly enough, have been years of ascendant liberalism. Our brisk and busy masters, operating with a sort of spring-cleaning efficiency, have relegated old precepts of federalism to the attic of outworn doctrines. They have reduced the sovereign states to murmuring dependencies. As a structure of government, little remains of the Constitution but an empty shell; the house of our fathers is a vacant house, stripped of locks, bolts, interior walls. The theory that the central government is a government of delegated and enumerated powers is as dead as Madison; it is as dead as Calhoun. The General Welfare clause, like a soft cocoon, produces the metamorphosis that so enchants the liberal eye. Burke once observed that "the forms of a free, and the ends of an arbitrary government, are things not altogether incompatible." These past four years have proved it so.

The federal plan, summed up in the Tenth Amendment, was one of two principal safeguards devised by the founding fathers against the abuses of excessive power. The other safeguard was the doctrine of separation of powers. The new tenants of our constitutional house, whisking their energetic brooms, have junked this old doctrine, too. The two elected branches of our legislature still sit in domed splendor on the Hill, but

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just across the street, in its white marbled mausoleum, there sits a third. The Supreme Court of the United States, as Harlan and Stewart so often complain, is not content with interpreting law; it is affirmatively enacting law. And all around town, in a hundred executive agencies, the bureaucracy grinds out a mass of legislative rules and regulations.

The resulting aggrandizement of the central government scarcely requires documentation, but it is like a mountain seen from afar—its magnitude is not yet fully grasped. More is involved than the mere proliferation of federal programs of grants-in-aid; more is involved than the tens of thousands of rules and regulations that turn up in the *Federal Register*. What we are witnessing is a steady centralization of power too vast for the easy-going American to comprehend. He sees its tangible benefits; he is blind to its subtle perils. The cities, especially, lie as contentedly as Titania to receive the drop of federal nectar on their drowsy eyes. They awake to sweet fantasies of urban renewal, of mass transit, of slum removal, and all for free!

But the trick is that Lyndon B. Oberon's spell is no more than a midsummer's dream. The goodies that come with these prodigious federal grants are not free. They carry a heavy price in the gradual transfer of the essential policy-making responsibility from those who are most intimately affected to those who are scarcely affected at all. The tool devised by today's liberals to accomplish this transfer is a relatively new tool, not yet fully tested, but it promises to exert incredible power: It is the threat to withhold the federal grant.

Those who dwell in the South already have felt this federal crowbar wrenching at their public institutions. Under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, power was vested in the head of every department administering a program of federal aid to withhold the grant of federal funds until a satisfactory level of desegregation had been reached. Two and a half years ago, when the bill was pending, a few voices attempted to warn of the sweeping power concealed in Title VI, but these voices had Southern accents; they went unheard. The power to withhold was delegated; and now the power is being put to work.

IN the process, both manifestations of contemporary liberalism are emerging: Federal authority is exalted, and the individual is disdained. Southern hospitals have been put on notice that federal funds will be suspended—for research grants, for construction aid, for Medicare, for the payment of indigents' bills—unless white and Negro patients are placed deliberately in the same semi-private rooms. The wishes of the patients, and their emotional well-being, are deemed immaterial. It does not matter that a Negro patient might be happier and more at ease in a room with a member of his own race. Roll him down the hall! Or roll a white patient to the Negro's room!

The same implacable power may be seen most vividly in the case of the public schools. In the days when federal aid was largely confined to vocational grants and the school hot lunch, a threat to withhold might have been serious; it would not have been disastrous. It is a different matter today. In North Carolina, federal funds now constitute one-fifth of the educational budget. In many Southern counties, federal aid represents one-third of all spending on schools. Money talks, as it has been so aptly said, and when money talks, people listen.

But what Southern school officials have been hearing from Education Commissioner Harold Howe is shrill unreason. Dr. Howe is one of the new breed of federal administrators: tough, brilliant, doctrinaire, ruthless. He is fond of saying, "If I had my way," and he now has discretionary power over enough billions to buy his way pretty well. Over most of the South, obedient to what they understood to be the commissioner's decree, local school officials dutifully set in motion enrollment plans based upon "freedom of choice." All pupils, white and Negro alike, were to be left free, within reason, to choose the school they wished to attend. But when Commissioner Howe began to impose his own coercions upon "freedom of choice," it turned out that the children's freedom was like the animals' equality in George Orwell's famous fable: Some were less free than others.

Under the commissioner's edict, if Negro pupils did not exercise their freedom to choose a predominately white school, they had to be given a second chance, or a third, until they got the point. If a locality failed to attain some arbitrary percentage of integration, off with its federal aid! Here, too, as in the case of the hospital patients, the wishes of the children and their parents have been rejected out of hand. Respected local school officials—men and women who have devoted their professional lives to developing good local systems—have been treated with insolence and contempt. During August, review teams of first- and second-year law students, possessed of a cocksure, know-it-all arrogance that had to be experienced to be believed, went roaming through the South as the commissioner's proconsuls. They demanded wholesale reorganizations. In one North Carolina county, these emissaries from Dr. Howe were dissatisfied with the progress of school desegregation. They issued peremptory commands. And they were not at all abashed when it developed that their reorganization plan would have required the construction of two entirely new school buildings in ten days.

Doubtless it will be said, by men of superior virtue, that the recalcitrant South deserves this crowbar treatment. Liberalism has taken a curious turn in

"Hi, you-all, down there in Louisiana."

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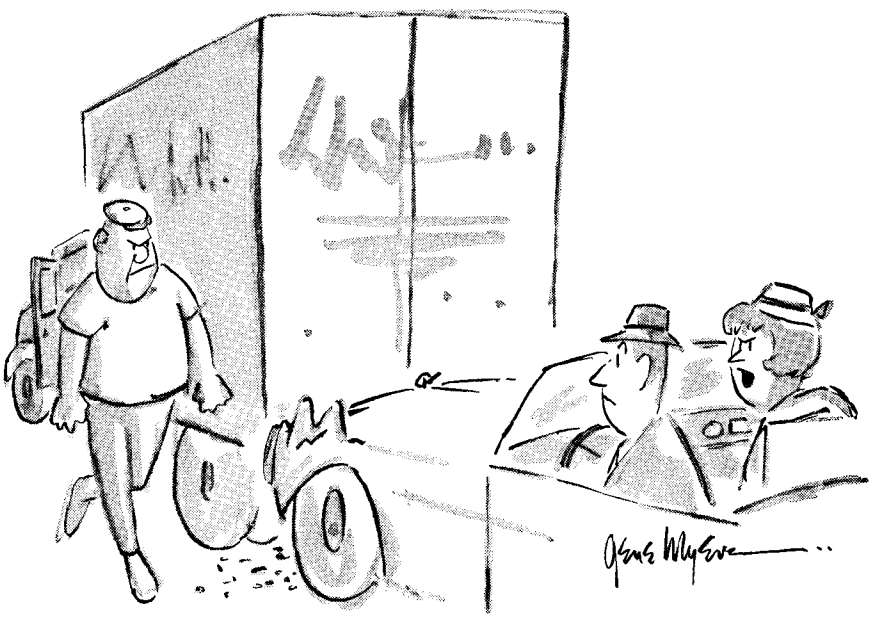
such matters. A new racism is to be imposed upon the old: We are not to be color-blind, after all; we are to be intensely color-conscious, and when noses are counted we must count by black noses and white noses, and calculate the proper percentage by slide rule. This is the new liberalism. In another time it was called the old bigotry. But we learn; we learn. And what we of the South have learned is that we accept this born-again racism, or we lose the grant-in-aid. It is the Christian point of view.

Yet it is not only in the South, and it is not only in areas of racial integration, that our new masters propose to employ their handy-dandy, all-purpose tool. The threat to withhold federal funds now is embodied in every area of grant administration. Plans for local airports must conform—or no money. Plans for local sewerage must conform—or no money. Plans for local welfare must conform—or no money. Under the highway beautification program, highways must be brought to new federal standards of esthetics—or no money.

How strange it is, meditating upon these things, that liberals should have made such a fight for their Demonstration Cities Bill. In theory, at least, though the theory is as full of air as a blow-toad, contemporary liberals favor "variety" and "non-conformity." Behold their scraggly beards. The bill adopted by the Senate and vociferously supported by liberals in the House, is a total denial of these professed aims. Under the Demonstration Cities Bill, the high priest of housing, Dr. Robert Weaver, and his *éminence grise* from MIT, Under Secretary Robert C. Wood, would be given an absolute veto over the "substantive laws," whatever these may be, of every participating city. These local laws would have to be revised to the secretary's notions of sociology—or no money. Certainly, the aims of the demonstration cities program are attractive, but in the end, as the bill makes clear, these aims must be defined, shaped, and imposed by the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. They must "satisfy the secretary"—God bless the virtuous man—or no money.

Yet the magnitude of this gentle liberalism would be misunderstood if it were interpreted merely in terms of the power to affirm or to deny a local application for federal funds. This is an awesome power—and in the area of grants for local schools, and local sewers, and for the control of air and water pollution, it sooner or later will destroy the political boundaries fixed by the people themselves—but it is only half of the power that is beloved in the liberal view. The corollary power is a power to make the original, affirmative grant.

Thus we are witnessing, especially in the fields of education and welfare, the use of discretionary grants and fellowships to reward particular social and political points of view, and to make certain that these points of view prevail in the marketing of ideas. Commissioner Howe was the first witness to be summoned recently before some hearings of an ad hoc subcommittee of the House Education and Labor Committee. The gentleman rolled his eyes to the heavens; he hoisted three fingers in a Boy Scout oath; he asked all men to witness his renunciation of any faint desire to control the content of textbooks.



"Now's your chance to get even with Jimmy Hoffa."

AND when these renunciations were neatly disposed of, he spit on his hands. Yes, he told the committee, he had quite a few millions of dollars here and there; and yes, he was seeing to it that grants for the writing of textbooks went into properly certified hands; he was consulting with counsel to determine if federal funds might yet be denied to a school district that bought a vile segregationist book for its library; and he felt certain these matters could be taken care of. He thought it would be dreadful if any one person ever should control the content of textbooks; and no, sir, he had no idea of doing this himself, and besides, any such action would be prohibited by the present state of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act; but yes, sir, Mr. Powell, and yes, sir, Mr. Daniels, he thought much could be done to see that the right sort of textbooks were encouraged and the wrong sort of textbooks were discouraged. Dr. Howe was what is known on the Hill as a friendly witness. He witnessed for liberalism, 1966.

My second point is that what passes for "liberalism," 1966, in our own Looking-Glass World, is manifested not only in the aggrandizement of the central government, but also in a bland contempt for the individual man. My liberal friends despise him.

In certain areas of civil rights, for example, the ultimate questions that are asked under Title VI are not: Is the child getting a good education? Or, is the patient comfortable? Or, is the teacher qualified? The questions are rather: How many Negro noses? How many Negro supervisors? What is their percentage of the whole? Under the new theories of public housing, families are perceived as guinea pigs in neighborhood cages. They are consumer units. Their window boxes sprout wax daffodils; these are hosed free of soot and the daffodils grow on forever. Only the human spirit withers.

This contempt for the individual is masked by a suffocating concern for his welfare. Or perhaps this is no mask; the concern may be real, but the concern is misdirected. Now pending for adoption by the Food and Drug Administration are scores of new regulations intended to inhibit the sale of vitamins. Are supplementary vitamins bad for us? Not at all, says young Dr. Goddard, who heads the FDA; but supplementary vitamins are unnecessary. The administration's truth-in-packaging bill would vest in bureaucratic hands a new power to standardize the package sizes of potato chips. Is this to prevent fraud? No, indeed, as the bill's sponsors concede, fraud is covered by existing statutes. The idea is to make things more convenient for the shopper.

Under the Job Corps and Manpower Training programs, an ambitious young man might be given a chance to submit himself to discipline, to learn a trade, to pull himself up by work and sacrifice;

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Fouling the Air

REPRESENTATIVES of the coal industry in the United States have taken full-page advertisements on the subject of air pollution. "If you want an instant end to air pollution," says one of the advertisements, "stop driving your car, then turn off your oil burner, brick up your fireplace, bundle your leaves, box your trash, refuse delivery of anything by truck, boycott airplanes, trains, buses, and cabs. Don't use anything which requires oil, gas, coal, or atomic energy in its manufacture —such as electricity, steel, cement, clothes, food, newspapers, babies' rattles, and on and on and on and on . . ."

The advertisement goes on to say that "any combustion generates pollutants"; also, that "any instant end to air pollution brakes our civilization to a halt." Finally, the advertisement says that "coal is a minor cause of this contamination, but the coal industry is working hard to clean the air."

If the coal industry is genuinely interested in helping to clean the air, then a good way to begin is to apologize to the American people for insulting their intelligence. The advertisement quoted above is more than an affront to common sense. It represents a serious violation of public responsibility. It would be difficult, in fact, to imagine a more maladroit, frivolous, or misleading statement on a major national problem. A certain amount of hyperbole and point-stretching is useful and admissible in putting across a point of view, whether in an advertisement or anything else. But this is no license for careless public statements.

The coal industry does no credit to itself by trying to reduce to an absurdity the long-overdue public and private campaign against poisons in the air. No amount of sneering or wise-cracking can take the sting out of the fact that thousands died in Donora, Pennsylvania, in 1948 and in London in 1952, 1956, and 1962, to say nothing of other serious air pollution episodes in recent years in New York, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Los Angeles. Air pollutants invade the respiratory tract, penetrate lung tissue, irritate delicate organs, produce inflammation, intensify the effects of emphysema. The United States Public Health Service earlier this year called attention to the existence of cancer-causing substances in considerable quantity in the air of American cities. This is no laughing matter, and the American public has a right to resent back-of-the-hand treatment by the coal industry.

Would the coal industry have us believe that a special committee of the United States Congress under Senator Edmund S. Muskie is trying to "brake our civilization to a halt" by calling attention not just to the critical nature of the problem but to the specific causes of air pollution? Are we to regard the U.S. Public Health Service as a collection of quacks who are foolishly trying to deprive the American people of the necessities and accoutrements of modern society? Are all the people, public and private, who are now working on the problem merely dupes of those who are secretly plotting to undermine the American way of life?

It is grossly untrue that we have to discard or dismantle industrial civilization as the price of cleaner air. The leaders of the coal industry have been through enough government hearings and conferences to know that what is being sought is not an "instant end" to air pollution but *better controls* than now exist. They know it is possible through existing technology to reduce sharply and, in some cases, to eliminate entirely poisons in the air caused by combustion or incineration or chemicals.

The automotive engine is a major cause of air contamination in the United States, but this doesn't mean that we have to give up wheels. The dangerous hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen produced by gasoline and diesel engines can be trapped by a combination of after-burners, blow-by devices, and electrostatic tailpiece control units. By mixing certain chemicals with gasoline or diesel fuel, it is also possible to reduce the noxious character of the exhaust of buses, trucks, and airplanes.

AN interesting development in cutting down on emanations from the backs of buses and trucks is the use of LP (liquefied petroleum) gas instead of gasoline or diesel fuel. High-powered new storage batteries capable of propelling buses without giving off noxious by-products offer considerable promise. Some European cities have already replaced the obnoxious diesel buses with electric-powered buses. New York City is looking into this experience and may soon have some experimental electric buses on its streets.

Next, it is not necessary for homeowners to turn off their oil-burners or their coal furnaces and shiver through the winter in order to improve the breathability of air. Coal and fuel oil can be processed in a way that reduces the level of the harmful sulfur oxides. In fact, the coal industry itself is engaged in a research program for this purpose. One would suppose that the coal industry would find it constructive in its advertising to talk about some of its achievements in this area. Certainly the American people are far more likely to be impressed by specific evidence of serious concern and positive action than by a campaign of verbal trickery.

The coal industry's advertisement speaks of trash. A wide range of approaches and devices now exists for disposal of garbage and refuse with little or no resultant air pollution. It isn't always necessary to burn refuse. Some of it can be composted or converted into sludge; some of it can be compacted; some of it can be used for land fill.

The reference in the advertisement to electrical power is specious in the extreme. Natural gas can produce electrical power without air pollution. Coal or

(*Continued on page* 123)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Where Do Wars Come From?

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER'S article, "Can We Control the War in Vietnam?" [*SR*, Sept. 17], is undoubtedly meant as a critique of the administration's handling of the Vietnam War but it is, as a matter of fact, grease which can be used to ease the administration off the hook.

In his survey of the major American wars, four out of eight were said to be the result of "chance." The Vietnamese War is put in this category. It began "quite fortuitously . . . and developed into a major [war]." This, of course, is what the administration has been saying all along: We did nothing to bring it about nor have we caused its continuation. [But] either this war and all the wars are the responsibility of men and thus legitimately open to criticism and susceptible to the actions of men, or else they are the result of fortuitous events, chance, and bad luck, and thus immune from human responsibility. This latter line of thinking can only mean that history makes men, rather than the other way around, and that human action is meaningless.

Certainly, Professor Commager, somebody exercises some control, or is the expression of your views intended solely as an exercise in futility?

GEORGE D. BEAM,
Department of Political Science,
University of Illinois
at Chicago Circle.
Chicago, Ill.

PROFESSOR COMMAGER took a good deal of space to make two points: The United States has bumbled into most of its wars because of events controlling men, and yet no conflict is "irrepressible," as Seward called the Civil War, and men should have the good sense to avoid them. Which is to say, in Mr. Commager's view, American foreign policy-makers historically have been a bunch of bumbling idiots, and arrogant to boot.

It is not very perceptive to think American policy-makers feel they have the power to control events. The best they can and do hope for is to influence them.

EUGENE L. MEYER.
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ARTICLE by Professor Commager provided a timely warning of the danger of accidental war with China inherent in our present foreign policy. Being in the right seldom prevents accidents. If a car is in the wrong lane we don't protest that we have the right of way; we attempt to avoid a collision. Although we may be in the right in South Vietnam, we appear to be making no effort to avoid a collision with China.

R. D. WILMOT.
Fullerton, Calif.

An Installment Paid

I WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS my profound gratitude for the article by Benjamin Quarles entitled "What the Historian Owes the Negro" [*SR*, Sept. 3]. The valid and clear points stressed by Professor Quarles can also be greatly substantiated by Alexis de Tocqueville's analogy of "The Three Races" from *Democracy in America*, chapter eighteen.

CLEE SNIPE, JR.
New York, N.Y.

"It all began during the airline strike."

Whose Squiggles These Are

I'VE FIGURED OUT one of your recipes. You mix Cousins, Hicks, Sutton, and Capouya, stir with other rare earths, mull with Rexroth, catalyze with humor, and muddle well with Lear and Kolodin. Distill over a blazing Ciardi and you get those marvelous little mythogenous cuts labeled with what looks like a couple of bacilli fleeing an enraged angleworm. Right? Or is that somebody's name?

LEE STAVENHAGEN,
Department of Germanics,
Rice University.
Houston, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The drawings to which Mr. Stavenhagen probably refers are those of Vic Volk, an artist whose work appears regularly in many magazines.*

Even Score

JOHN CIARDI'S MANNER OF SPEAKING, on September 17, was superb, and should be required reading for teachers as well as students. As a fulltime teacher and moonlighting writer myself, I have never given students an assignment of writing to writers; instead, I ask them to make their own definitions of a poet's definition by reading all that is available of that poet's work.

LILLIE D. CHAFFIN.
Meta, Ky.

THE MANIFESTO by John Ciardi, "No Subject" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, Aug. 27], is one of the best defenses *for* outlines that I have ever read.

Mr. Ciardi does little to justify his abhorrence of outlines except to pronounce, with the finality of Descartes's *Cogito ergo sum*, what he considers to be a self-evident truth, *i.e.*, that ". . . no writer worth the pages he spoils can know what he is going to write until he sees what he has written." The edict is impressive, but hardly convincing, and it is inaccurate if we accept William Wordsworth's account of his creative process.

C. MILLER.
Portland, Ore.

More Label Lore

MR. STUART DUNCAN OF Lea and Perrins neglected to remind TRADE WINDS [Sept. 10] that their label used to affirm in finest British eloquence: "Possessing a peculiar piquancy and from the superiority of its zest is more generally acceptable than any other sauce."

I quote from memory because this declaration provided the name by which the sauce was known in our family. Many a guest was startled when my father asked, across the dinner table: "May I trouble you for the peculiar piquancy?"

E. ROSS JENNEY.
New York, N.Y.

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Should you trust a travel agent?

If you're going to Europe, some of your friends have been to places you haven't. Ask them for advice. Or read magazine articles. That's what a lot of people do. And they have a good time.

And they never know what they're missing.

What these travelers may not realize is that travel agents, travel, too. Some go to Europe as often as five times a year. And some of a travel agent's best friends are concierges of very popular hotels. And some of a travel agent's best hotels are unknown. And a find. Which makes travel agents pretty sophisticated travelers.

He's the man, we think, you should ask about Air-India. Ask him whether Air-India flies Boeing 707 jets to London and the Continent? Whether Air-India pilots meet rigorous international requirements? Ask him whether the service is gracious?

Since Air-India reservations cost no more if a travel agent makes them, frankly, we'd like to hear from him and see you.

AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah.
Over 33 years of flying experience.

For reservations or information, see your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019, PL 1-6200. Offices in principal cities.

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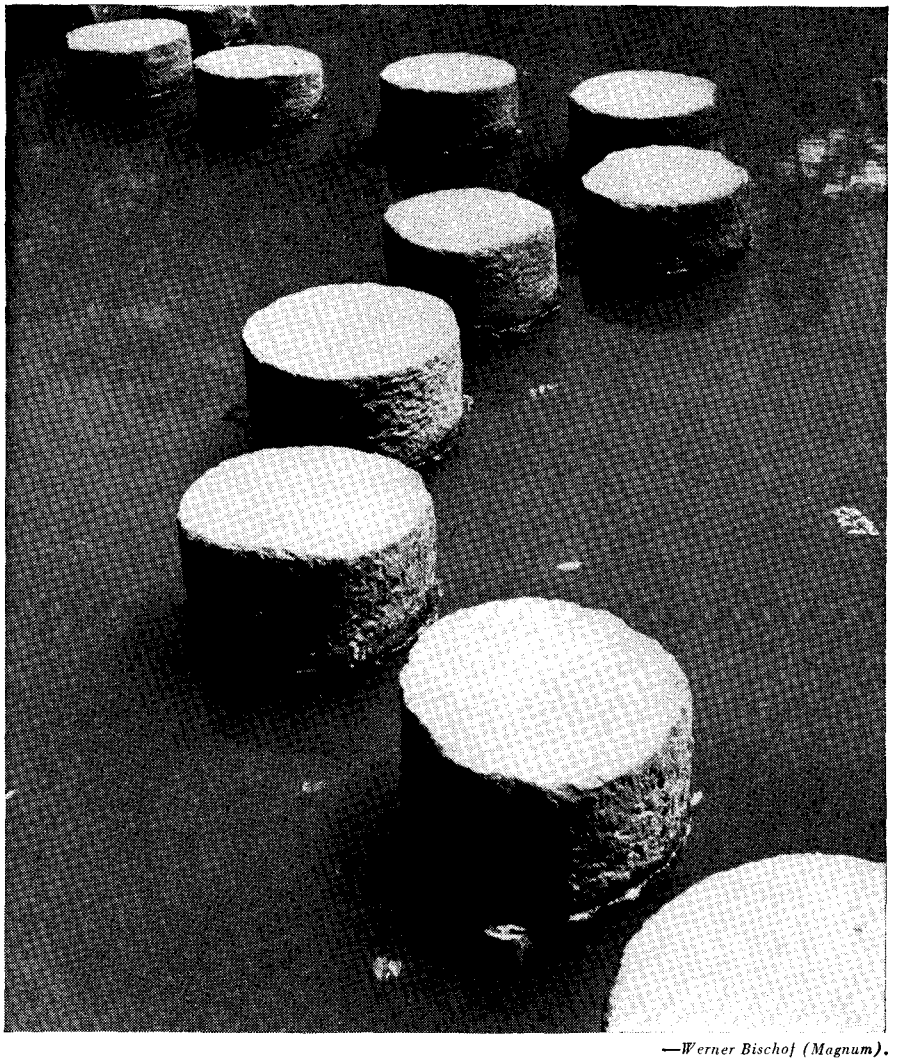
AMERICA AS A PACIFIC NATION

THE INFLUENCE

THE INVOLVEMENT

THE NEIGHBORS

THE LEGACY



—Werner Bischof (Magnum).

IT WAS SPRING and we were in Paris, my friend and I, both of us fathers of little girls. From our table high on the Champs the view stretched downhill past the Rond Point, past the Place de la Concorde and through the Petit Carrousel, a route that took it through all the France of all the yesterdays I had learned about as a child. The vista seethed with the air of all the French lessons that had been drilled into my skull, for wasn't French culture and manner, language and

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taste, the quintessence of all cultures?

"The children of our daughters will not learn French; they will learn Mandarin, and perhaps our daughters will, too," said my friend, who is a newsman and measures the world in journalistic quotients. "There is no story in Europe anymore. The story is there." He waved his arms toward the general direction of what we both took to be Asia.

Coming back on the plane, I picked up Richard Goodwin's piece in *The New Yorker,* and there was the young Kennedy ex-speech writer reflecting on Vietnam. "Geography is still important," he was saying, "as the Soviet Union learned in Cuba and as we rediscovered in Hungary." But all that being true, he found us still as close to Asia in terms of fast, effective action as we were to Europe during the last World War. "We are a Pacific nation," Goodwin wrote, "and since the end of the Second World War we have been the only Pacific power of real consequence."

IN mid-July, the President phoned a speech on China policy to an audience at White Sulphur Springs. It was a positioning speech, really, and he distilled his message into a neat spansule whose ingredients exploded one after the other with the therapy of unarguable truths. He said that we had all heard the arguments about East and West and that we had all heard of the twain that would never meet. He said we had listened to the arguments that we had no business in Asia, "that Europe, not the Far East, is really our proper sphere of interest . . . that the ocean is vast and the cultures alien and the language is strange and and the race is different . . . that these are really not our kind of people." Those arguments, the President said, had been tested and found wanting. They did not stand the test of geography, he said, because we are bounded not by one ocean but by two. Nor did they stand the test of common sense, either. Nor the test of human concern or reality.

He quoted the Foreign Minister of Singapore, who in turn had been quoting Theodore Roosevelt, and if the true source was muddled, the meaning was clear. It went like this:

> Earlier this year the Foreign Minister of Singapore said that if the nations of the world could learn to build a truly world civilization in the Pacific through cooperation and peaceful competition, then . . . as our great President Theodore Roosevelt once remarked . . . this may be the greatest of all human eras . . . the Pacific era.

Long before Theodore Roosevelt, geopoliticians, equipped with telescopic farsight, had called the Pacific "an ocean of destiny." Alexander Herzen, a Russian writer and political agitator, more than a hundred years ago saw the Pacific as the "Mediterranean of the future." President Roosevelt followed up that idea nearly half a century later, saying, "The Mediterranean era died with the discovery of America, the Atlantic era is now at the height of its development and must soon exhaust the resources at its command; the Pacific era is destined to be the greatest of all, is just at its dawn."

SPEAKING in San Francisco on a mid-May day in 1903, he said, "The greatest of all the seas and the last to be used on a large scale by civilized man bids fair to become in its turn the first in importance. The empire that shifted from the Mediterranean will, in the lifetime of those now children, bid fair to shift once more westward to the Pacific."

It is just this shift that the airlines now foresee in their mad scramble for rights to fly from America westward over the Pacific. The shift in importance will be the father of a shift in interest and fascination. America has already given a fair indication of interest in the Eastern world, an interest that was stirred by Lafcadio Hearn, fanned by Rudyard Kipling, agitated by Somerset Maugham. Gauguin's posthumous popularity was a credit not only to his genius but to the world's sudden occupation with the mysteries of the Capricorn seas. If this was what it looked like, then it had to be seen. The Pacific theater was misery and heartache to thousands of those who served in it, but there were other thousands serving there who were lifted into a new world and who were never again to be content with Council Bluffs or Moose River Junction. Michener whistled the theme in *Tales of the South Pacific,* and Rodgers and Hammerstein picked it up, and half the Western world hummed the tune and watched the stories as they took life on the stage and the screen.

The America that had been at war with Japan suddenly found itself preoccupied with Japanese life. Shoji screens appeared in homes not merely in Nob Hill on the Pacific's brink, but in Brooklyn perched on an Atlantic knoll. Americans who shuddered at raw fish in '46 were, by '64, crowding America's Japanese restaurants to eat sashimi. *The King and I, Flower Drum Song, The Bridges at Toko-Ri, Caravans,* and, lately, *Tai-Pan,* have, on stage and bookshelf, played to the public's captivation with the East. The weeks ahead will see the unveiling of Michener's monumental work, *Hawaii,* as it is premiered for the screen. The effect on the Hawaiian Islands is well nigh incalculable, just as the effect of Hawaii's emergence as the fiftieth state was incalculable at the time. Already there are to be Michener Hawaii tours. *Look* and *Vogue* and others have scheduled special issues. Skyscrapers rise on Waikiki, hotels blossom on the Neighbor Islands, and there is a certain panic in the streets about the oncoming stretchout jets, to say nothing about the SSTs to follow.

All over the Orient the green branches of new tourism grow, burgeoning in spite of the trauma in Vietnam and the malignancy in China. The curiosity, the fascination, is irrepressible. That America has finally understood that it, too, is a part of this dramatic sea is war's fault and no fault of peace. But it will never change now, not in our time, not even when peace has come. Our daughters, likely, will learn Mandarin before they learn French, for we are sure to sail on yesterday's Mediterranean in the emerging Pacific era. And that, if the Roosevelt perspective be true, may yet be the greatest human era of all.

—HORACE SUTTON.

—*Culver.*

T. R. on the podium—"The empire that shifted from the Mediterranean will, in the lifetime of those now children . . . shift westward to the Pacific."

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THE ROAD TO THE EAST

SALEM TO SAIGON

—Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum).

Shwe Pagoda, Rangoon—"Turmoil, temperament, a tempest of talent is changing Asia's face. . . ."

By ARTHUR GOODFRIEND

THE FIRST WAVES of Americans arrived in Asia in the eighteenth century. Sea captains from Salem, they came in clippers and whalers, and returned with enough ivory, indigo, and assorted orientalia to furnish their Cape Cod salt boxes plus the Peabody Museum. But the boom really began in 1853 when a cruiser dropped anchor in Tokyo Bay. The tour master was a man named Matthew C. Perry, USN. Concluding a deal with the Lord of Toda, he opened Japan to American trade. The tales his sailors subsequently told in bars and brothels along San Francisco's Embarcadero leaped the Rockies, spanned the plains, and whetted Yankee appetites in Boston and New Bedford. Laden with missionaries and trading goods, star-spangled schooners scudded across the Pacific, bringing back, along with silk, spice, and teak, tall talk of tea ceremonies, opium dens, geisha girls, mah jong, and untold treasure.

Lafcadio Hearn handled the advertising, and Japanese charm became American legend. Cantonese came to California, opening chop suey joints and laundries along with the West. The Forty-Niners' finery went all the way to China to be sudsed and pressed, and "no tickee no washee" became, in American minds, the apogee of oriental acumen. From India, via England, tales of Mowgli, Kim, and Gunga Din further distorted the image of Asia: dark-skinned, inscrutable wallahs, dwelling in pagodas, praying to pagan gods, saving face, eating sweet-sour pork and sukiyaki. In this half-sentimental, half-sinister fog that obscured Asia, one truism shone clear: "East is east, West is west, and never the twain shall meet."

Kipling notwithstanding, East met West in 1898. Three years before, Japan had beaten China. In the United States, a young naval captain named Alfred Thayer Mahan, reading the writing on the Asian Wall, announced that "whether they will or no, Americans must begin to look outward." Outward meant Cuba, the Panama Canal, the annexation of Hawaii. When the Maine blew up in Havana harbor, Mahan's book, *The Influence of Sea Power on History*, became an American bible. Declaring war on Spain, the United States sent a squadron to Manila Bay, smashed the Spanish fleet, and found another foothold in Asia.

Now the image of Asia was altered as Americans responded to Kipling's prophetic verse:

> Take up the White Man's burden,
> Send forth the best ye breed,
> Go bind your sons to exile
> To serve your captive's need;
> To wait in heavy harness
> On fluttered folk and wild,
> Your new-caught sullen peoples,
> Half-devil and half-child . . .

Over the next several years, 75,000 homesick soldiers sang the prelude to *Mademoiselle from Armentiéres* and *Dirty Gertie from Bizerte*—the anguished, unflattering envoi of every army fighting "furriners" far from home for curious causes. The Visayan version was:

> Damn damn damn the Filipino
> Civilize him with a Krag . . .

In the words of Mr. Dooley, the Mort

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Sahl of his day, "The American people on the whole don't know whether the Philippines are islands or canned goods." The sentiment was echoed by President McKinley: "I could not have told where those damned islands were within 2,000 miles." It was the end of American innocence in Asia, and the curtain-raiser on Vietnam.

East met West again in 1900. Chinese nationalists, known as Boxers, murdered the German minister in Peiping. Eighteen thousand American, British, French, German, Japanese, and Russian troops marched on the Heavenly City, freed the prisoners locked up in their legations, and levied a $330 million indemnity on the Dowager Empress. America's share was $25,000,000. We pocketed half, and with the other, anticipating Fulbright by almost fifty years, financed the first educational exchange in Asia. There began a lopsided love affair with China—a melange of philanthropy, extra-territoriality, and U.S. marines—that ended, nastily, in 1949.

East met West in 1904, when Japanese ships sank the Russian fleet at Tsushima. They met in 1905 in a U.S. navy yard in New Hampshire where, under Teddy Roosevelt's benign bifocals, a treaty was signed ceding half of Sakhalin to the Rising Sun. In succeeding years, the sun's rays spread across Korea, Shantung, and the Pacific islands from which the Germans were ousted in World War I.

Yet the sickness doesn't cease. It didn't cease in Korea. It isn't ceasing in Vietnam. It will not cease until Asians know how deeply Americans desire peace, prosperity, freedom—as much for them as for ourselves.

The sickness will not cease until Americans shun all thoughts about "new-caught sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child," lay down the "White Man's burden," and enter into partnership with the Asian people. The sickness isn't apt to cease until a century of sentimental nonsense and insensitivity is put behind us. Patronization, condescension, ignorance—until these are replaced by understanding and equality, ultimately and inevitably the sickness will spread. The sickness won't cease until Americans and Asians see each other in new perspectives. True for statesmen, salesmen, and school teachers, it is especially true for Asia-bound travelers.

Asia's poverty, illiteracy, untouchability, other-worldliness, dirt, and disease will all be there, at least in our lifetime. So will the tea ceremonies, the temples at Angkor Wat, the Taj Mahal. But these never did, and no longer must, signify all that is Asia. Asia is where dwell three human beings of every five who inhabit the earth. Its riches are indispensably great, but not for others to exploit; these riches are Asia's.

Asia is a flower arrangement in Kyoto. It is also Tokyo, the world's number one megalopolis, with ninety-eight universities and a tower taller than the Eiffel. Asia rides in ox carts; it is also served by international airlines, by monorails, and by the world's fastest electric express. Asia is where women are prime ministers, legislators, magistrates, and microbiologists. Where civil rights were won without riots; where untouchability is banned by law; where ex-untouchables get preferential treatment in jobs and education.

Asia is where Brahmanism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Taoism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism were born. It is where ancient temples are preserved, but where few new temples are being built except the temples of tomorrow: dams, power plants, factories, schools. Asia is where there are no religious taboos on contraception.

Much of Asia is backward. It is also where they hold the biggest elections and build the biggest ships. Much of Asia is illiterate. It is also where no festival or fair is complete without the presence of at least one poet, and where the ten-year-old girl or boy is rare who cannot evoke his people's history in dance and song. Much of Asia is hungry. Hungry for wheat and rice, for medicine, clothes, and homes. Asia is hungrier—for dignity, equality, recognition, respect.

Asia is elephants, tigers, the thrill of the hunt. True, Asia has a tiger in its tank. Freedom has released energies suppressed for centuries. Turmoil, temperament, a tempest of talent is changing its face. In flux, adaptable, avid for the technology and industrialization of the West, Asia remains Asia. Above all else, Asia insists on being itself.

Asia is where independence, as new to them today as it was to us in 1780, seems somehow more precious for having been won than for having been bequeathed.

"Asia," President Johnson has said, "is a crucial arena of Man's striving for independence and order, and for life itself. It is a crucible in which the free, proud and peaceful world of tomorrow is today molding and taking its shape."

The arena is not the palaces of the proud. It is a million villages where water buffalo wallow in stagnant wells, and where rural teachers, provincial politicians, ambitious students are reaching for the reins of power.

Asia is the past: lacquered arches over tumbling streams. Incense in ancient pagodas. Moonlight on the Taj Mahal.

Asia is the present, angry at emperors who mocked the love of the poor in

(*Continued on page* 86)

Kyoto's Painter's Garden—one of the seven stone Buddhas brought from China.

—Werner Bischof (Magnum).

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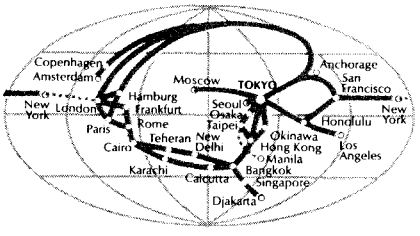

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—Marc Riboud (Magnum).

AMERICA AND THE PHILIPPINES

THE BEWILDERING COLLISION

By STANLEY KARNOW

AN AMERICAN visiting the Philippines is apt to experience a strange shock of recognition. For a half-century of United States colonial tutelage, generously administered and gracefully relinquished in 1946, seems to have fashioned the Philippines into a mirror of America. But the reflection it casts can be deceptive. Nothing is more disappointing to Americans than the discovery, often belated, that "our little brown brothers," as imperial propaganda used to call them, are only superficial relatives.

Americans are often led astray by the outward signs of resemblance. Manila looks, in many ways, like a sprawling, unwieldy city in the United States. Its traffic-clogged avenues are blighted by billboards proclaiming American merchandise in high-pitched Madison Avenue jargon; sleazy drive-ins offer "colossal" hot dogs, hamburgers, and other gastronomic imitations. Manila's suburbs, with their split-level ranch houses and California haciendas, rival Beverly Hills; its slums outdo Harlem. And many educated, urbane Filipinos appear more Americanized than any American.

GENTLEMEN with names like cigar brands—Benedicto, Modesto, Eugenio—are known to their pals as "Butch" and "Baby," and they have an extraordinary capacity for behaving like Babbitts. They are avid golfers, earnest Rotarians, and proud students of "human relations" as taught by a local branch of the Dale Carnegie Institute. Nothing is quite so disarming as to wander into a luncheon of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in a provincial town: The speeches might have been written in Cedar Rapids, even if the delivery is rather reminiscent of Wallace Beery playing Pancho Villa. Filipinos may speak dialects like Tagalog at home, but their public language is a kind of calypso American that would have delighted Mencken. Recently, reporting the Mayor's investigation into police department complaints, a Manila

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newspaper headlined: "City Dad Probes Cops Gripes."

It is midsummer madness to hold Philippine weddings in June, when the heat and humidity are at their worst. Yet fashionable Filipinas must be "June brides," and they perspire heroically through all the functions which, incidentally, feature delicacies imported from the United States. Though there are 7,000 Philippine islands, Filipinos thrive on canned American salmon and tuna fish. Manila high society rejects local avocados and bananas as lower-class "native" fare. When the late General MacArthur, an authentic Philippine folk-hero, visited Manila a few years ago, a banquet at the presidential palace opened with tinned American fruit salad.

Thus this Philippine mirror of America is a kind of carnival mirror, casting distorted images. In contrast to Hawaii, where the process of American acculturation almost entirely assimilated a multiracial population, the Philippines was never transformed into a parcel of the United States by colonial rule. American influence in its Pacific territory set in motion the dynamics of political and economic change, while scarcely altering the country's deep social traditions. The Filipino may behave and speak like an American; he usually doesn't think like an American. The Filipinos recognize that they are currently caught in a bewildering collision between modern hopes and ancient habits. They are groping to establish an identity, and that search is likely to continue for some time to come.

Ethnically Malay, with doses of Chinese thrown in, the Filipinos were controlled by Spain for 350 years and by the United States until after World War II—or as they themselves quip: "Three centuries in a convent and two generations in Hollywood."

Spanish domination unified the thousands of Philippine islands and Christianized the people in much the same manner that the *conquistadores* brought Catholicism to Latin America. In its inexperienced, pragmatic way, American rule gave the country a different dimension. Even before the Philippine *insurrectos* were subdued about the turn of the century—at a cost of 4,000 American and an estimated 100,000 Philippine lives—the United States was considering eventual autonomy for its new possession. In a statement remarkably advanced for that period of history, an American commission recommended the establishment of local government "designed not for our satisfaction . . . but for the happiness, peace and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands, and the measures adopted should be made to conform to their customs, their habits, and even their prejudices. . . ."

As early as 1899, the Philippine Supreme Court was headed by a Filipino; by 1907, the Filipinos had their own legislature, though its proposals were subject to American veto. The number of Americans in the Philippine administration quickly diminished, from 51 per cent in 1903 to 6 per cent in 1923. Self-rule was largely made possible because of education, which the United States actively fostered. Soon after American rule began, more than 1,000 American schoolteachers arrived to fan out through the islands. Within twenty-five years, there were more high-school students in the Philippines than in Spain, the former mother country. If not for the advent of World War II, the Philippines would probably have gained total independence in the mid-1930s.

—*William McCracken (Nancy Palmer).*

Manila coachman—"Three centuries in a convent, two generations in Hollywood."

In retrospect, however, it may be debatable whether the rapid introduction of democracy into the Philippines was salutary, for a Western political system was accorded a people who, from their combined Oriental and Latin traditions, customarily consider public service a means to gain personal profit. As the Jesuit sociologist, Father Jaime Bulato, has explained, the Filipino's conduct is guided more by a sense of shame than of guilt; he would rather be judged guilty of corruption than feel ashamed for failing to dip into the government coffers to help his family. During the last election campaign, the charge by his political opponents that President Ferdinand Marcos had, as a youth, killed one of his father's rivals made little headway with Philippine voters. Even if he had been guilty, they reasoned, Marcos had laudably acted to defend his father's honor.

American-inspired democracy in the Philippines, consequently, often suggests an exaggerated travesty of democracy that at times seems close to anarchy. Graft and corruption, nepotism, oratorical hyperbole—all these are parts of the Philippine political scene, very much as they characterized politics in the United States sixty or seventy years ago. There are even muck-raking Philippine journalists who reach back to Lincoln Steffens and Ray Stannard Baker for inspiration.

Another facet of United States rule is also having a current effect on the Philippines. As a few Filipinos now see it, the easy path to independence may have produced an oddly enervating result. In other colonial regions during the 1930s, budding nationalists were arming and agitating for self-government. The need for conflict was alien to Filipinos, however; they knew they were headed for freedom. But because they were pampered, many Filipinos now feel they failed to forge a solid sense of nationalism tempered by hardship and battle. They suspect that the vague "special relationship" that ties them to the United States is really a sequel to colonialism. One of the most thoughtful, articulate young Philippine politicians, Senator Raul Manglapus has said: "Our cart went before the horse. Others struggle for freedom before independence; we are struggling afterward. If we had had a brutal break with the United States, perhaps our relations today would be better."

In the days of United States colonial rule, Americans had a privileged market in the Philippines. Accordingly, American-manufactured goods flooded the islands, thwarting local incentives to industrialize. At the same time, the United States stimulated production of sugar, copra, hemp, and other export products until, by 1940, they represented about one-third of total Philippine income. The Philippines, therefore, typified the narrow "colonial" economy, reliant on the United States for survival. To a significant extent it still does: Nearly half its export earnings depend upon special commercial accords with the U.S.

The American encouragement of ex-

(*Continued on page* 85)

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THE AFFINITY WITH AUSTRALIA

—*Camera Press (Pix).*

The Outback—despite the discrepancies, the two countries are much alike.

By ALAN MOOREHEAD

THE AMERICAN INTEREST in the Pacific has been a strange tangle of contradictions. Search through the record of the early navigators—Tasman, Quirós, de Bougainville, Cook, and the others—and you will be hard put to it to find an American name. Yet who knows what distant coasts and islands were discovered by the Yankee sealers and whalers in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and they went the hard way, south around the Horn. They may even have been the first to sight Antarctica.

Then again the Americans, unlike the Dutch, the Spanish, the French, and the British, never sought an empire in this ocean, or any extensive trade. They looked across the Atlantic to Europe, and it was only when the Japanese struck at them at Pearl Harbor that they really became aware of the Pacific. Then at last the South Sea islands became something more than an exotic dream and the Panama Canal came into its own. Since that moment America never seems to have found or even to have sought an opportunity of disengaging itself. The path—one might even say the warpath—leads on from Korea and Formosa to Vietnam, and now twenty-five years later, whether it likes it or not, America finds itself a Pacific power.

There are some interesting affinities in all this with Australia, which is the only other new force to emerge in the Pacific during these years. Australia, like America, never regarded itself as a Pacific country until the last war. It looked toward Britain, 10,000 miles away on the other side of the world, conducted the bulk of its trade with Britain, and fought alongside it in Europe and Africa. In return for this it expected that the British fleet would protect it from the Asiatics in the Pacific. In the war, however, it was the American navy which destroyed the Japanese fleet in the Coral Sea when it attempted to invade Australia in 1942, and from that moment the Australians began, for the first time, to look across the Pacific to the United States.

Despite the great discrepancy in population and resources the two countries are much alike. In area—3,000,000-odd square miles—they are the same; they share a very similar temperate climate; both are Christian democracies; both speak the same language and observe the English system of common law; both entered modern history as British colonies and have built up their populations by dispossessing the native inhabitants and establishing European migrants in their place. There may even be a temperamental bond between the two peoples inasmuch as they both had to start from scratch and both feel young, free, and independent—resurgents from the older, more sophisticated civilizations of Europe and Asia.

An American could learn much about his own history by studying what is happening in Australia now. The non-British Europeans who have been migrating to the country by the hundreds of thousands in the past twenty years—Italians, Greeks, Germans, Dutch, and others—are mainly working-class people who at first tend to coalesce into ethnic groups but whose children regard themselves as wholly Australian. They have not as yet been able to exert much political power, and most of the land and the real wealth

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is still in the hands of the original British stock. On the other hand, they have loosened the Australian connection with Britain, they have infused the country with new energy and new technical skill, and they have certainly improved the cooking. They have also increased the drift toward the cities so that now, with more than a third of their population crowded into Sydney and Melbourne, the Australians are becoming an urban, commercial, and industrial people, whose entertainments are sport and television, whose status symbol is often the automobile, and whose domestic life is conditioned by well-advertised frozen foods and mass-produced mechanical gadgets of every kind.

It is a society in which the small family business is being replaced by the large public company. Wages are high, unemployment virtually nonexistent, and the people are probably happier and more prosperous than they have ever been before. With new oil wells and mineral deposits being discovered all over the country, no one sees anything but prosperity ahead, provided that they can beat the recurring droughts and still keep attracting both capital and migrants from foreign lands.

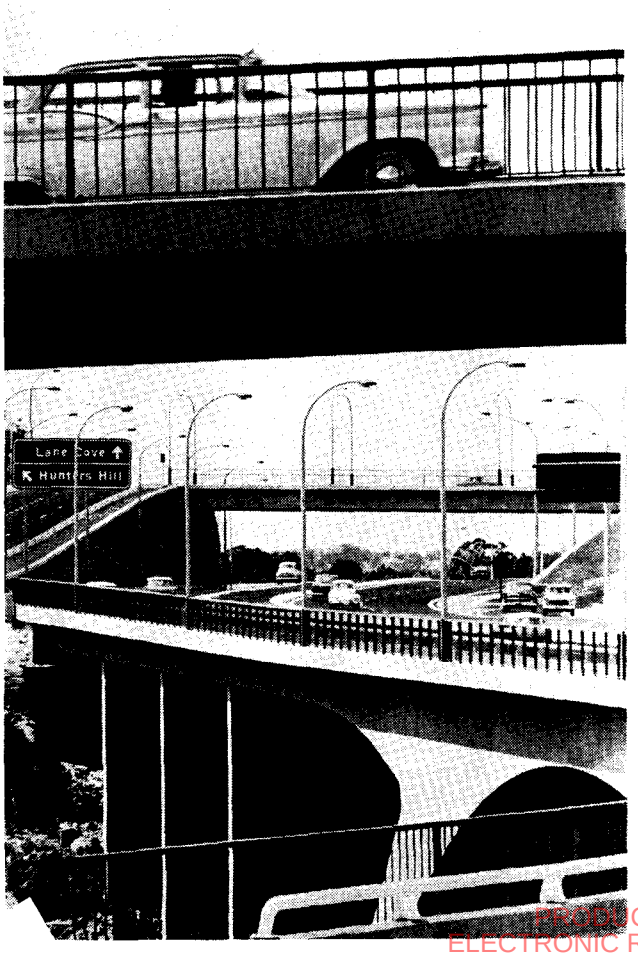
The American influence in all these matters is very great and is steadily increasing. It may not be fully aware of Australia as yet, as it was once not aware of the Pacific, but a great deal of private American money has flowed into the country since the war, and it exerts control over such large projects as the Mount Isa copper mines and the local manufacture of cars and industrial machinery. At the moment large American investments are being made in the cattle industry, and places like the tropical coast of Queensland are set to become new Texases and Californias. Dollars this year have replaced the national currency, motels spring up on every highway, and even the Australian argot (if not the accent) has an American tinge.

But it is American power that really counts in the South Pacific. It is no accident that Australia has been one of the very few countries willing to join America in its war in Vietnam. This is the logical consequence of America's having rescued Australia from the Japanese in the Coral Sea a quarter of a century ago. Communism may be what the Australians are fighting *against* in Vietnam, but what they are really fighting *for* is the protection of their shores from an invasion from Asia. Only America can effectively help in this, and Australia knows it.

I am not suggesting that Australia is Americanized as yet, nor that American attitudes are always welcome. The British influence lingers with surprising persistence, and Australians are quite keen on keeping their own identity. Even the foreign migrants play cricket, drink in pubs, learn to speak English with an Australian accent, and acknowledge in a detached but not necessarily hostile way the existence of the Queen.

Freeway Down-under—"Even the Australian argot (if not the accent) has an American tinge."

—Rapho Guillumette.



Against this it does not seem to me that America has yet succeeded in putting over its ideas—its culture, its genius, its faith or whatever you like to call it. In the main its penetration of Australia has been a commercial penetration backed by military power. But what are its institutions; what makes America tick? Australians may have heard of Billy Graham but they know next to nothing of the American church. American politics, for all the publicity about them, are not really understood; the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties remains an enigma, and the American leaders often seem less astute and dedicated than the European and Asian leaders, however misguided they may be.

Authors such as Hemingway are widely read, and American movies and television programs make a continuous impact, but very little of this rises above the entertainment level. Of the American accomplishments in painting and in serious music very little is heard. American science and business efficiency are much admired, but for some reason the tremendous American achievement in keeping democracy as well as the arts alive, and in philanthropy, is simply taken for granted or is unfairly dismissed as naïveté and do-goodism. As time goes by these impressions will alter, but for the moment too many people in the South Pacific look upon America as a country obsessed by material success and haunted by an irrational fear of Communism.

All this being said, it has to be added that the Americans themselves are liked in Australia, probably more now than ever before. It seems quite possible that after the Vietnam war is over, Australia will seek a much closer alliance with America, and that before the end of the century we shall see a new alignment of power in the Pacific: America and Canada in the North joined to Australia and New Zealand in the South. In other words, a union of English-speaking peoples in the Pacific, with Britain, the original homeland, acting as its agent in Europe.

It is an attractive theory. All four countries are food producers on a large scale, especially in grain and meat, and none of them as yet is troubled by problems of overpopulation. In oil and minerals and other basic resources nothing would be lacking. Nor would there be any real difficulties on the ideological side, since all four systems of law and government are already very similar and all are united in their opposition to both dictatorship and Communism. While America obviously would be the leader, there would be no poor relations in the union, since all the countries concerned are creditor nations which already enjoy the highest standard of living on earth. The common language would do away with many of the misunderstandings that bedevil relations between countries, and, with New Zealand about to adopt the dollar in place of the pound, there would be a common currency as well as a common system of weights and measures.

We need not labor the idea too far. Such a union—should one call it the United States of the Pacific?—would clearly not do much to settle the major problems of the world. The Bomb and overpopulation would still be with us. But it is a viable proposition. It would be a step ahead.

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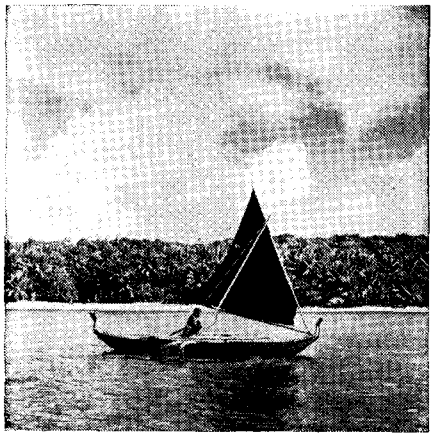
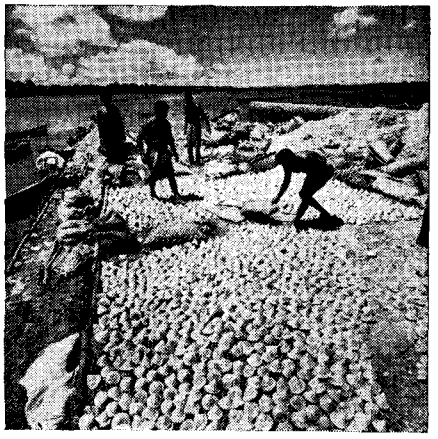


Sailing the lagoon.



Playing the shell game.

—*R. Wenkam photos.*

Taking the A-frame.

AMERICA AND ITS RESPONSIBILITY

THE SMALL ISLANDS

By E. J. KAHN, Jr.

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, a man from Yap happened to be in New York City, and, hoping to find someone who would recognize his homeland, he stopped at the United Nations building. On approaching the U.N. information desk, the Yapese was a mite saddened, though not terribly surprised, to learn that no one there had ever heard of Yap, or, when it came to that, of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands.

The Territory, also often called Micronesia, is under U.N. jurisdiction. A three-million-square-mile expanse of the northwest Pacific, Micronesia has, for the past twenty years, been overseen on behalf of the international organization by the United States. The 90,000 native inhabitants of the Territory's six small and widely dispersed districts, of which Yap, with a population of 6,000, is the tiniest, are resigned to the unawareness of most of the rest of the world of their existence. When they travel abroad, Micronesians often carry maps—but these are maps of their own area, so they can explain to outsiders where they hail from. (The Territory's only Catholic bishop once was obliged to devote a good deal of the only audience he ever had with a Pope to a description of the boundaries of his obscure vicariate.)

The very remoteness of Micronesia has of late, however, inspired in many Micronesians new hopes for attention. The islands that make up the Territory—the Marshalls, the Carolines, and, except for Guam, which has been a U.S. territorial possession since the turn of the century, the Marianas—have been in a shaky economic position ever since the end of World War II, much of which was waged on and around them. The native Micronesians and the 350 or so Americans who have been entrusted with showing them the way toward self-sufficiency visualize the region as a potential haven for cash-crammed tourists who are bored with the globe's familiar stopping-off places and want to strike out into more or less unexplored territory.

Micronesia has certain enviable natural assets. Though its climate is humid, the temperature stays in a tolerable range—between 75 and 85 degrees. The region is exotic, with a few high-rising volcanic islands, lush with tropical foliage, and, beyond them, dozens of coral atolls encircling broad, palm-fringed lagoons. Micronesia has sea-going crocodiles, and clams whose shells reach four feet in diameter. It has eye-opening and little-seen creations of man—the huge stone money discs of Yap, for example, and the fabled ruins of Nan Madol, an enclave of a sovereign of 1200 A.D. in the Ponape district of the East Carolines. And it has genial, hospitable natives who, by most tourists' standards, would have to be considered authentically primitive.

Those Micronesians who frequent the district centers, though, are rapidly becoming more and more sophisticated. When the office of the resident American High Commissioner, whose headquarters are on Saipan, issued a tourist brochure that, among other illustrations, featured a line of bare-breasted, grass-skirted girls in a ceremonial dance, not all Micronesians were pleased. They grumbled that here they were trying to become civilized and Westernized, and there ought to be some better way of graphically depicting the big, bold, evolutionary steps they were taking than by a garden-variety parade of nubile nudity. Those few Micronesians who have visited bars featuring waitresses in topless outfits in San Francisco can hardly suppress their yawns.

TRUST Territory officials expect that their main influx of tourists will come from two relatively nearby sources: Japan and Australia. Japan ruled Micronesia between World Wars, and many Japanese have a built-in affinity for the region. Australians, it is thought, would relish a chance to visit a place that isn't as far away from home as are most run-of-the-mill vacation spots. Guam offers further promise; it houses thousands of American servicemen who, feeling cooped up on that tropical island, might

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relish the notion of visiting some other tropical islands.

A few Americans in Micronesia believe that Pagan, one of the northernmost of the Marianas, might make a fine tourist mecca. Pagan has hot springs and a volcano that now and then still spits lava. "Most people on Guam have never seen an active volcano!" a Trust Territory official exclaimed not long ago. "They'd flood the place!" Unfortunately, a few months after his pronouncement, an active typhoon flooded Pagan and destroyed 80 per cent of its buildings.

So far, hardly any tourists have descended upon Micronesia. To get into the Trust Territory at all, one needs authorization from the High Commissioner. This is easily obtainable, but even so, there has been no avalanche of applications. One traveler got there pretty much by mistake. He was an Istanbul man whose hobby was setting foot on out-of-the-way shores. He had collected something like 200 countries, but the Turk had never been to Truk, the hub of the East Carolines. Pan American Airways has been operating the Trust Territory's own inter-island airline, and at a Pan Am office at home, the Turk's acquisitive eye lit on a printed schedule of Micronesian flights. He bought a ticket that promised him passage throughout the islands, and shortly afterward presented it to a liaison officer the Trust Territory maintains at Guam. Having gone to all that trouble, the Turk was allowed to go to Truk.

—*R. Wenkam.*

Yap—"by most tourists' standards authentically primitive."

Then there was a retired carpet manufacturer from the suburbs of New York who, with his wife, spent three weeks in Micronesia. They had shared a taxi in Honolulu with a geodeticist who, when they complained that Fiji and some of the other South Pacific islands they had been to no longer seemed natural and unspoiled, replied that they should see where *he* had just come from. The New Yorkers headed straight for Micronesia, where they had a reasonably good time, though they were taken aback to learn that the only drive-yourself vehicle then available for rental on Yap was an ancient and decrepit pick-up truck. I myself once rented the only available vehicle on Saipan, which is the most posh settlement within the Territory. I did get a car, but it was not one that even Avis would wish on Hertz, having no mirrors, no muffler, no directional signals, no speedometer, no radio, no gas gauge, no spare tire, and no brakes.

What is likely, more than anything else, to inhibit any widespread outbreak of tourism in Micronesia is the vast distances that separate its inhabited islands. Its airline, which almost exclusively serves the district centers (five of the six of them get only one scheduled flight a week), has its drawbacks. Not only is it the most expensive scheduled passenger service on earth, with a 12-cents-a-mile rate of fare, but space on its flights is so limited and so coveted that mere tourists, who would presumably not enjoy the highest priority, would be in danger of being bumped off at the last minute. The air-travel situation may soon improve. Hawaiian Airlines, operating out of Honolulu, has made a comprehensive exploratory trip through the Trust Territories, and has filed for the rights to open service from Hawaii. Kwajalein is only only a couple of thousand miles away from Hawaii and thus, as distances go in the Pacific, practically next door.

A new hotel is being built at Majuro. Additional accommodations for transients have recently been put up at Yap and on Saipan. Each of the district centers now has at least one hotel, but all of them fall considerably short of providing the amenities that might be held essential by American tourists and by Japanese and Australians, too. There is no hotel room anywhere in Micronesia with a private bath. Such Spartan digs might disappoint elderly voyagers, who are apt to be the principal ones who have both the time and the means to range so far afield. (It is doubtful that many tourists, however spry, would soon venture much beyond the district centers; most of the outlying Micronesian islands can be reached only by boat, and most of the ships that ply the waters between them make infrequent calls—perhaps one every two or three months.) Until two years ago, the Trust Territory administration ran the hotels. Then, in line with its overall policy of helping the natives to help themselves, it began encouraging indigenes to take over. Their managerial practices are doubtless going to improve with experience, but so far they have been both unimaginative and unpredictable.

Micronesia abounds with native foods that most tourists rarely sample and would find beguiling, at least as novelties—taro cooked with charcoal and coconut milk, fruit-bat broth, tasty fruits of all varieties, including mangosteens and star apples—but the hotels, by and large, offer an unvarying fare of canned stuff. The Royal Palauan Hotel, the festive center of Koror, the capital of Palau district, makes a point of instructing its guests that the breakfast hour starts at 6:30 a.m., but those wayfarers who betake themselves to the dining room at that challenging hour may well be frustrated, inasmuch as the chef shows up whenever he feels like it and may not unlock his kitchen until 7:15.

Beginning this fall and scheduled to continue for at least two years, there will be a new, important attraction in Micronesia: the Peace Corps. For the last three months, several hundred Peace Corps volunteers have been in training, in Florida and Hawaii, for a massive invasion of the Trust Territory. The majority of the volunteers are slated to participate in an area-wide educational program designed to give all the natives—who speak a bewildering assortment of languages—an opportunity to achieve fluency in English and thus be in a position to communicate among themselves.

During their indoctrination period, the Peace Corps trainees kept asking their instructors what the immediate prospects were for a surge of tourism within Micronesia. Whether the volunteers were curious because they had a genuine concern about the future of the Territory's halting economy, or whether they hoped visitors would show up in droves to keep them brief company in what might otherwise prove to be a conspicuously lonely assignment, was hard to ascertain. The likelihood is that for quite some time to come Micronesia will harbor far more resident emissaries of the Peace Corps than transient outsiders who have come to glimpse their distant island posts.

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—*Drawings by Susan Perl.*

THE ORIENTALIZATION OF THE WEST

By RICHARD HUGHES

I CAN'T GO ALONG with all this talk about the "Americanization" of the Far East. Indeed, the longer I live and move around in the Far East the more apprehensive I become of the ultimate "Orientalization" of the West.

All the alleged evidence of U.S. influence on the Far Eastern scene and the Asian way of life seems to me to be brittle, shallow, and misleading or misinformed. I am not echoing the old Matthew Arnold line about "the Far East bowing low before the blast in patient disdain, letting the legions thunder past and plunging into thought again." These days, the East doesn't "plunge into thought again": It either plunges into violence, tries to continue dozing quietly in a corner, or struggles toward a higher living standard.

The world's technological revolution, for the time being, is transforming Asia—urban Asia—largely by proxy and by indirection. Certainly modernization is coming from the West—although Japan is increasingly getting into the act—but the great changes basically owe nothing to, and reflect nothing of, nationality, racialism, or ideology. An Asian doesn't have to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* because he eats a hamburger or chews gum. American contributions to modernized life, from Coca Cola to computing machines and from supermarkets to washing machines, appeal because of their merit and quality, not because of their origin—sometimes, in fact, in spite of their origin. Their acceptance, and imitation, does not impose American philosophic, political, social, or cultural values, good or bad, on local communities; but it reflects local aspirations for a happier life, limited by the local degree of affluence, local good fortune in foreign aid, and local immunity to or protection from evangelical Communism.

WHEN I first went to Japan, before Pearl Harbor, I met English expatriates who deplored the fact that young Japanese had become interested in baseball rather than cricket. They felt that cricket would have made the Japanese pro-British, while baseball would make them pro-American—which was almost as bad as being pro-Japanese. In the same way, I daresay, German expatriates regretted that they had not taken

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up dueling, which might have made them more pro-German.

Tojo's abominable *kempei-tai* (military gendarmes) went along with this nonsense by trying vainly to stop young Japanese baseballers from using American terms such as *play (or pray) bollu* and *striku-one*. It was forgotten that, when Japan decided to "modernize" under Emperor Meiji, its leaders modeled the navy on the Royal Navy, the army on the Prussian model, law on the Napoleonic Code, and business on the American pattern, and produced a completely and aggressively Japanese amalgam of all these foreign influences. The best *kamikaze* pilots were distinguished for their physical condition, which meant that most of them played baseball, without becoming noticeably Americanized.

With growing and hard-won affluence, the Japanese have since led the way with Asian adoption and adaptation of U.S. techniques, products, expertise, and ideas. They are now, in fact, retaliating successfully, exporting Japanese architecture and design to the United States, and motorcars, motorcycles, oil tankers, and transistor radios to all world markets. They even seem to be doing better, in reprisal, with Zen Buddhism abroad than the Christians are doing with Christianity inside Japan.

The modern face-lift in Japan is plain to see, and very Americanized it looks. But it represents no change of heart. A smart young Japanese will drink whisky instead of *sake*. A *hotto doggu* is often preferred to *sushi*. The girls' legs are straighter and their bosoms rounder, and geisha are playing golf. The three ancient Imperial Treasures were the Stone, the Mirror, and the Jewel; they have been replaced by the Car, the Refrigerator, and the TV set. (The Australians are now intervening with subversive "Australianization": P.R. experts are teaching the sons of the *samurai* to eat meat-pies.) But, obscured or disguised, most of the basic traditions persist in Japan: The family groups, the neighborhood associations and honorable employment organizations still dominate life and living. Two of three young Japanese men still prefer to marry by arrangement – *miai* – either through their parents or one of the new "marriage advice counsel bureaus." Fewer Japanese girls are marrying *gaijin* (foreigners).

I recall one glittering U.S. reception in the heady days of General MacArthur's benevolent Occupation. The velvety lawns were jammed with respectful masses of what the Supreme Commander was wont to describe felicitously in official declarations as "the indigenous personnel." "I knew we would win the peace as well as the war," a high-ranking U.S. commander remarked to me. "The Japs have learned to appreciate our way of life. They recognize democracy. They're not fools—I've always said that. They learn. We'll build an American-style freedom and civilization here." His honest face was beaming with unselfish delight as he gulped bourbon.

Behind us, two charming middle-aged Japanese ladies in *kimono* halted to accept with deep bows some more U.S. army-issue orange juice. They were chatting casually in Japanese with the same rash abandon of Westerners in the Far East who assume that no Asians within earshot can understand English. "I do believe," one observed, "that the type of Occupation officer we are getting now has a less brutal and criminal type of face than those who came here in 1945." Her companion, inclining her head gracefully to my officer companion, suggested: "Or perhaps it is that we are becoming more accustomed to the faces?"

My friend saluted as they passed on. "Always show them respect," he adjured me. "It makes *them* respect *us*."

The French failed in the same way to "Frenchify" Indochina. They left behind them a gracious legacy of elegant buildings, tree-lined boulevards, French bread and wine. But they left no Gallic imprint on the minds of the Vietnamese. (I have been told that the French modeled the beguiling *ao-dai* costume for the slender Vietnamese women, but I doubt it; if the story is true, *vive la France*!—but also *vive l'Indochine*! for having again demonstrated the Asian talent for intelligent discrimination.)

The Laotians, all agree, had more influence over the French colonialists than the French ever had over them. No young French officer, it has been austerely noted, was ever the same again after a term of duty in Luang Prabang, the Shangri-La royal capital, where the elephants go down to the river-market with bells on their heels. "These young Frenchmen," one chronicler has re-

(*Continued on page* 82)

"The world's technological revolution is transforming Asia . . . the *hotto doggu* is often preferred to *sushi* . . . the geisha are playing golf."

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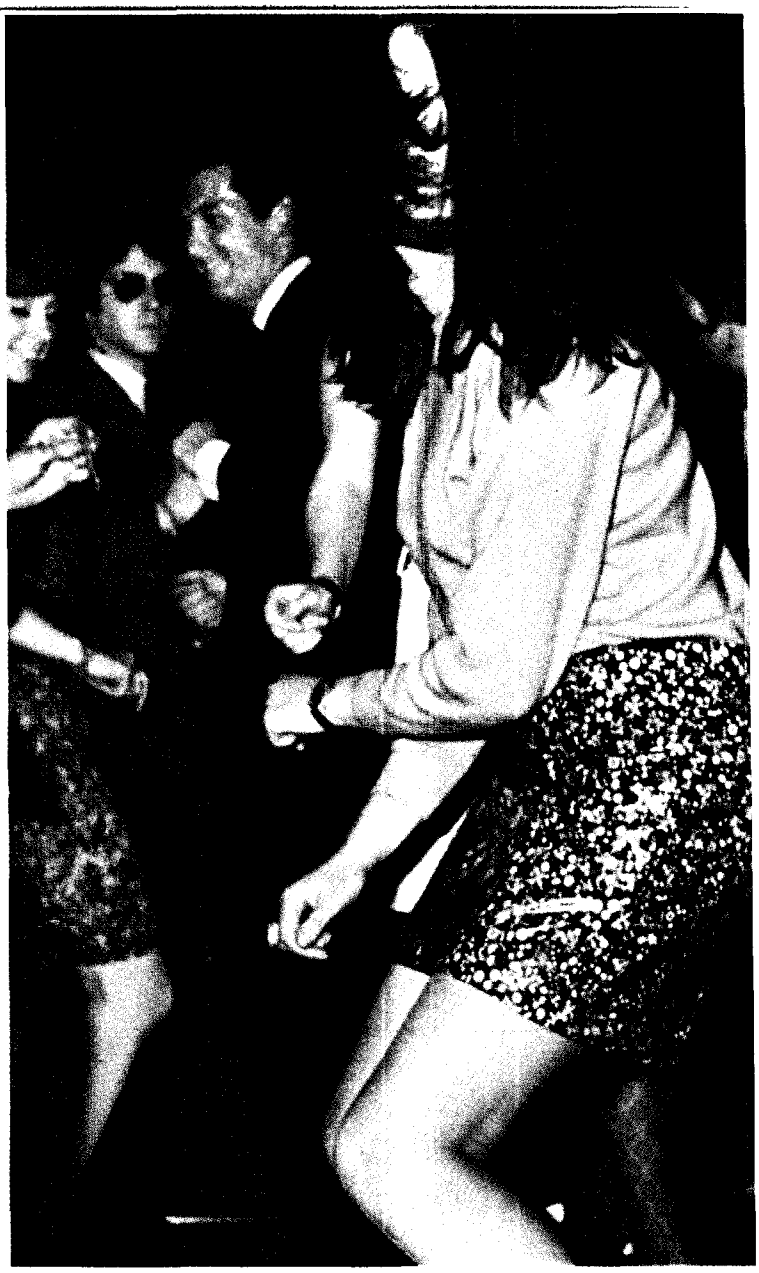

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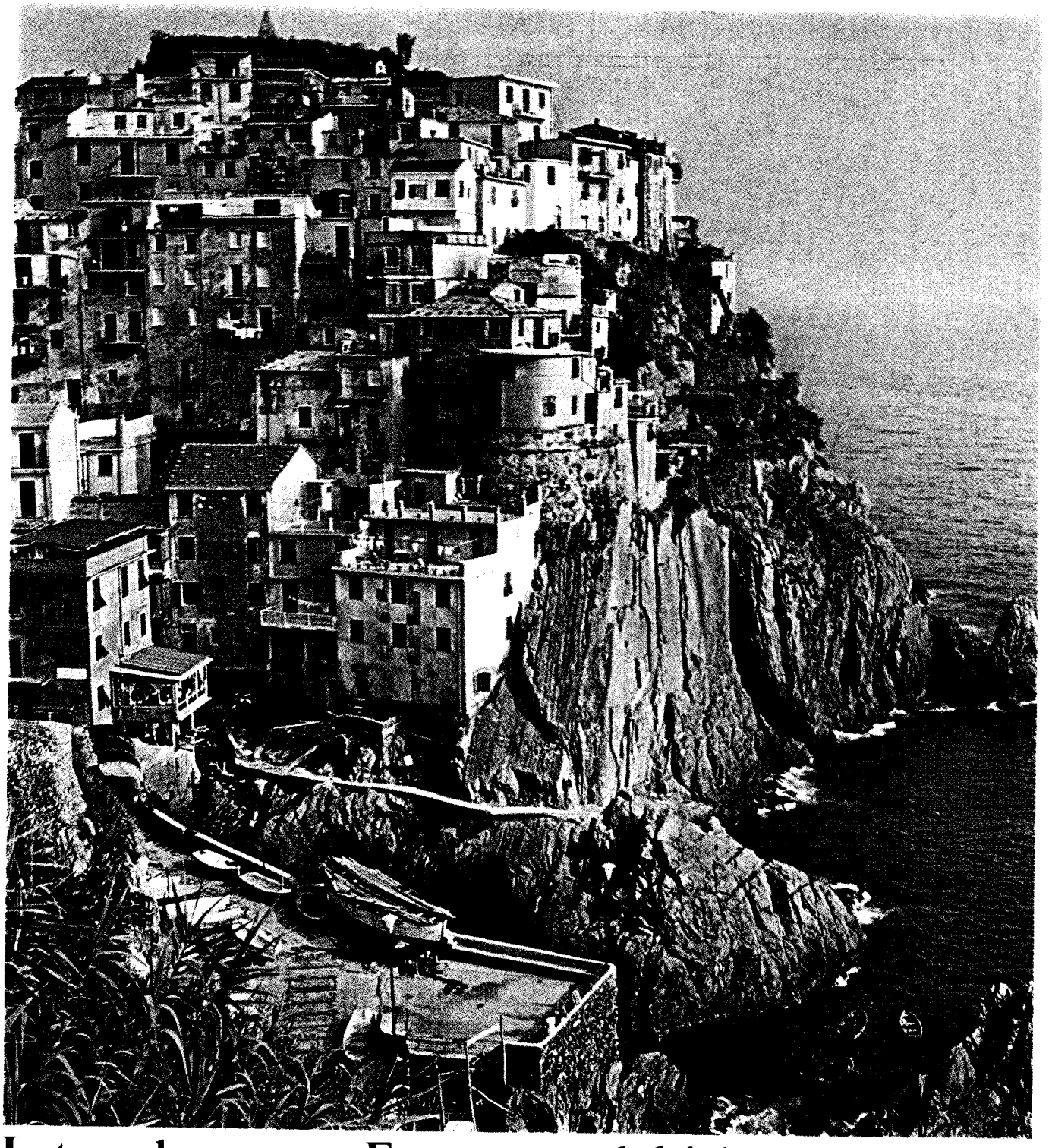

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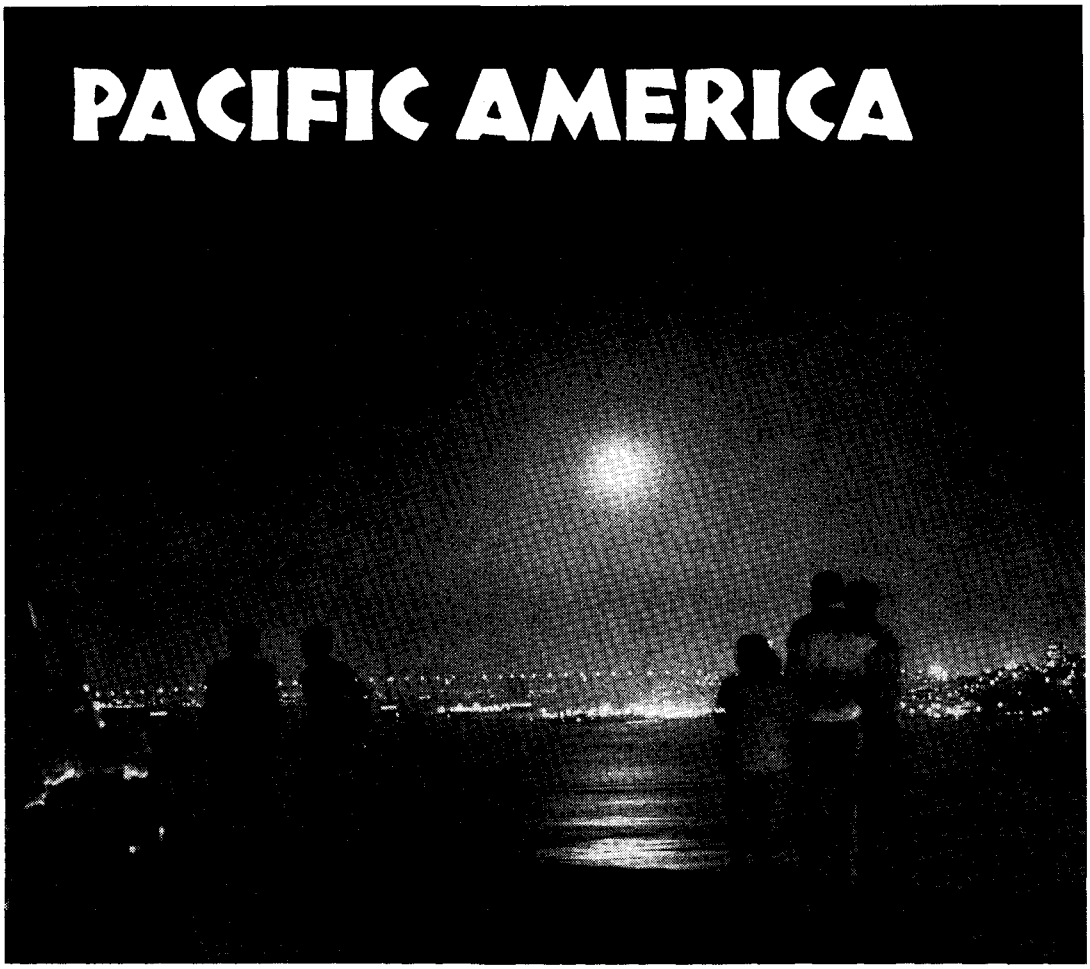

—*Palmer (Monkmeyer).*

1. THE GOLDEN GATE

By HERBERT GOLD

THESE DAYS the port of San Francisco, facing the Pacific, looks like a wartime city. A flood of uniformed men passes through, spending money, waiting to go. There is no particular gaiety about this reminder of other wars, and the young men drunk in the streets or quietly sightseeing find no particularly warm response from San Franciscans. Occasionally a knot of civilians can be seen arguing the war with a soldier or a couple of sailors.

"But if we don't get 'em now, they'll get *us*!" a young boy shouts pleadingly. "The Commies'll get us, won't they? The Red Chinese?"

Later that evening, the visitor might go to a genuine rock and roll wedding at midnight at the Fillmore Auditorium. The girl called "Space Daisy" recently married Lee Quarnstrom to the awesome sounds of the amplified psychedelic-ecstatic big beat of The Thunder Machine. There a visitor met a girl he recognized and said, "Say, aren't you from Idaho?"

"Yeah! How'd you know that? You on acid?"

He pulled off his wedding dark glasses and let her examine his face and eyeballs. No LSD.

"No acid," he said, "just pure insight. And I saw you once in Ketchum."

And a few days before, a group of people protesting the war stood in silent vigil outside the mortuary which has the military contract to receive and store the bodies shipped home from Vietnam, before they are transshipped to parents and wives. The owner of the mortuary came out to plead with them: "You're ruining my business. A woman was just going to give me a funeral and she saw you and she went away. I don't make no money on this military deal, I just do it for cost, you're ruining my business."

To the south of Northern California, in what many call "the other state," Southern California, where the missile, aircraft, and John Birch industries are prominent, Ronald Reagan is the current hero, and the war is taken with blither spirits. (KILL A COMMIE FOR CHRIST, reads one complicated bumper sticker.) To the north, in Washington and Oregon, there are logging and fishing and farming, and the country does not look to the Pacific and the Far East. But here, in the Bay Area, in this banking, business, and trade center, there is an intense concern with connection with the distant lands across the Pacific Ocean. The idea of trade with China is attractive. The idea of fighting it out with China is ugly. Along with New York, the San Francisco Bay area is the most anti-isolationist in the nation. And surely the most bitterly opposed to warring in the small or large in the Pacific.

Why should this be? It has much to

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do with the nature of trade and an interest in communications. And it has something to do with origins. A proper title for a book about San Francisco would be "Nobody Came First." Everyone arrived with the Gold Rush in 1848 and after—Irish, Italians, Jews, Chinese, along with the WASPs. Society in San Francisco is a peculiar mixture of mining money, banking money, insurance money, and shipping money, and none of it very old. It comes from families which just kept on moving west. It is willing to keep on going. The famous San Francisco suicides off the Golden Gate Bridge seem to jump toward the shelter of the shore rather than out, away, in the direction of the chill ocean. But these pathetic dropouts do not represent the wide-open way of looking at things, of people who notice that, once the Bay area trades with China, this may be a port to rival Venice in its prime, or London, or New York.

IN the meantime, San Francisco is that famous, graceful, and self-loving city which, like a girl of great natural beauty, but for no reasons of particular virtue, has captured the love of generations of artists and the profitable attention of millions of dollars' worth of tourists. It has trouble financing a repertory theater, but it is building a Japanese Cultural Center. It has trouble organizing support for the arts, but a community of about 35,000 Chinese manages a tradition-rich life. And the arts, unorganized, thrive by means of the intense communal struggle of the large number of San Francisco artists.

The Park Department, shocked by the language of the San Francisco Mime Troupe's production of *Candelaio*, an updated and slightly scurvy instance of *commedia dell'arte*, refused a permit for the Troupe's free performances in the parks. And an intelligent judge ruled in favor of the Troupe—a judge touched in the head by an instinct for liveliness and fun, truth, beauty, culture, and, perhaps, a bit of dirty language in the open air.

San Francisco and the Bay Area, the college town of Berkeley, and Big Sur and Mendocino, which are the two superb mountain-and-sea-and-redwood settlements, provide the terrain for major recruitment of what has been called "The Children's Crusade." The leadership of the kids—teenies and twennies—has been accepted by many in the fields of the arts and, of course, dress. A rock 'n' roll group called "Max Weber and the Charismatics" expresses the peculiar combination of innocence, innocent kidding, and focused pedantry of which

(*Continued on page* 78)

2. THE GILDED SOUTH

By NEIL MORGAN

AMONG THE ENDLESS chain of shabby old jokes about Los Angeles is one that holds this megalopolis beside the Pacific to be a city with its own foreign policy. The phrase was last exhumed when Sam Yorty, the mayor, junketed to Vietnam. After a series of nonmilitary misadventures (he reported his traveler's checks missing after a night on the town in Saigon), Yorty came home mouthing homilies about the national posture in Vietnam.

Naturally, no one listened very closely, except for political detractors who were anxious to poke fun at His Honor as a sort of municipal Dean Rusk. It was not simply that he was unqualified for punditry; worse, his constituents were too busy to care. In Southern California, many are absorbed in shaping what they confidently consider to be the impending American way of life. Others are simply rushing about the freeways and beaches, exploiting mass opulence and mass leisure which are unrivalled in their egalitarianism.

More than 11,000,000 people live now between the Tehachapi Mountains and the Mexican border, and between the Pacific and the Colorado, the river that slashes down through the desert to form the southeast border of the state. Those are the boundaries of South California. From a military jet 45,000 feet above Edwards Air Force Base, a test center in the Mojave Desert north of Los Angeles, one looks over most of the region and finds it empty. Even in this most populous area of the American West, Man has intruded only slightly behind the coastal mountain range; the Southern Californian lives beside the Pacific. In his strange society—innovative, sybaritic, frenetic—the Southern Californian feels closer to Vietnam than to Washington. His aerospace factories, research laboratories, and think-tanks are the greatest domestic concentration of war-related activities outside the national capital, a fact that the new natives see as an inevitable result of the unobstructive climate and the momentum of their fresh society.

THERE is still a spark of nationalism about the region, a mood akin to that of Gold Rush days when some of the Forty-Niners scoffed at the prospect of linking the remote California frontier with the Union through statehood; California, they argued, had all the resources it required to be an independent nation, and its future was as an eastern lodestone to the vast "Pacific lake." Variations of that theme have echoed through California history. But the relation of California to the Pacific has grown in unexpected patterns.

The English explorer Sir Francis Drake cruised the California coast in 1579 and anchored in Drake's Bay north of San Francisco, but merely to await

—*Phil Palmer (Monkmeyer).*

Chinatown Cable Car—"Nobody came first."

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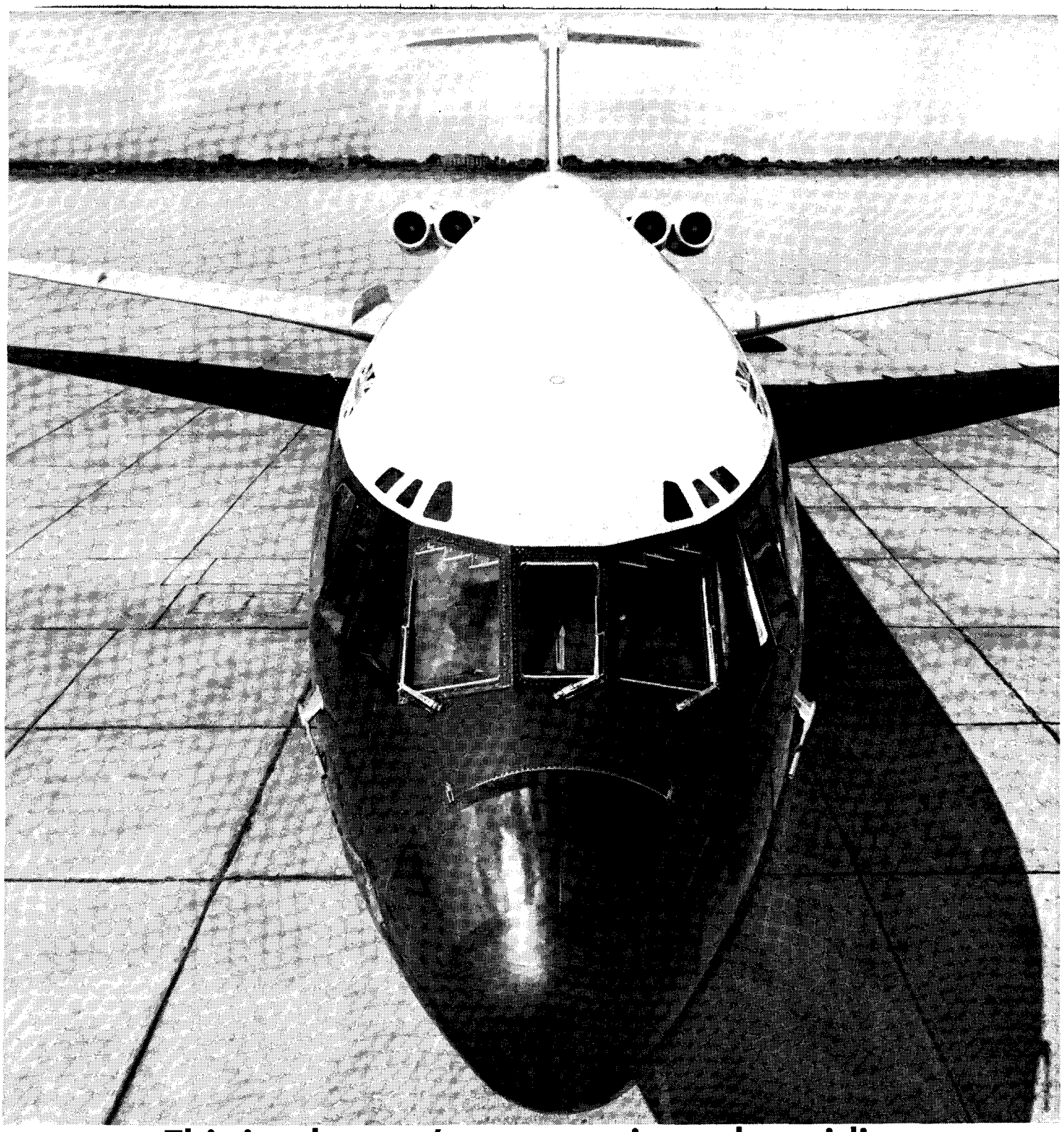

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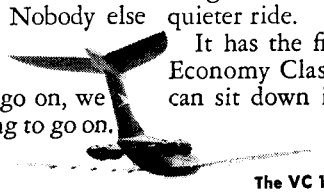

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—American Airlines.

Angeleno surfers—"The most restless, the most mobile people on earth."

trade winds for passage to the Philippines in search of the Spaniards' Manila galleon. To such early visitors, California was a waypoint. Some sought the Northwest Passage to the Orient. Spanish colonization of California was prodded by the presence along the California coast of Russian fur traders. To most visitors, until the mid-nineteenth century, California seemed only an inhospitable coastal desert. But with the discovery of gold in 1848, mixed multitudes from all over the world converged in the Mother Lode of the Sierra Nevada.

The overland route across America was tedious and hazardous; most of the Forty-Niners came by sea, and the farthest shore of the Pacific was less distant than the 12,000-mile journey around Cape Horn from the east coast of America to the west coast. Lumber came to California from Australia, onions and potatoes from the Sandwich Islands, and, for a time, labor was so scarce that even soiled linen was shipped to China to be laundered and returned.

By 1860 the Chinese were the largest foreign-born group in California, one-tenth of the total population. Lord Bryce was soon predicting that, as the American East had received the spill-over migrations of Europe, so California would be linked to the Orient. But the Chinese were welcome in California only until the gold was mined and the railroads built. With the heavy work done, the Chinese began to compete for less menial jobs. Then came tawdry decades of reprisal and discrimination, later to be repeated against the Japanese.

With the first railroad across America in 1869, the Pacific Coast was linked firmly with the Union. Soon Orientals were being deported. Californians turned inward, and it was not until Pearl Harbor that they began to sense again their role as a Pacific frontier. This time panic ensued. Japanese were arrested, their property was confiscated or sold at a fraction of its value, and families were moved inland to internment camps, many for the duration of the war. But California was a waypoint again to the Pacific.

The war with Japan in the 1940s projected the nation irrevocably into the Pacific. As a military frontier, Southern California bristled with naval bases, training centers, supply depots and embarkation camps. Suddenly the region was on the mainline of the American distribution network. Its harbors came alive: Los Angeles, Long Beach, and San Diego. War booms in shipyards and aircraft plants became peacetime economic plateaus in aerospace and research as millions who had passed through California on their way to the Pacific came back to the coast to live. No longer was there validity in the old warning of the 1930s, uttered amid dire predictions that Southern California was in danger of drying up and blowing away: "Don't take anything to Los Angeles that you can't bring back on the Super Chief." The region began to look as though it was there to stay.

With the Vietnam war, Southern California ports are again clogged with both

(*Continued on page* 80)

3. THE GREENING NORTH

By ANNE SWENSSON

THERE IS a lonely ocean cliff, the farthest-west point of the Continental United States, which is reached by a dirt road winding through an Indian village, then by trail through moist firs and ferns. At the end, the Pacific Ocean.

In all its inaccessibility, from the drive through primeval rain forest, to the meeting with the wind-washed Pacific, Point Flattery is the synthesis of the Pacific Northwest. At this spot nothing else is there—no people, no picnic benches, no "this is the place" marker. Only the sense of personal discovery.

A New York writer, so enchanted by the grandeur of this forsaken spot, felt compelled to return months later to share with his wife the mystique he felt. Significantly, the writer and his wife were gazing at the source of the ocean-borne blessing known as the Japanese Current, a giant, warm-water tidal motion which swirls across the Pacific, bringing an abundance of rains, and a veil of verdancy producing humidity, stopped only by the Coastal Range mountains. Oregon's Mount Jefferson and Mount Hood, Mount Rainier and Mount Baker in Washington, rise in this rain barrier, followed by the cragged but lesser-known peaks in British Columbia and Alaska, some crowding down to rim the waterways of the Inland Passage. It is in this appealing geographical bounty that visitors and residents alike walk ocean beaches and dig clams, fish, camp, and explore snowfields.

But what appeals to one man may not so satisfy his bride. The writer's wife, while happy to share her husband's sense of spiritual splendor, confessed to a fuller appreciation of other unexpected delights: sampling the restaurants, for one thing, and strolling the waterfront shops in the coastal cities. The amenities of fine napery, civilized cuisine, the hospitality of friendly shopkeeper service were not lost on her, but there was always that tang of difference in finding a city of some cosmopolitan airs nestling at the feet of the impressive Olympic Mountains.

For the new and perhaps more sophisticated breed of Northwesterner, there is an awareness of the value of this dual personality. Oregonians, Washingtonians, and those who live farther north are proud to show off their land,

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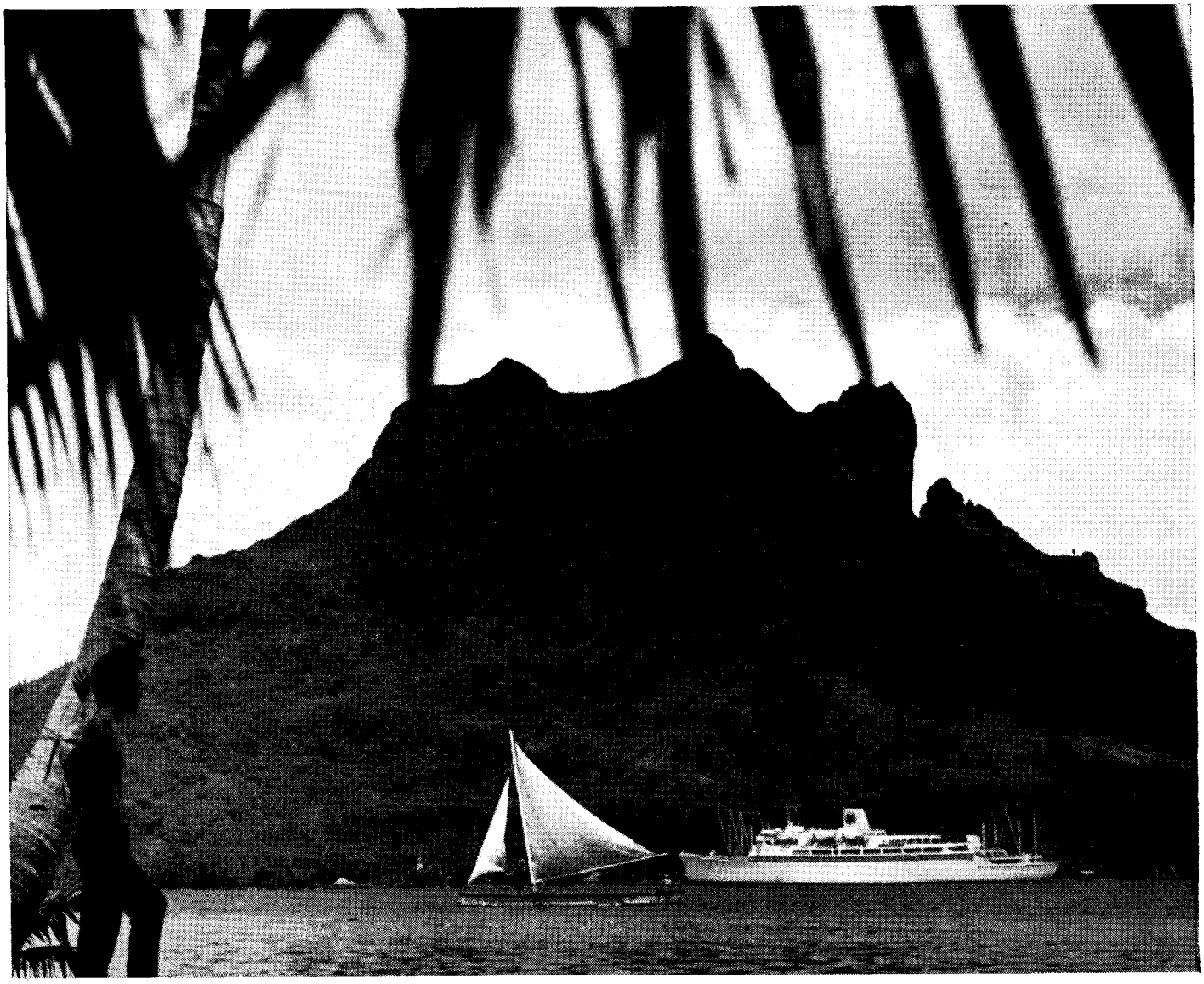

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but more and more confess to a fear that yesterday's enchanted visitor will move in as tomorrow's resident, cluttering up launching ramps, campgrounds and favorite beaches. Even the descendants of the founding settlers and other pillars of the community are no longer content merely to breathe deeply of the rain-washed air, flex a salmon rod, or spend from Friday to Sunday night sliding on the nearby ski slopes. The cities, as well as the beaches, forests, and mountain slopes, have become places to visit.

An amalgam of cultures has been drawn upon in building the cities. Part of the influence is from the westward Pacific, part from the effete East. Little of it seems to be from the North, where, in the early years, Seattle looked for trade, lore, and adventure.

IN many ways the new look westward across the Pacific is not new. Seattle's Art Museum has long maintained a significant collection of jade and oriental art. An older symbol is the handsome tori arch in Seward Park, weathered through years of mild winters, a gift of the Japanese which was accompanied by hundreds of cherry trees now in full-blooming maturity, planted along Lake Washington boulevards. Other trimmings grace the Civic Center, where the successful 1962 Seattle World's Fair left a permanent blessing of a handsome opera house, a repertory theater, sports and convention arena, and the landmark restaurant and observation tower, the Space Needle.

Two young Japanese architects designed the massive fountain which plays with lights and music on the central Mall, and a Nisei Seattle resident, Paul Horiuchi, created the magnificent outdoor mosaic mural, backdrop for frequent summer festival concerts. Another arch, smaller than the one in Seward Park, and a ceremonial bell serve as a reminder of the handsome Japanese Pavilion at the Fair, and of the continuing exchange of gifts and visits with Seattle's sister city, Kobe. Hawaii had its share of attention at the Fair, but gone now is the village where fairgoers ate Tahitianburgers and ogled native dancers. The same aficionados are content to welcome Arthur Lyman back time and again to the Olympic Hotel's Marine Room, a place to romance the ear with music from the Islands without actually making the trip.

Portland is a surprise for the first-time visitor, with its handsome parks and homes and elegant hotels. Residential areas are living exhibits of the art of the Northwest's architects, who work with native wood and stone, accenting the landscaping with pines, mosses and ferns in the best design tradition of the Orient.

Upcoast is Vancouver, the key port for all of western Canada—with a Chinatown second only to San Francisco's, evergreen views of parks and drives, and compelling scenes along the waterfront. Ladies especially adore Victoria, a quiet ivy-decked slice of England a ferry-ride away on Vancouver Island. Victoria is steeped in a tea shoppe atmosphere and year-round verdure. There is never a Christmas, they like to say up there, without a rose.

THIS new breed of Northwesterner, more prosperous and no longer content just to sit on his own beaches, gets around. Where a summer cabin was once a must, now a boat is more so, and there is still money left over for travel. With the Pacific at the shore, explorations into the far reaches of this neighboring sea are compelling. Northwesterners invade Tahiti, Tokyo, Hong Kong, and, because of proximity and appealing fares, thousands flock yearly to Hawaii.

Besides tabis, Tori gates, and tikis, they bring back subliminal urges to hold luaus on their own back patios. They form authentic Japanese flower-arranging classes at their ladies' clubs, visit the extensive Japanese tea garden of the University of Washington's Arboretum, and go home to create miniature versions of their own. Dinner Japanese-style at Nikko or Bush Gardens in Seattle's international district no longer seems strange and unfamiliar, and it's a pleasant reminder of past Pacific Island visits to stop by the Polynesian restaurant that sits on a Seattle pier.

A Seattle-based company, Western International Hotels, began an early flirtation with the Orient. It was his own Pacific travels that convinced the firm's president, Edward Carlson, of the irrepressible appeal of the Orient. Carlson has added hotel affiliates in Japan, Hong Kong, and Hawaii. So deep runs the influence that he was moved to bring in Minoru Yamasaki to design a new Japanese-style hotel for San Francisco.

The Northwest recognizes itself as a region—there have been several joint come-visit-us promotions reaching north to include Alaska and south to the California border—but the cities are still not interlocking in purpose or population, and the residents prefer to keep things that way.

The Northwesterner wants enough excitement brought to town to keep him *au courant* and amused. But he is also teaching his youngsters to hike, to sail, and to ski, and to value the open spaces. He may, with cheer, welcome friends, relatives, and just plain tourists to his evergreen domain, but, underneath, he secretly hopes that the visit to the Space Needle, or the ride up Grouse Mountain to view the glories of Seattle or Vancouver, won't inspire one more visitor to settle down.

—Bert Glinn (Magnum).

Seattle and Mount Rainier—"Part from the Pacific, part from the East."

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Just you, the sun, and a warm Portuguese welcome. Just $343

We don't think anyone can beat our $343 special. Why? Because just $343 includes everything: 15 days in Portugal and Madeira; air fare from New York to Europe and back; hotel and breakfast, rooms with bath; generous sightseeing tours of Lisbon, Estoril and Sintra.

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It's all there, in Portugal, just waiting to be discovered. So go. Not tomorrow. Now.

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—Bettmann Archive.

THE GREAT PACIFIC AIR RACE

By JAMES F. CUNNINGHAM

ON A TYPICALLY BALMY morning last spring, radios and newspapers in Honolulu surprised many Islanders by bursting forth with a volley of advertisements for Eastern Airlines, a carrier normally involved in flights between New York, Miami, San Juan, and New Orleans, all destinations some 5,000 miles away. Commercials extolled the unfamiliar name of the distant transport vehicle and at the same time offered stewardesses jobs for those Hawaiian girls eager to sign on for such exotic ports as Chicago, Washington, New York, and Atlanta.

A ten-day advertising campaign whirled through the Islands. Eastern's ranking executives appeared there. Interviews were held with Island girls for whose ancestral benefit the height requirement was lowered. When the campaign subsided, sixty-one girls had signed on with Eastern, the largest single recruitment in Eastern's history, far surpassing any recruitment by Pan American World Airways or United Air Lines, who periodically dispatch raiding parties to the Islands to harvest fresh crops of young stewardess prospects.

As if the formal lunches and the recruitment of the ladies were not enough, by the time summer rolled around and the summer under-the-stars concert series began, Waikiki Shell found itself resounding to a premier public rendition—that's what a private letter of invitation called it—of Images in Flight. It was a musical work commissioned by Eastern Airlines and was inspired by the musical theme developed by no less a musicologist than Eastern's advertising agency, which had originally developed it to use as background music for television commercials. To conduct the performance, no less a baton waver than André Kostelanetz strode to the podium.

Why such a far-out exercise by a company whose planes never collect or drop a passenger much nearer than 4,000 miles from Honolulu? It was all in support of a grand strategy planned to win a major airline route case. Eastern wants to vault from its mid-continent and East Coast terminals to Honolulu and points west. Rivals likewise see prospective riches ahead in the Pacific, the world's most rapidly expanding air travel market. Into the contest over the next three years or more, they will pour millions of dollars in legal fees alone, thousands of executive man-hours, and treasure chests of genius, influence, and expense money. Companies which prevail will fly the 500-passenger jumbo jets and the 1,800-mile-an-hour supersonic transports (SSTs) that will be lifting most people across the Pacific in the 1970s.

Eastern spirited its bevy of Island girls to the alien climes it serves so they could perhaps ripen into a persuasive fifth column which would echo the company name and line in an area where ordinarily these seldom would be heard. Through letters and visits home, they could do more to project its new image at grass-skirts level than any other medium. To focus in civic, business, social, and political forums, Eastern, which had never bothered previously to post so much as a lone sales representative in

(*Continued on page* 88)

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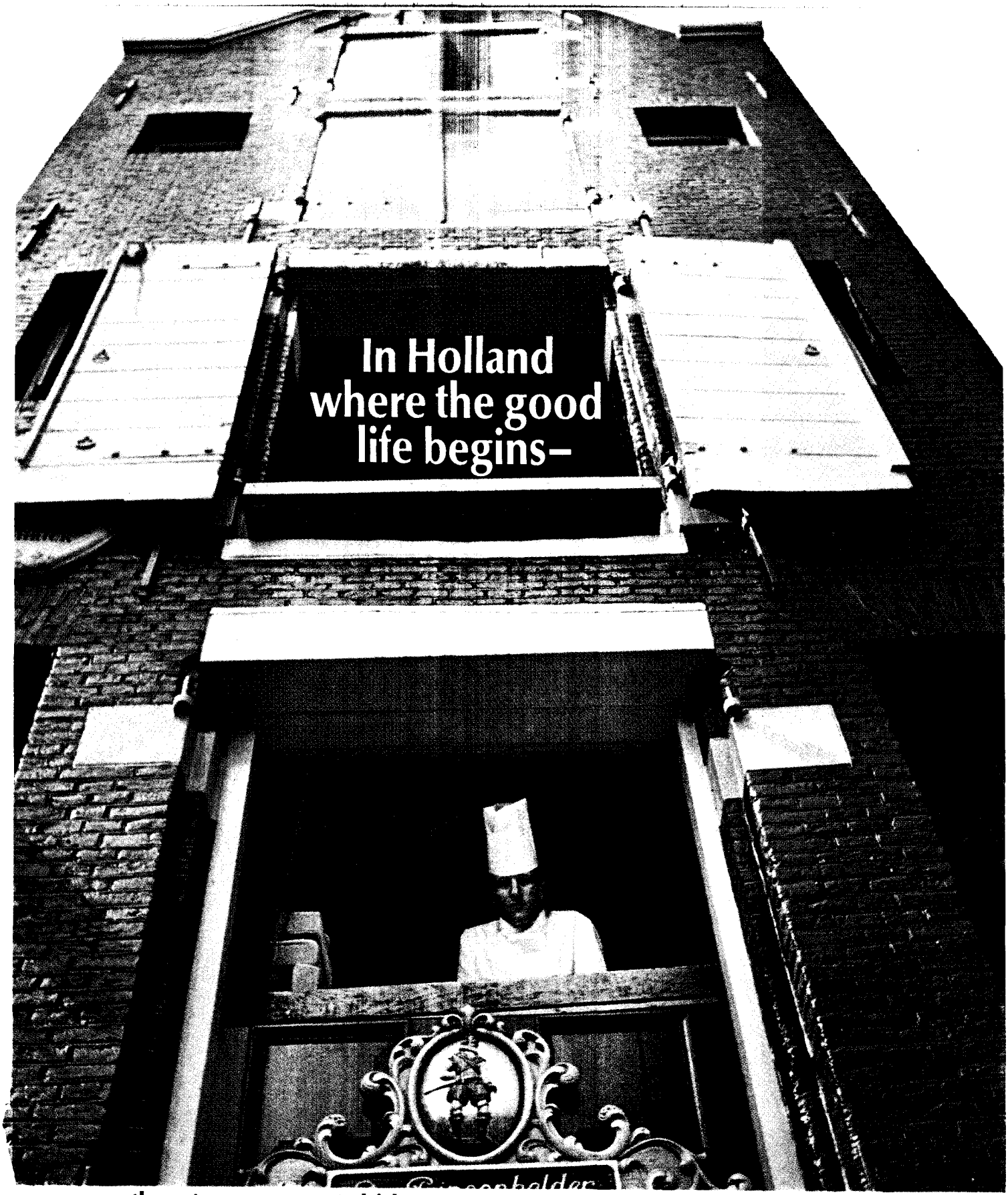

–there's a gourmet's hideaway around almost every corner,

where the delights of the table are matched only by the charm of the setting. For an advance glimpse of the good life, send for your free copy of "Welcome to Holland." It tells you how a KLM jet or Holland-America Line flagship can start you on a more enchanting vacation by starting you in Holland—where the good life begins.

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NETHERLANDS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, ANVV
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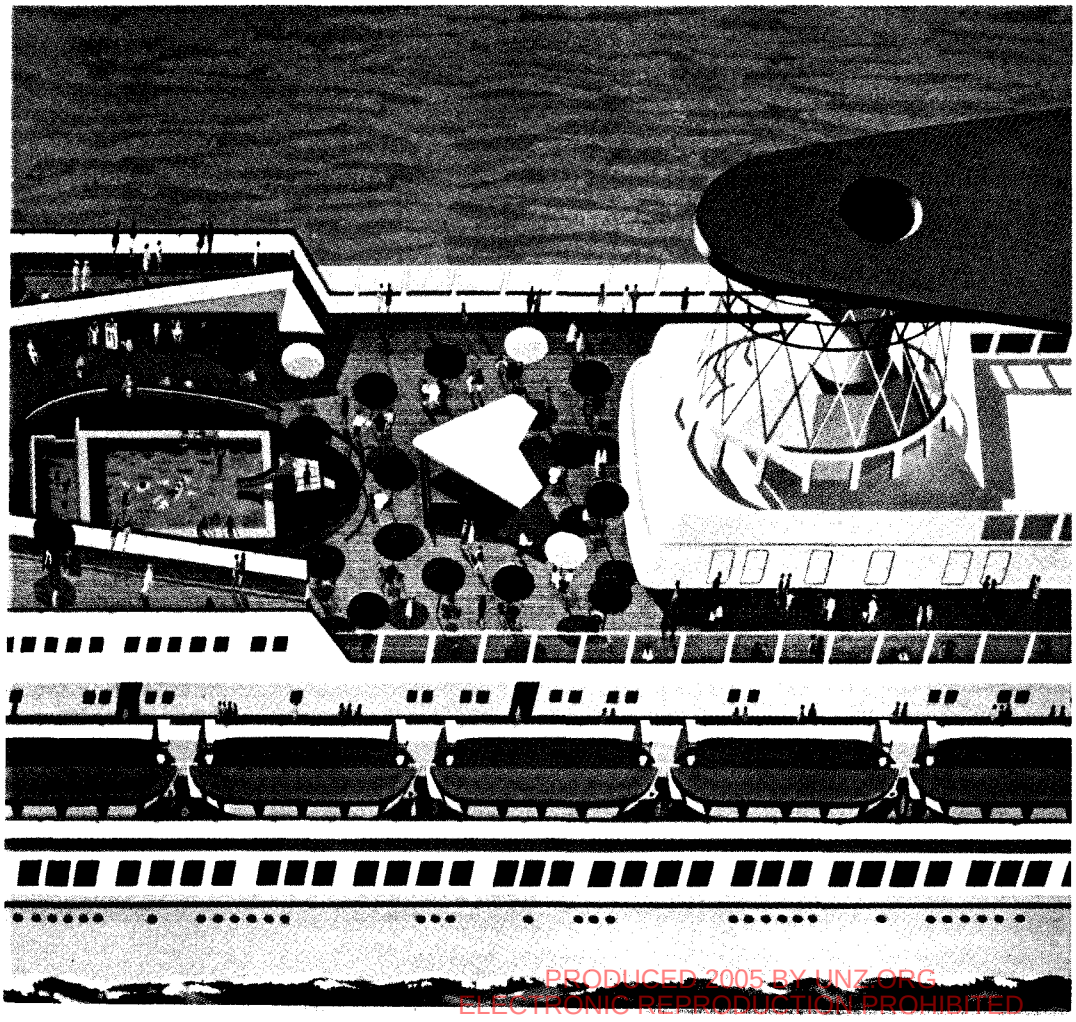
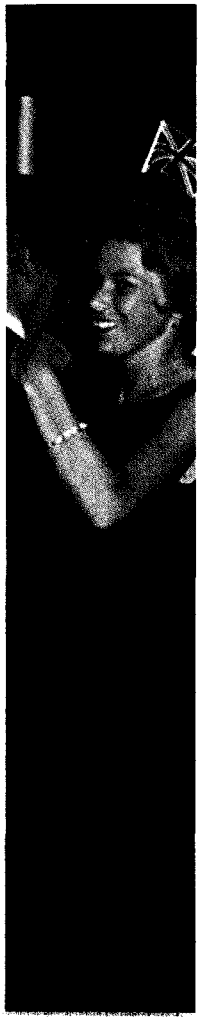
ITALIAN LINE GALA RESORT FLEET

There are many ways to get to Europe. But how civilized to go by Italian Line! To unwind in the warmth of our Sunny Southern Route... on beach-size sundecks around our outdoor swimming pools. To enjoy a decent amount of elbow room and privacy. To sit down six times a day to freshly prepared gourmet food, with over 1000 dishes to choose from, and "seconds" for the asking. To see first-run movies if that happens to be your pleasure—but enjoy a broad choice of other activities, too. This "breather" from the pressures of your everyday life enables you to enjoy Europe so much more. Go via the Gala Resort Fleet... the great new twin superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO (below), the luxurious LEONARDO DA VINCI and CRISTOFORO COLOMBO. World's newest fleet. Biggest and fastest to the Mediterranean. The New Look in ocean travel. See your travel agent or Italian Line, Dept. C-17, One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; or 696 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019. Tel: 797-7000.

EXPRESS CROSSINGS and CRUISE-LIKE VOYAGES to the Mediterranean weekly from New York, monthly from Boston. CRUISES. Country of registry: Italy





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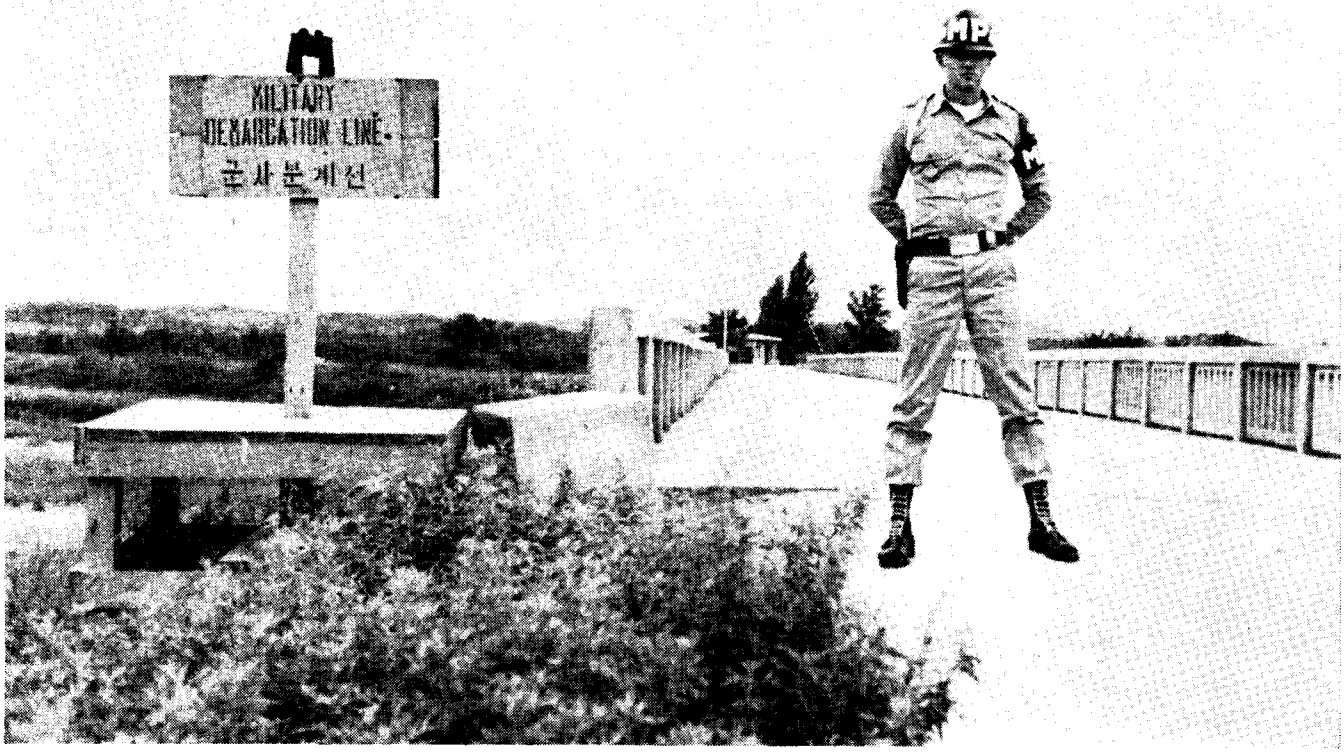

—*UPI Photo.*

THE PANTOMIME AT PANMUNJOM

By BASIL ATKINSON

PANMUNJOM is really too long for a dateline but the word slips easily off the tongue or typewriter. It sounds friendly, euphonious, almost melodious. But a name can mislead. Panmunjom in Korea is the essence of cold hostility. Men in yellow or red armbands pass silently by. They may stop to glare at one another, but they do not speak. The men in yellow armbands are mostly big men; the men in red armbands are invariably little men. Their skins are white, black or brown, but their attitudes are uniform: grim, unsmiling, businesslike, determined, tough. Here man shows no sympathy or feeling for his fellow-man if his armband is of a different color.

Nowhere else in the world where people of different ideologies meet is there this same open contempt. Nowhere else does the boiling point appear to simmer so constantly and ominously. Panmunjom is unique.

A visit to "Checkpoint Charlie" in Berlin can be a chilling experience, too, but here there are compensating factors. The glumness of the guards contrasts sharply with the joyous scenes 100 yards away when brother is reunited with brother or mother meets son or grandson. And, conversely, the scenes are equally tragic when parting time comes and the farewells are being exchanged. With East German and West German there is emotion. There is love and feeling which a barbed wire border or a brick wall have failed to stifle. There is no such emotion at Panmunjom.

THE Chinese, too, are on different sides. The guns still pound away with monotonous regularity between Nationalist China's battered but defiant island fortress of Quemoy and the Communist shore batteries on the mainland only a few miles away.

This is more than target practice. People still die from these shells although it has been happening for so long now—sixteen years—that it has ceased to be news. There is no love here. Quemoy, like Matsu, the other off-shore island a little further to the north, has become a symbol to the people of Taiwan, 120 miles to the east, and to millions of overseas Chinese and others who are opposed to Communism. But there is something sporting about this little war, nevertheless. A few years ago the Communists announced that they would shell only on odd-numbered days and, by mutual consent, there is a general cease-fire so that both sides can take time off to enjoy the Chinese New Year.

There is no respite from the grimness at Panmunjom. Even on festive occasions the faces are set just as firm and silently. The Americans put up a Christmas tree last year hoping it might bring some cheer. Instead, it brought a charge that it had been put there for purposes of provocation.

Officially, Korea is still in a state of war. A peace treaty has never been signed, although the armistice has lasted since July 27, 1953—the longest cease-fire in history. Panmunjom is the place where the peace is being kept. It sits precariously on the 38th Parallel at the western side of the demilitarized zone which winds 151 miles across the Korean peninsula. This zone, which was the line of ground contact between the opposing forces at the moment of cease-fire, has now grown thick with underbrush and is about two-and-a-half miles wide stretching to the east to just below the 39th Parallel. The center of the strip is marked every few hundred yards

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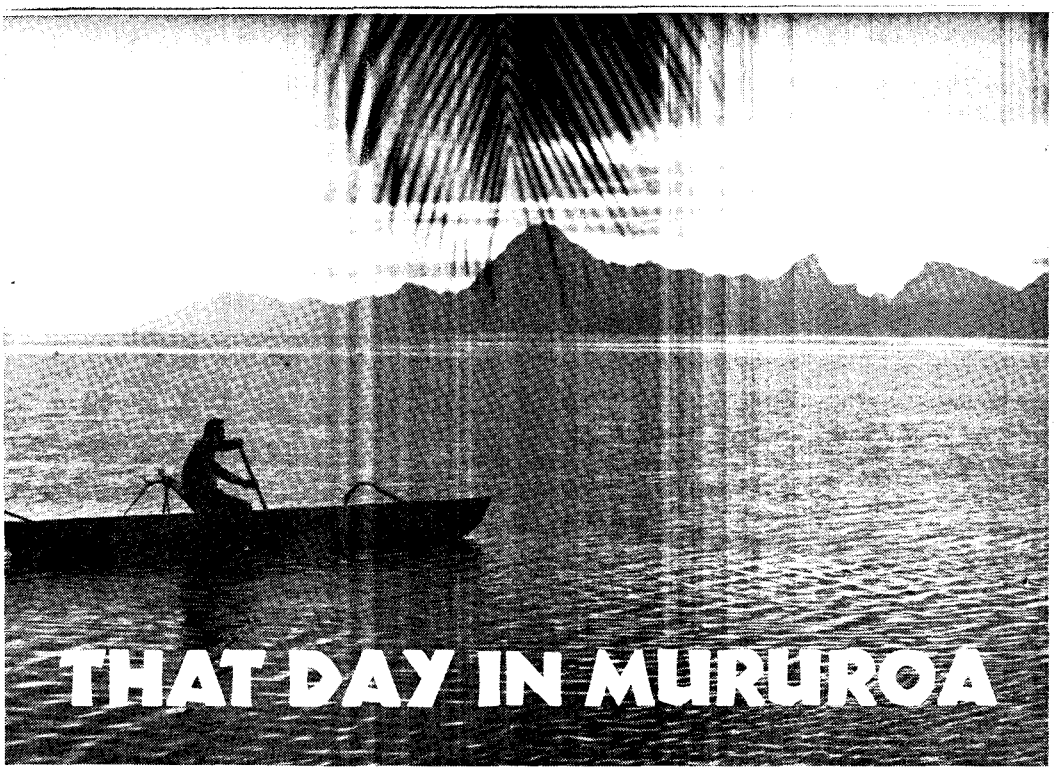

THAT DAY IN MURUROA

—*Fred Lyon (Rapho-Guillumette).*

By E. BUZZ MILLER

Within the vastness of the Pacific Ocean lies one of nature's most beautiful and perhaps most unseen works of art—seventy-eight low coral islands known to map makers as the Tuamotu Atolls, and to sea-faring men as the "Dangerous Archipelago." It is these mounds of coral sand and coconut palms that have moved the pens of such men as James Norman Hall, Jack London, and, later, James Michener, who was compelled to record: "When the great seas pound on the reef, when the stars shine down upon the lagoon, there is a mysterious, fragile something that no amount of misrepresentation can destroy. . . . On a lonely atoll . . . good men find loveliness, weak men find evil."

PAPEETE, TAHITI.

THERE ARE NO streetlights in Tahiti, and that momentous Monday morning, before the sun came up, the pre-dawn was dark and heavy with chill. What with the "Maraamu" blowing, it was even cooler than usual. The Maraamu is a strong, southeasterly wind, and when it blows up it will stay for five to eight days.

It was a calm morning except at Faaa Airport. The brightly lighted terminal building, which had been opened in early 1964 "to assist in the promotion of tourism," was filled with loud conversation in rapid French by a large group of men in white shirts, a mode of dress rarely seen in Tahiti except at weddings or funerals. Shouting commandants shouted to other shouting commandants and waved their arms. The commandant for the CEP (*Centre d'Expérimentation du Pacifique*—roughly equivalent to the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission) approached with a "*bonjour*," and invited me to meet the only other English-language journalist on the tour—the Sydney correspondent for Reuters. We ordered coffee, and the commandant turned to me. "You know, you are the first and only American to visit Mururoa, and the last before the experiments begin," he said. I asked if there was any particular significance to the honor. His answer was cryptic: "Well, you're here," he said.

We boarded the awaiting DC-6B. The *Force de Frappe*, de Gaulle's name for the atom bomb task force, was going ahead with some help from America, after all. The sign in the front of the cabin, like the sign in the front of all cabins of DC-6B's in the United States, flashed in perfect English: FASTEN SEAT BELTS, NO SMOKING.

We passed gracefully over Tahiti's famed Pointe Vénus and the towering spire of Tahiti's volcanic center. Sunrise began now and created a spectacle below so stunning the Parisians were awed to silence. One hour away from Tahiti, we passed over the first of several perimeter atolls of the Tuamotu group. The airborne breakfast was a large cup of Nescafé, two small rolls, and jelly still in a carton labeled "Carriage House Cherry Jelly—San Jose, California."

It was only after *le petit déjeuner* had been served that I discovered that General Jean Thiry was aboard. He is chief commander of all French nuclear activities, a sensitive man, who spoke mostly of the beauty of the islands and of the birds he fed when he first came to Hao. "Now they're gone: too many people; scared them away," he said. Of the tests he spoke only guardedly, answering pointed questions with "no comment," the only words he admitted knowing in English.

We were about twenty-five minutes into the Tuamotu Archipelago when I spotted a large, oval-shaped isle. My thoughts drifted to the three months I had spent living the relaxed, carefree Paumotu way of life. It had been exactly two years since I had ventured to Rangiroa to bathe in the daily sun at the edge of the pounding surf, to fish in waters filled with every

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ISRAEL SWINGS

Nobody goes to Israel to do the Frug.

But many come home very surprised at how much there is to do there. (And how much fun it is to have fun in a new country.)

For instance, in Tel Aviv there are any number of Discotheques you could go to. Or you could head the other way and attend a violin concert at the new cultural center.

Or how about a night club that features Oriental food, American drinks and its front door in a back alley.

(That club and a couple more are just outside of Tel Aviv in the old city of Jaffa.)

There are jam sessions nightly in Jerusalem, and folk singing spots in Eilat.

And if your true joy in life is just sitting and talking, boy, did you come to the right country!

The sidewalks are paved with little tables surrounded by people and gesturing hands. (Most can switch to English without missing a beat.)

Actually there's so much to do in Israel that you might not know where to start.

So may we suggest Lod Airport.

That's where the El Al jets land from New York.

El Al Israel Airlines: New York, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Mexico City, Miami Beach, Montreal, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.

EL AL

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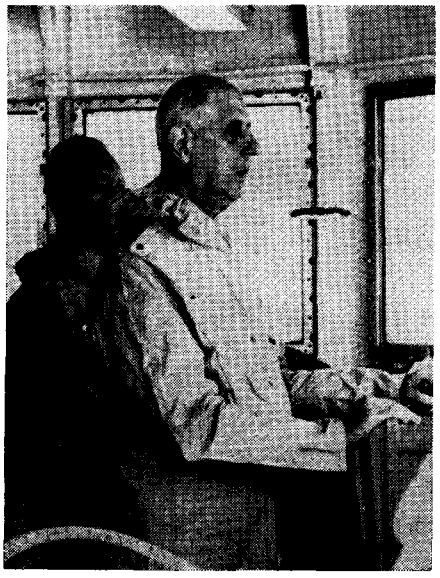
size, color, and species of saltwater fish, to roam the endless white sand beaches collecting *coquillages* and rare coral formations that had washed up from the lagoon. My mind drifted to those early morning strolls through the narrow village streets of Tiputa, where there was neither industry nor commerce, unless you count the small Chinese stores, and people spent their days fishing or cultivating and protecting their crops from the chickens who roamed freely throughout the island.

In those lovely days, I would look forward to the evenings when the young Paumotus of the village gathered on the crumbling remains of an old rock house left from another time at the edge of the lagoon. There they played guitars and sang "himenes" far into the night. I was lost in the beauty of that life in the Tuamotus to which someday I hoped to return, perhaps never to depart, when the loudspeaker crackled. We were coming down on Hao, ten minutes away.

The plane turned above the western perimeter of Hao and descended slowly over the island's lagoon. The calm waters changed from deep blue to violet to turquoise to emerald, then the undulating palm trees came into focus beyond a brilliant white sand and shell beach.

Giant waves from the Maraamu slashed against the coral reef rimming the outer edge of the *motu* on our left as the plane approached a ribbon of asphalt that seemed to stretch to the limits of visibility. We taxied along the strip, which, an officer told me, was "long enough to handle two small jets at the same time in normal conditions and even three in an emergency."

The moving vehicles I had seen from the air were now identifiable as Willys Jeeps filled with French army and navy officers. A high control tower enclosed in blue-tinted plate glass rose above four giant hangars, all of which would not be out of place in any major metropolitan international airport. Another DC-6B with similar CEP markings taxied around us to prepare for a take-off, presumably to Mururoa.



—*AFP (Pictorial).*

Tourist in the South Seas.

We were greeted by the base commander, who outlined the purpose of the "multi-million dollar" Hao facilities as threefold—airbase and project coordination center, decontamination station, and supply depot. In the *tour de l'île* that followed, we passed a two-kilometer-long formation of concrete houses that could have been conceived in Park Forest, Illinois; and our guide, a mild-mannered, pipe-smoking, scientist-type civilian, deeply concerned that we were wearing our "security clearance" badges properly, informed us that more than 3,000 civilian and military personnel manned the base. As our bus hurried along paved, concrete-curbed drives, I could scarcely help thinking of Tiputa and its 250 people, their corrugated, tin-roofed huts and coral-pebble streets that had never known a car. Beyond the homes, one-story laboratory buildings filled the right side of the road, and a long row of Caterpillar tractors and bulldozers lined the left in front of the reef protecting the land from the rolling sea. "As you can see, it took a lot of equipment to build our facilities," the guide said, unclamping his pipe.

Our badges were again checked by uniformed security police, and we were led through three buildings filled with decontamination chambers, atomic research facilities, and highly sensitive radioactivity testing equipment rated by the guide as "the best available devices." My colleague from Reuters pointed out that they were labeled "PYE—Made in England." Then, as we filed out of the last structure, our guide said: "Our bomb was in one of those buildings." He seemed almost to swell with pride and enthusiasm.

It was 10:30 a.m., and in the French tropical fashion, time for an apéritif. Then we were off again, touring winding streets and boulevards divided by tiny islands. Suddenly, "Park Forest" ended. Now there were corrugated tin roofs along coral-pebble streets. Naked, tan-skinned children ran to the side of the road to wave at the intruding mechanical monster filled with staring men labelled with badges on their white shirts. A Paumotu lad sat on a fallen coconut, feeding a fish to a thin dog, but then the scene ended, as abruptly as it had begun. A sign said TAPU, and the asphalt island reappeared. Within minutes we were back at the control tower, for a tour of the hangars and the base's airplane equipment, arriving in time to watch the CEP's Boeing KC-135 jet-tanker take off in the center of the runway.

Classified by General Thiry as a "super-port," the Hao hangers held two Brigates, four small, French-made Etandard jets, six former U.S. Navy World War II-vintage Neptunes, two Catalinas (two others had been lost on reefs in accidents during the previous three months), and a Piper Aztec. Two French-made Mirage IV supersonic jets that fuel from the Boeing were out on maneuvers; a third had been lost a few weeks before in a Hao landing accident.

The group reboarded the DC-6B for the one-hour flight to Mururoa and a promised lunch enroute. It came rather unFrench—cold Southern-fried chicken and steamed rice with butter and red wine.

FROM the air, Mururoa looks like a giant "C" with a natural break in the coral ribbon large enough for warships to enter without danger. It was because of this circumstance of topography that Mururoa had been singled out as the place of the bomb. Ninety per cent of the island's personnel and temporary facilities had been evacuated, for, as an aide said, it would be possible "to begin tests anytime after midnight tonight, weather permitting." We toured the Rance, a floating radioactivity laboratory, one of four naval vessels and two converted small passenger ships in the island's lagoon, then we went on to the control center of the future tests, a blockhouse capriciously named Denise.

To all of us, Denise looked like an Egyptian monument. A Parisian journalist said, "*Voila, la pyramide de De Gaulle.*" With its six-foot walls of concrete, sheltered generators, television equipment, and atomic energy computers, Denise also held accommodations for eight scientists. Only three weeks earlier, the United States had announced the decision not to supply France with computers for its Pacific atomic tests. When the guide paused in front of closed doors leading to Denise's computer room, he informed me that we were not permitted to inspect this area, since "it took a great effort by France to develop this equipment. As you know, the United States has not helped us very much."

The final briefing session of the trip was held aboard the "De Grasse," a converted World War II light cruiser anchored in the lagoon. By now the evening was cool. The Maraamu was building up again and the sun was drifting into horizon clouds. General Thiry led the way along the reception line. The greeters included Admiral Jean Lorrain, who was "Alfa" fleet commander and the "button-pusher" for the scheduled tests, and General Pierre André, head of French army activities in the Force de Frappe. The "briefing" was more humorous than informative. Admiral

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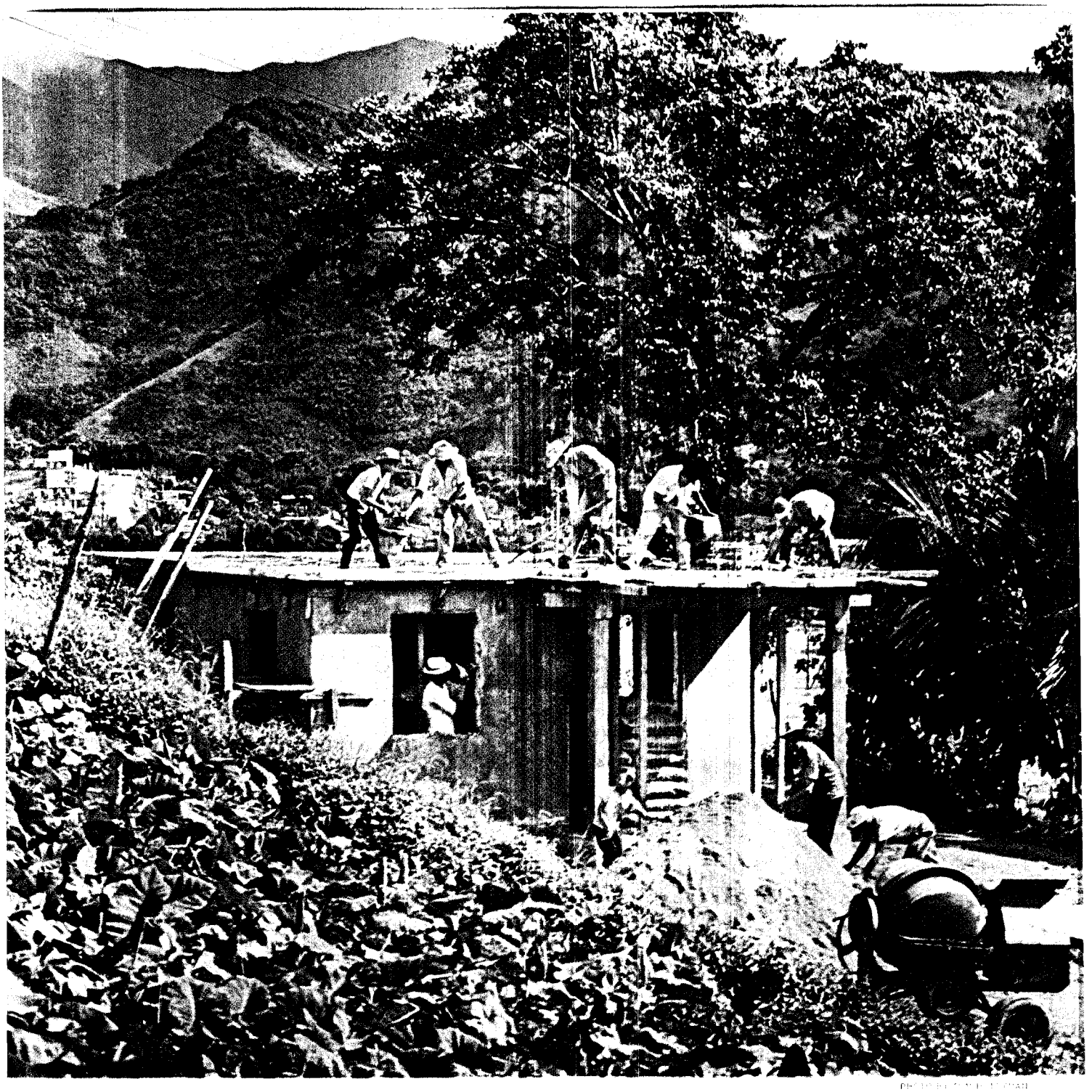

Juan Marzan builds his dream house in Puerto Rico. Cost: $450 plus an aching back.

THERE are faster ways to build a house than the one you see above. But Juan Marzan (in the red shirt) is getting more than a new roof over his head.

He and his neighbors are discovering a new sense of interdependence. And independence. And self-confidence. They are picking up new skills—carpentry, plumbing and masonry. And they are creating a brighter future for their children.

Quite a bargain—since each house costs only $450 under the self-help housing program run by the Commonwealth government. The government supplies materials and supervision; the villagers supply free labor.

To date, 30,000 of these self-help homes have been put up in Puerto Rico. The project has become a model for new nations in Africa and Asia.

Housing is a problem close to their hearts—and Puerto Rico's solution is close to their purse strings. Last year alone, more than 500 officials and administrators visited the Commonwealth to study its self-help housing program.

Projects like this have made Puerto Rico what some people call a "showcase to the new nations." But Juan Marzan never thinks of himself as an exhibit in a showcase.

He's too busy adding the essential ingredient: an aching back.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION
666 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

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In Lisbon, no hotel is more spacious. In Cannes, no hotel is more luxurious

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You unpack just once (instead of nine or ten times). Take all the clothes you want. And if you happen to get a little homesick, try the Maine lobster or Kansas City sirloin after you've sampled our superb continental cuisine.

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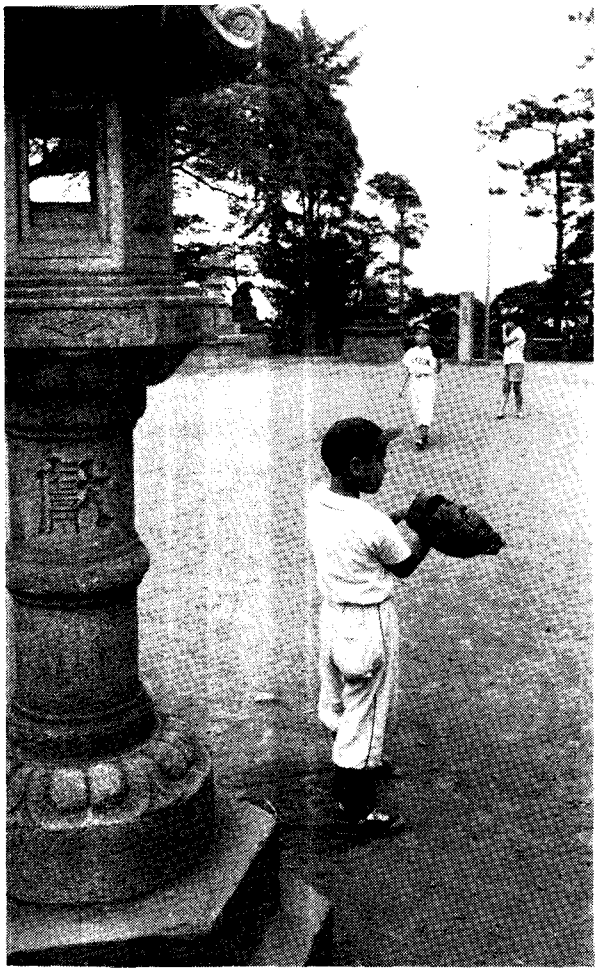

—Marc Riboud (Magnum).
Trying out a new mitt in the shadow of an old lantern.

—Minoru Aoki (Monkmeyer).
Rush hour train, a custom adapted from the Seventh Ave. Express.

—Marc Riboud (Magnum).
Splashy movie billboards, a technique aptly learned in Hollywood.

THE JAPAN THAT WAS MADE IN THE U.S.A.

—Marc Riband (Magnum).
Sandwich man is paid to advertise.

—Hiroshi Hamaya (Magnum).
Intime Tokyo bôite, with music and handsome singer is far from sake and samisen.

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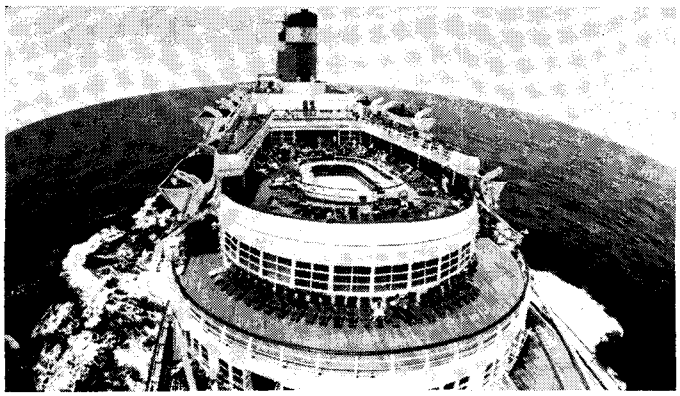

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JAN. 21 Constitution — 23 days — Madeira, Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Palma, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Santa Cruz. (Cabin) $564, (First) $747

FEB. 15 Constitution — 22 days — Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Madeira. (Cabin) $564, (First) $747

MAR. 10 Constitution — 22 days — Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Madeira. (Cabin) $564, (First) $747

MAR. 22 Atlantic — 26 days — Madeira, Ceuta, Tangier, Algeciras, Palma, Alghero, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Gibraltar, Lisbon. $572

APR. 3 Constitution — 22 days — Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Palma, Alghero, Naples, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Madeira. (Cabin) $628, (First) $832

APR. 19 Atlantic — 26 days — Madeira, Ceuta, Tangier, Algeciras, Palma, Alghero, Naples, Portofino, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Gibraltar, Lisbon. $572

APR. 26 Constitution — 21 days — Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Palma, Alghero, Naples, Portofino, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Madeira. (Cabin) $628, (First) $832

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JAN. 27 Independence—14 days—(from Port Everglades Jan. 30 noon)—Freeport, San Juan, St. Thomas, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Port Everglades. $385

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PEARL OF THE ORIENT

By DENBY FAWCETT

SAIGON.

THE RIOT POLICE may be poised at the public squares with canisters of tear gas, and the GI economy may have inflated the balloon of economy until it floats in the stratosphere, but that is not stopping the Vietnam National Tourist Office. In the tumult of a shooting war, an establishment of thirty faithful employees is still at its post, handing out pamphlets proclaiming Saigon the Pearl of the Orient.

Nobody really has to join the marines to see Vietnam. U.S. citizens who plan to stay seven days—and who would want to stay more?—are automatically granted entrance without a visa. It must be said, however, that anyone who wants to turn a casual stay into a wartime career would encounter difficulty. The chance of extending a stay beyond seven days is slight.

In June, the latest month for which official figures are available, 542 Americans visited the country. Although the Vietnam government does not prevent their entry, the U.S. Government doesn't encourage it. The embassy emphasizes that not only is it not safe, but it is almost impossible to get a hotel room. The luxurious Caravelle, which looks like a Hilton-bred hotel and has now survived the five turbulent years of its existence, warns prospective guests that they may have to wait a month and a half for a room. Should they get one, a single would cost from $21 to $35 a day, and a double, from $25 to $40. But even at those robust prices there is never a guarantee that a room will materialize.

An American engineer recalls a friend who, on a visit here, attempted to slip a Caravelle employee $100 as a reward for getting him into a room. The employee quickly notified him that even $200 wouldn't tempt him because there simply weren't any rooms. The tourist slumped off to a fourth-class hotel in Cholon, Saigon's Chinese quarter. "He was naïve," said a sophisticated Saigon resident reviewing the incident. "There's always a hotel room, but one has to bribe with a tape recorder or a camera, not money."

At the Astor Hotel, built by a Chinese family last year on Tu Do Street, one must wait at least two months for a room. The majority of its accommodations have been rented in blocks to American companies or to government projects with offices in Saigon. The Continental Palace, the grande dame of Saigon hotels, which was described in Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*—its ceiling fans and tile floors give it a proper Eastern air—bustles with a clientele of correspondents and businessmen. Its manager refuses even to guess when a vacant room might become available. By December 1966, it is expected that there will be 3,000 hotel rooms in Vietnam, and their expected occupancy is a flat 100 per cent.

A seat on an airplane is just as hard to get as a room in a hotel. Pan American, the only U.S. airline flying tourists to Saigon, schedules four flights a week from the Continental United States and Hawaii. The commercial jets slant into Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport in a stomach-torturing series of angles to keep from being shot at by unfriendly forces below. "We've only had one plane hit," says Pan Am's local manager. "It was coming in from Manila in 1963. The equivalent of a .30 caliber slug hit an oil line in the plane's engine. The pilot was able to bring it in OK and the passengers disembarked without ever knowing anything had happened."

Dreary Tan Son Nhut Airport, awash in a sea of military uniforms, is a hazard in itself. The grounds have been mortared three times, with a large loss of lives. Eight persons were killed and 128 wounded during the most recent shelling, last April.

For security reasons, Pan Am doesn't like to keep its planes on the ground longer than thirty minutes, just enough time for the passengers to get on and off. The thought of an overnight delay brings shudders to the airlines' ground force. Besides the potential danger to the aircraft, there is the immense difficulty of finding overnight accommodations. Sometimes Pan Am officials use spare rooms in their own apartments or available maternity clinics. Once they had to ask a ship in the harbor if its bunks could be used for stranded air passengers.

In the early days of the war, the American President Lines, whose ships still risk the trip through the Mekong Delta to Saigon, used to have a weekly tour of twenty-three people who came by ship

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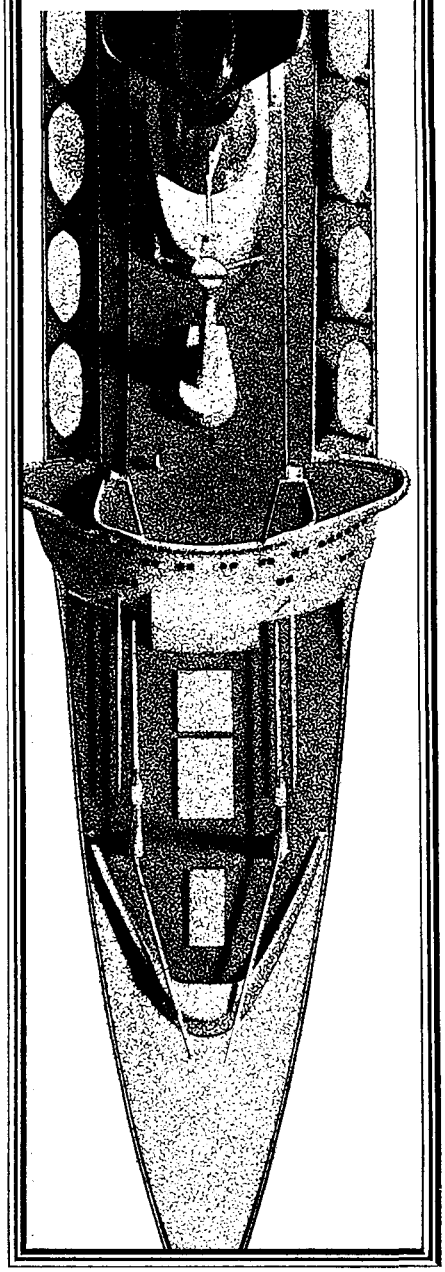

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to tour Saigon. In 1963, after Diem's fall, the U.S. Government, through the embassy, asked the line to take its tours off the waterways. Port congestion and the danger of Vietcong mortars were too severe to countenance pleasure travel. Passenger ships no longer call at Saigon.

If tourism is dead, no one in government has seen fit to bury it. The National Tourist Office by the side of the muddy Saigon River still hands out the pamphlets. Tran Ba Tach, who was educated at the Sorbonne and the London School of Economics, was appointed director of the office by the Vietnam Minister of Finance only nine months ago. He is allotted an annual budget of about $80,000.

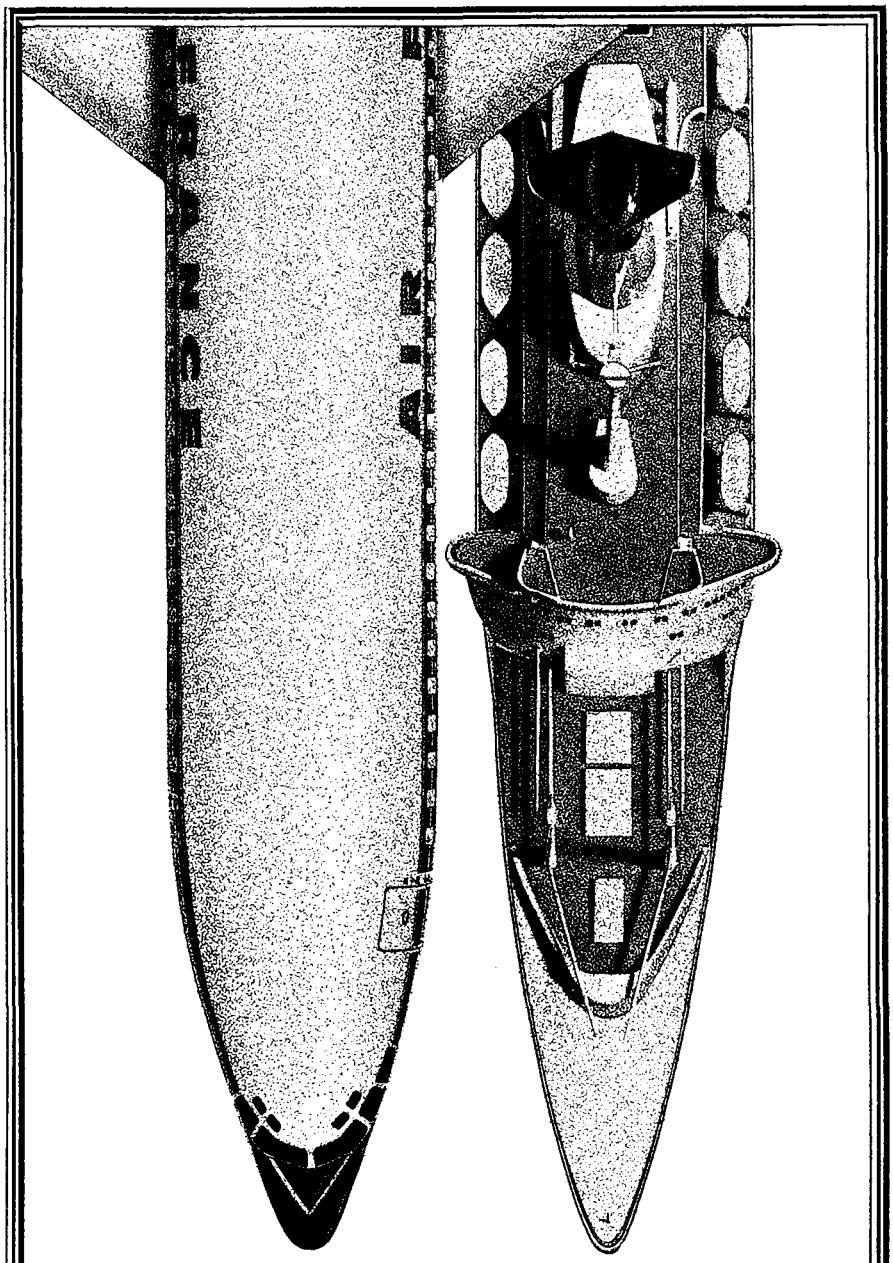
"Our job is to encourage the development of tourism in this country, but at the moment it's rather difficult," he says. "Very, very few people come here for pleasure. Our service is only encouragement, and since there's practically nobody to encourage, our efforts are directed toward helping the hotels and caterers to reorganize their systems to meet the standards of people from other countries. We are also encouraging the building of hotels of international standards."

Mr. Tach works in the tourist office in the morning. After lunch he walks around the corner to labor at another job as president of one of Vietnam's largest sugar companies. There is such a shortage of qualified business people in Vietnam that executives are often tempted by the opportunities to moonlight. The shortage of qualified business people will continue unabated as long as the war continues. Most men are in the army.

Vien Hoa Dago, Saigon's Buddhist institute for the propagation of the faith, used to be a popular site of a half-day tour. Recently it has been the frenzied starting point of anti-government demonstrations. The My-Canh Floating Restaurant, recommended in the national tourist pamphlet, has twice been blasted into flames and chaos. In June 1965, the restaurant was dynamited, with thirteen killed and more than eighty injured. It was blown up again later with another large loss of lives.

The pamphlet also suggests that visitors see Tu Do street in the center of town, a lovely place for strolling and shopping. Tu Do, once a ribbon of fashionable shops and restaurants, has become pimpled with honky-tonks called San Francisco, Windy's, King's. Wire grills protect the patrons from terrorists' bombs. Despite the terror and the tawdriness, they start filling at 9 a.m.

Some pages of the pamphlet have, in the course of events, become ironic. Vietnam, for instance, is heralded as a hunter's paradise, with game-filled areas fifty to 250 miles from Saigon. That notice is now overprinted with red letters saying, TEMPORARILY SUSTAINED UNDER



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THE PRESENT SITUATION. "There's good hunting all right," an Army colonel said, "but it's for people."

Yet, in the teeth of all this, some tourists still come. "We must be the only ones," quipped Dwight Follett, who blew in from Oak Park, Illinois, early this summer. He saw the city from the terrace of a friend's penthouse where he and his wife were houseguests. "I never travel with hotel reservations, so we had quite a time when we got here. Luckily, there were friends to provide us with a room."

Follett, a grandfather, is the owner of the Follett Publishing Company, which has put out 600 children's books and numerous texts from its offices in Chicago and New York. "We came because we wanted to see what was happening in Vietnam ourselves," he said. "In the United States everything we read is either black or white."

The Folletts' tourist activities included watching a Buddhist riot, albeit from the safety of a U.S. Government building; a visit to a Montagnard resettlement in the Central Highlands; a trip to government aid projects in the Mekong Delta; and a stay at Nha Trang, a beach town in the Central Lowlands. "I'm coming out of this more a hawk than a dove," said Follett before leaving. "We must help these people."

Regardless of the bombs and the terror, the destruction, and the postwar hardship that is sure to follow, American travel executives look ahead to a brilliant tourist future. One airline executive, here for eight years, calls the prospects,

"fabulous." So many people have been involved, he reasons, that many will want to return and see it all in peacetime. Battlefield tours were popular after both World Wars. Here the GI population is nearly 300,000 and being turned over all the time. Then there are the civilian Americans living here who send back streams of letters and envelopes of pictures showing the picturesque aspects of a people and an unusual Oriental land.

There is no such thing as bad publicity, some practiced American business types are saying, and perhaps that's why there is little thought about overbuilding. For years to come, these observers insist, Vietnam will be the most famous country in Asia. All the world has heard of it every day in newspapers and on television. It is a devastating way to win fame, but there will be those in the ultimate peace who will benefit. Perhaps it is that thin hope that keeps the Vietnam tourist office on the government budget —an $80,000 item at that.

Mururoa

Continued from page 64

Lorrain detailed the fleet's duties, which included a patrol of the danger zone. His alert watch detected an American naval vessel on the outer edge of the zone, and radioed to ask intentions. "Fishing for tuna," the Americans answered.

COCKTAILS and a four-course, three-wine dinner followed aboard the *Maurienne*, a converted passenger ship. Two dozen more navy and army brass awaited our arrival. Polite and cordial conversation, often in English, for the first time during the day, was universal throughout the group during the cocktail reception. One young naval officer asked me if I would like a dry martini. I confessed that I would, and further inquired if I could buy some cigarettes aboard the ship. "Yes," he responded, "but only French ones." He turned to give detailed instructions to the steward who would find them in the officer's cabin. The steward returned with a choice—L & M or Salem.

We took seats at the table according to printed place cards. General Thiry was exactly in the center of the table, I was on his left, General André on my left, Admiral Lorrain directly across from me, and Jean Viard, assistant director of the CEA (Commissariat for Atomic Energy) next to him. I didn't, and still don't, understand why the seating was arranged just this way. Some of France's top journalists, including correspondents from *Paris-Match* and *Agence France Presse* were placed at the far ends of the table.

The conversation that ensued for the next hour and a half was even more perplexing. There was Admiral Lorrain telling jokes about the wealth of all Americans. There was General André bringing up Vietnam, and proclaiming how wrong we were to be there, and deploring the superior airs we have displayed for years. "I have many American friends," offered General Thiry as a peaceful overture, but a Parisian journalist challenged Admiral Lorrain sharply. He took him up on every subject from Verdun to atomic tests. The Admiral reddened and loudly condemned all journalists as exaggerators and propagandists. In the flurry, General André's coffee landed on his lap. The third course brought order and refinement, helped by a half-hearted apology by the journalist. The military men chatted among themselves on matters of interest only to themselves. They had retreated, and all they talked of now, at least to us, was the admiral's vacation, which he would take before returning to France.

The following Saturday, only five days after my visit to de Gaulle's Tuamotu Islands, a young Tahitian pounded on my door at 6 a.m. to awake me from a sound sleep. "The bomb, the bomb! They did it!" He had been sent from CEP headquarters to notify me that at 5:34 a.m. on Saturday, July 2, 1966, France had exploded its first atomic bomb in the Pacific.

I looked out. It was a morning like any other, calm and clear, with the sun beginning to peek over Tahiti's awe-inspiring mountain peaks, the shadows running off into lush green foliage. I sped the 15 kilometers down to the Papeete telegraph office to announce to the American world that the Tuamotus had given birth to an atomic mushroom. If the world had to wait, it was because halfway to town I was slowed almost to a stop by a horse-drawn cart. Then there was *le truck*, the Tahitian public transportation invention—a large truck-cab and an open-sided wooden compartment built onto the rear to accommodate forty passengers, their pigs, chickens, and fish. It blocked the road while waiting for a district woman to finish dressing in her *niau* hut and board the transport.

By mid-morning, the news had spread of the Mururoa bomb, but the subject of conversation over coffee in Vaima's sidewalk café was the increased price of *citron* in the Papeete market.

AS days progressed, the entire town was aware of the nuclear "experience;" but few expressed opinions or comments, or, for that matter, interest. In Papeete's popular men's saloon, Bar Maurice, where some of the town's leading Tahitian businessmen and politicians congregate each noon for debates on the news of the day, there was heated discussion about the high cost of land for this year's Bastille Day fair booths.

When they got around to it, they talked of the bomb like this:

"So, they finally did it, only twenty-one years after the Americans!"

"Hell, that means they'll be coming back to Tahiti and we'll have another shortage of *vahines*."

And the subject returned to dance halls for the *14 Juillet*.

I walked outside and down the main street. The brown children played along the sidewalk, using water chestnuts for marbles. The Tahitian *vahines* flew by on their motor scooters, long hair flowing and *pareu* skirts to their thighs. As I came to the market place, dozens of Tahitian fishermen were carrying the day's catch of bonita over long *purau* branches on their shoulders, and old women were arranging their displays of fruits and vegetables. It was a day like any other.

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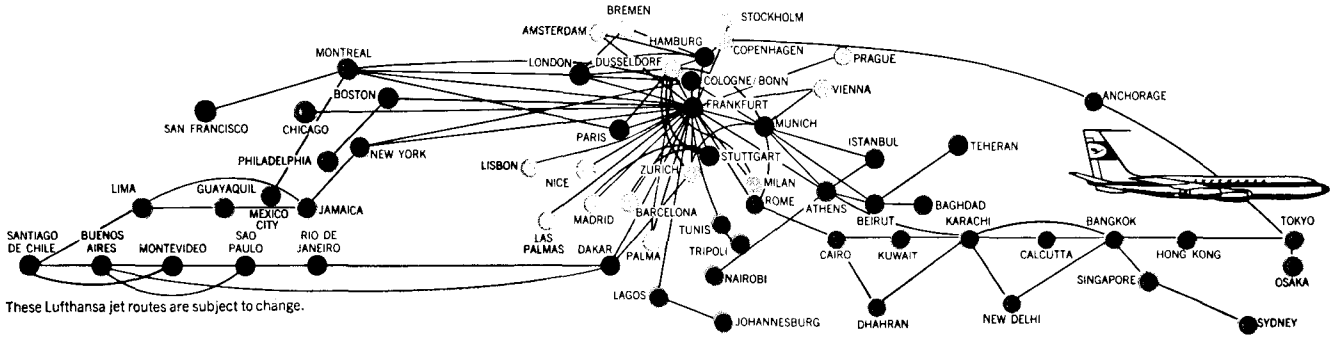

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Panmunjom

Continued from page 61

with signs in Korean and English that it is the military demarcation line.

The border is too well known and too frightening a prospect for Koreans to stumble across it by accident. Those who go there go by design—stealing into the South or stealing into the North. They are driven to it by desire to escape, or to be reunited with family, or to spy. Many get no further.

This line dividing North and South Korea is unhealthy. The Koreans don't like it. It is unnatural for them to be apart. Until the end of World War II, when the Russians took over from the Japanese to the north of the 38th Parallel and the Americans accepted the surrender in the south, Korea had been a unified country for more than 1,300 years. Now they have had twenty bitter years of being divided. A new generation has been nurtured on propaganda hymns of derision and distortion. Those who have never known the facts or a different way of life believe what they are told if it is said often enough. The buffer zone which divides North and South Korea is fast becoming the separating point of not one people, but two different peoples who are growing apart.

All military equipment and forces have been withdrawn from the buffer zone, but each side is allowed to have 1,000 military police in its half of the zone. In the southern part, some 300 Americans and 700 Republic of Korea military personnel are engaged in regular patrols, while a similar number of Communist forces patrol the nothern part. These groups frequently meet and it is not unusual for shots to be exchanged. Charges and counter-charges then follow at a meeting of the Military Armistice Commission.

The Commission meets in the joint security area at Panmunjom, which is roughly circular and half-a-mile wide. Here nerves of steel are needed, for buildings of the United Nations Command and the Communists adjoin, and troops pass one another stiffly and silently as they go about their duties.

Rival guard posts are within a few yards of each other. One of the loneliest and most foreboding sentinel posts for any American is near here on the edge of Communist territory at "The Bridge of No Return." An American Negro as big as Joe Louis was on duty there during my recent visit. A few yards away from him at the Communist post was a diminutive, brown-skinned North Korean. They stood almost at spaghetti distance, but glumly silent. Even the birds had ceased to sing.

Each side is permitted only thirty-five military police on duty at one time in

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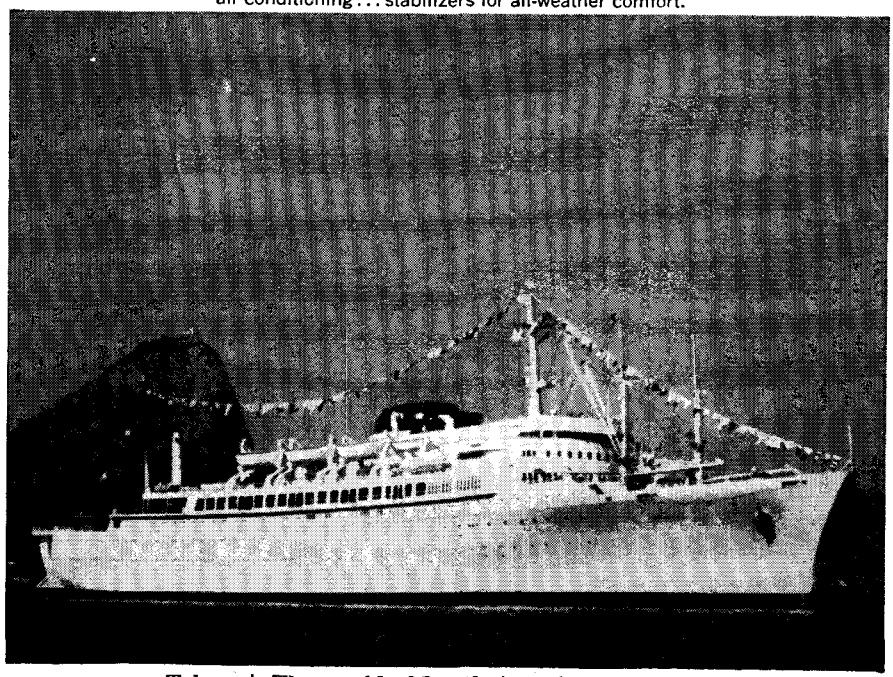

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the joint security area. Only six are allowed to carry arms. To the south beyond the Freedom Gate Bridge at the Imjin River, American and South Korean troops move about with their normal military equipment. But in the joint security area at Panmunjom one walks on tiptoe. Little wonder that its unique elements—surprise, danger and tension—have combined to make it one of Korea's main tourist attractions. We were told that 25,000 United Nations guests visited the area last year compared with 1,100 brought in by the Communists. Since the cease-fire in 1953 the total number of visitors from the two sides has been 145,000 and 11,000 respectively. It can be reached in less than three hours by road from Seoul and the United Nations Command welcomes visitors provided they have prior notice.

"We feel it important that visitors should see for themselves the tragedy of the division of Korea," said the alert young American army captain who was my escort. "Also it gets rather lonely here and we like to have different people pass by to make life more interesting. All we ask is that visitors who come here do as they are told. Otherwise they can cause trouble."

Visitors are given strict instructions before they are allowed into the area. Each person is issued a white distinguishing badge and is required to sign a form to the effect that he will:

1) Remain in a group and will not leave his escort.
2) Undertake not to fraternize, including speaking or making gestures, with the Communists (military personnel, red armbands; press representatives, green armbands; Communist visitors, green piece of cloth at the upper pocket).
3) Agree not to enter any Communist building (painted a tired green) or enter a United Nations Command building (painted a tired blue) without permission of his escort.

—*Fujihira (Monkmeyer).*

Old Korea—"Visitors should see the tragedy of the division."

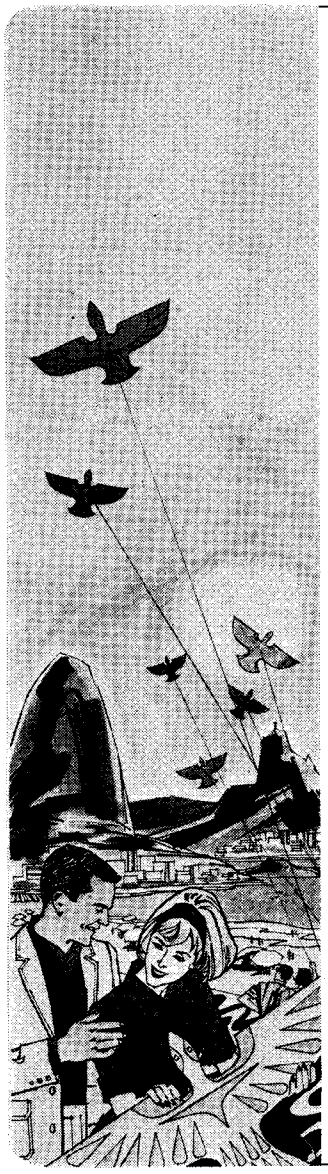
4) Avoid standing in the way of military formations of either side.
5) Cease to take pictures if the Communists interfere with picture-taking.
6) Remain calm if any incidents should occur.

The focal point for visitors of both sides is the Military Armistice Commission building. Here visitors can eavesdrop at meetings at which the sullen silence is replaced by torrents of words. There are five members from each side whose purpose is to supervise implementation of the truce terms.

Since meetings can be called by either side at twenty-four hours' notice, they take place most weeks. Chiefly they concern alleged truce violations—charges of aircraft straying over the line, espionage and military infiltration, ships poaching in one another's territorial waters, and the like. No prior notice is given of any charge.

There is no chairman or agenda, yet the proceedings are highly formal. The accusing side enters first at 11 a.m. followed by the other side through a separate door. The five men from each side sit facing one another across a green, felt-covered conference table. The center of the table is set plumb on the military demarcation line. Those sitting to the south are in South Korea and represent the United Nations Command. Those to the north are in North Korea and they are the Communists. The frosty proceedings leave no doubt that the line is not imaginary. To show it is real, a microphone cord bisects the table on the line.

The accusing side first lodges its complaint usually in forthright terms in its own language. Translations follow. This is a time-consuming business because three languages (English, Korean, and



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Chinese) are used. A charge is usually followed by a countercharge and this may go on for hours. Members do not leave the table while the Commission is sitting. It is an arduous business.

The Communists use the proceedings largely as a propaganda forum. They lay most of the charges and see to it that they are well publicized. The Americans claim to be fastidious in their investigation of these charges, but say that only a small number—about 2 per cent—are valid. Where a genuine mistake or error of judgment has occurred, they say their policy is to admit it.

The participants from both sides are well schooled in psychological warfare, and search for any sign of weakness from the other. Strong words are used and tempers can become frayed. This is the greatest danger. To show irritation or annoyance on any point is to invite hours of continued pressure on that point.

Small matters can become big issues. There was the case of the size of the flags on the conference table. One day the Americans placed a small U.N. flag on their side of the table. The next day the Communists came in with their flag. It was an inch taller so it stood slightly over the U.N. flag. The U.N. flag was then lifted to the same height. At the next meeting there was a new Communist flagstand, which again made this flag an inch higher. And so the battle of the flags went on meeting by meeting until an agreement was reached. Now the tendency is to go in the other direction and make the flags smaller.

The Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission meets in the building next door. This comprises representatives of Sweden, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, and Poland—four nations not involved in the Korean War—and apart from the inspection work they carry out, they are the intermediaries who help dampen situations when they become dangerously hot.

They sit at a round-table and smile frequently, in great contrast with the scene next door. The roof of their building leaks and the old heater in the room is temperamental. It matters little. They get away from Panmunjom to Seoul and other points as frequently as they can and it is not such a serious business to them.

Yet it is just as well that the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission continues to be there. The members show that man can still have feeling for his fellowman regardless of his politics or color or creed. This is the one healthy sign at Panmunjom. Without it life would be intolerable. Instead there is just plain cold hostility—a safely-exciting tourist attraction if one abides by the rules.

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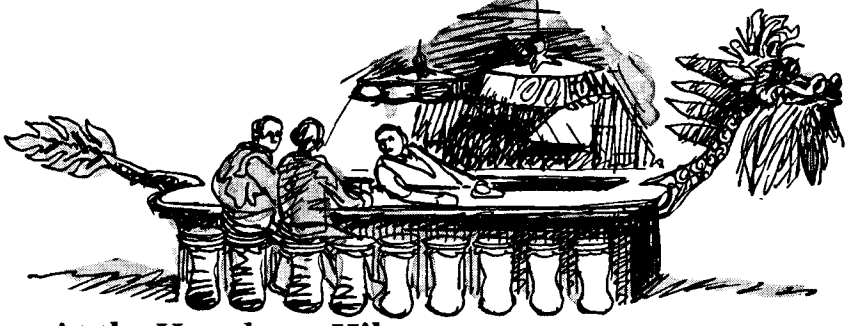

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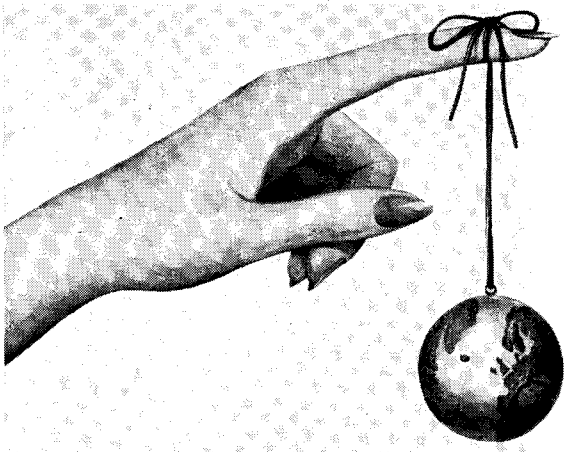

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The Golden Gate

Continued from page 52

the free-floating kids are capable. A song like *We Got F--- in Vietnam* has a deep, big-beat rhythm for dancing, but it expresses a rather simple political message. The psychedelic-ecstatic Paisley designs are what the observer sees on the street in California's version of Carnaby fashion, but the LSD rebellion is partly a revulsion against the way things are politically. The Haight-Ashbury neighborhood of San Francisco, "Psychedelphia," where the acid-heads live, is integrated racially and sexually, is "beat," is sunny and sweet and villagy, and is also a place of ardent feeling about the war in Vietnam.

"I love everybody," said a delegate to the recent LSD Conference. "But not using LSD should be grounds for divorce. I even love LBJ, his *soul*, man, not what he does—but someone should turn him on."

"Honest, you love LBJ?" asked his friend.

"Yeah. And I love 'Paperback Writer' and the Rolling Stones, too."

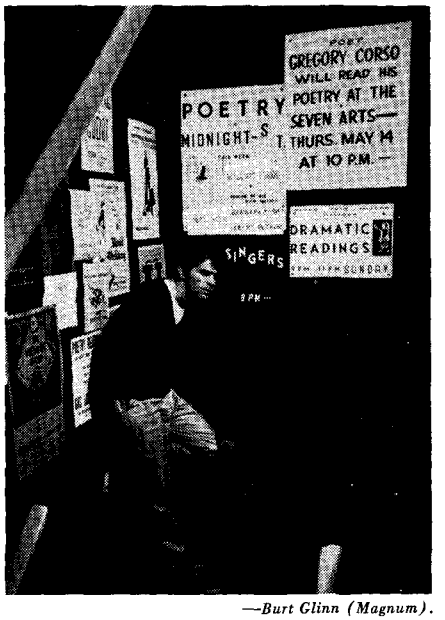
"Do you love Hitler?"

"His *soul*?"

"Yeah, Hitler's soul."

Pause. "Well, I don't know about him."

The tanned, sirloin look of the California superboy is out. In is the shaggy, beardy, nervy, spiritual look—hard to attain amid so much sun and good food and wartime prosperity. Zen from the East, via Alan Watts, has been assimilated to magic crystals from the laboratory, via Timothy Leary. The Psychedelic Bookshop on Haight Street has spawned cooperative boarding houses, campers, and sleeping bags, in which all the cares



—Burt Glinn (Magnum).

By the Bay—"You on acid?"

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of the world can be dissolved in *One Big Care—Legalize LSD. And also Marijuana.* And *Save Water; take a Shower with a Friend.*

In the continuing tension between San Francisco's imitation of Eastern society and the Eastern Establishment, and the nobody-came-first people—the beatniks, the nonconformists, the bohemians, the radicals—the latter seem to be gaining, if not winning. A proposed city bond issue to raise money for a new opera house was defeated. The attempt to keep the lively Mime Troupe out of the park was defeated. For one of the first times in history, a popular rebellion against the freeways, which devour cities like sharks, was successful; after much hassling, the proposed Golden Gate Panhandle freeway was voted down by the supervisors.

On the other hand, the Artists Liberation Front, a coalition of the young and the nonconforming, is beginning to rise from the primordial ooze of proposal and mass meeting into sturdy and productive life. This is a group which unites poets, painters, dancers, actors, novelists, mimes, with some of the "new people"—café improvisationists, folk-rock musicians, and sight and sound synthesizers. A benefit for the new organization, held at the Fillmore Auditorium, was a joyous success and raised a large sum of money with a program consisting of jazz dancing, Alan Ginsberg ringing his little bells and chanting and reciting his new lament for Wichita and the world, men and women painting each other's bodies, a political-folk-rock group improvising a long attack on the Vietnam war, and, finally, a lively band, the Sopwith Camel, playing for your dancing pleasure.

Dancing? Leaping, shaking, swinging, improvising. But perhaps the chief entertainment was the audience itself—1,500 people just having fun, digging the scene, wearing Goodwill, Carnaby, and Salvation Army, cheering and stomping and quivering, eating the free apples, well-behaved, mild, affable, admiring the ladies and the gentlemen, the teenie-boppers and the studs, taking their fun on a fine Sunday evening in San Francisco.

"Up front and for openers," begin the sentences of the show biz hip, trying to explain the feeling of California *circa* 1966; superyouth triumphant; but then the explanations fail. The leader of the Great Society, a rock 'n' roll band, introduces an old song, an oldie but a goodie, a dusty diamond, with these nostalgic words: "Some of you may remember gettin' pregnant by this song, 'way back in 1962."

Amid the maturity of tract houses—miles of wine-growing or grazing land leveled, wooded mountains destroyed,

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stretches of the bay filled in—and the grown-up wisdom of mortgages and suburbs, California and the Bay Area retain some of the wild youthfulness of the frontier days, when a man called himself Slim or Tex and no one inquired too much about the rest of his name. The rules of dress have been relaxed. San Francisco on a Saturday night is a costume party. California-Carnaby-psychedelic-ecstatic dress is a style of anything goes, the freer the goinger. Mental health is sought by any means available, from lying down in front of a psychiatrist to lying down in front of the napalm depots in Redwood City. A lively young lady named Margo St. James has put up notices in the prominent men's clubs of the city, building a clientele to support her in a business which needs no franchise, license, or equipment:

> MEN OVER FORTY who need help getting the exercise necessary and would like to get it running in Golden Gate Park early in the mornings, 6:30 to 7:15 a.m.; call Margo at PeJe Publications. . . .

Despite Margo St. James and her group pursuit of health, the enjoyment of life in San Francisco—"grokking it," as the Haight Street freedom-lovers say—is a loose and limber activity. Perhaps the Oriental influence, Chinese and Japanese, has given an undertone of secure pleasure to the city. Partly it is the ease of the climate, where it is forever-April time, where you never have to think of whether or not to open or close the window. An argument can be made for the San Francisco Bay Area as the hyphen on the Pacific Coast between Seattle and the North, serious and concerned with business, like Northern communities in the East, and the tilted Southland, Los Angeles forever, which combines a Manhattan-like frenetic quality with its own special problems—rightwing and religious kookiness; the flightiness of the aircraft, space, and missile businesses; the nuttiness of the entertainment industry; and the exasperations of smog and freeways and a community searching for a coherent core.

A port, a trade center, a banking and insurance concentration, San Francisco has the enormous advantage of being crowded onto a narrow peninsula, forcing it to live with itself, just as the island of Manhattan forced the heart of New York to build close and up. In San Francisco, so far, the close proximity has not produced overcrowding, but rather, one of the rare instances of a great modern city which is also a community. And so all together now: Let's go forget the war by running in Golden Gate Park with Margo St. James. Escalation doesn't mean we can't be slim and fit in lovely California.

Gilded South

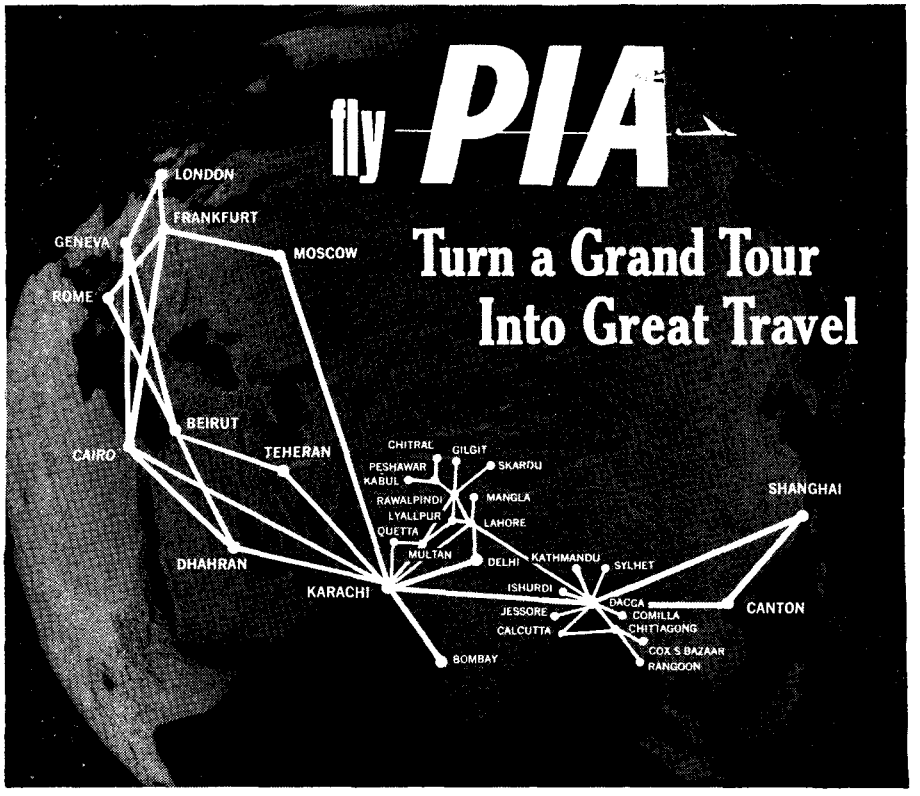
Continued from page 54

civilian and military traffic. From the overseas carriers' satellite area of Los Angeles International Airport, jets swoosh off across the Pacific to Tahiti, New Zealand, and Australia, and almost hourly to Hawaii or the Orient, in a hectic pattern which gives some sense of reality to the old vision of the vast "Pacific lake." There is considerable cultural exchange between sister cities such as Los Angeles and Nagoya, and San Diego and Yokohama.

On all sides is evidence of the shrinking Pacific community. The Pacific missile range is controlled from Vandenberg Air Force Base north of Santa Barbara. San Diego is back-up point for the Navy's Pacific fleet. Research ships of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla rove from the Arctic to the South Pacific and beyond. Fishermen find themselves on the Pacific frontier as Russian trawlers move contentiously into coastal American waters. Southern California tuna clippers, sailing far south of the Equator, are sometimes interned by the Peruvian government for violating its 200-mile-wide coastal waters. But new jet schedules are opening up tourism and commerce between the west coast of the two Americas; Los Angeles is almost as far from Lima as from London, but the two American cities were once part of New Spain, and they are discovering old ties.

The Western American lacks the sense of cultural rapport with his Pacific neighbors that the Eastern American has with the European. American traditions have derived from across the Atlantic, and there is less feeling of community across the Pacific. But the urge to wester seems inherent in mankind; now it wells up on the Pacific Coast and poises for the giant leap. Emigration to Hawaii is common in California; if it doesn't work, one can come back in five hours. The raw, open challenges of New Zealand and Australia are luring some of the same breed whose forefathers crossed the plains and the Rockies by wagon.

It has been long and confidently predicted that the American West will unlock new doors of commerce and cultural exchange with the Pacific nations. The postwar resurgence of Japan has been a bellwether; much of the economic riddle of the future lies in the explosive question of whether the United States will do business with Red China. Strangely, that argument is waged more often in Washington these days than in Los Angeles. The Southern Californian is still so absorbed in the growth of his region that only a few residents are yet searching for the newer horizons.



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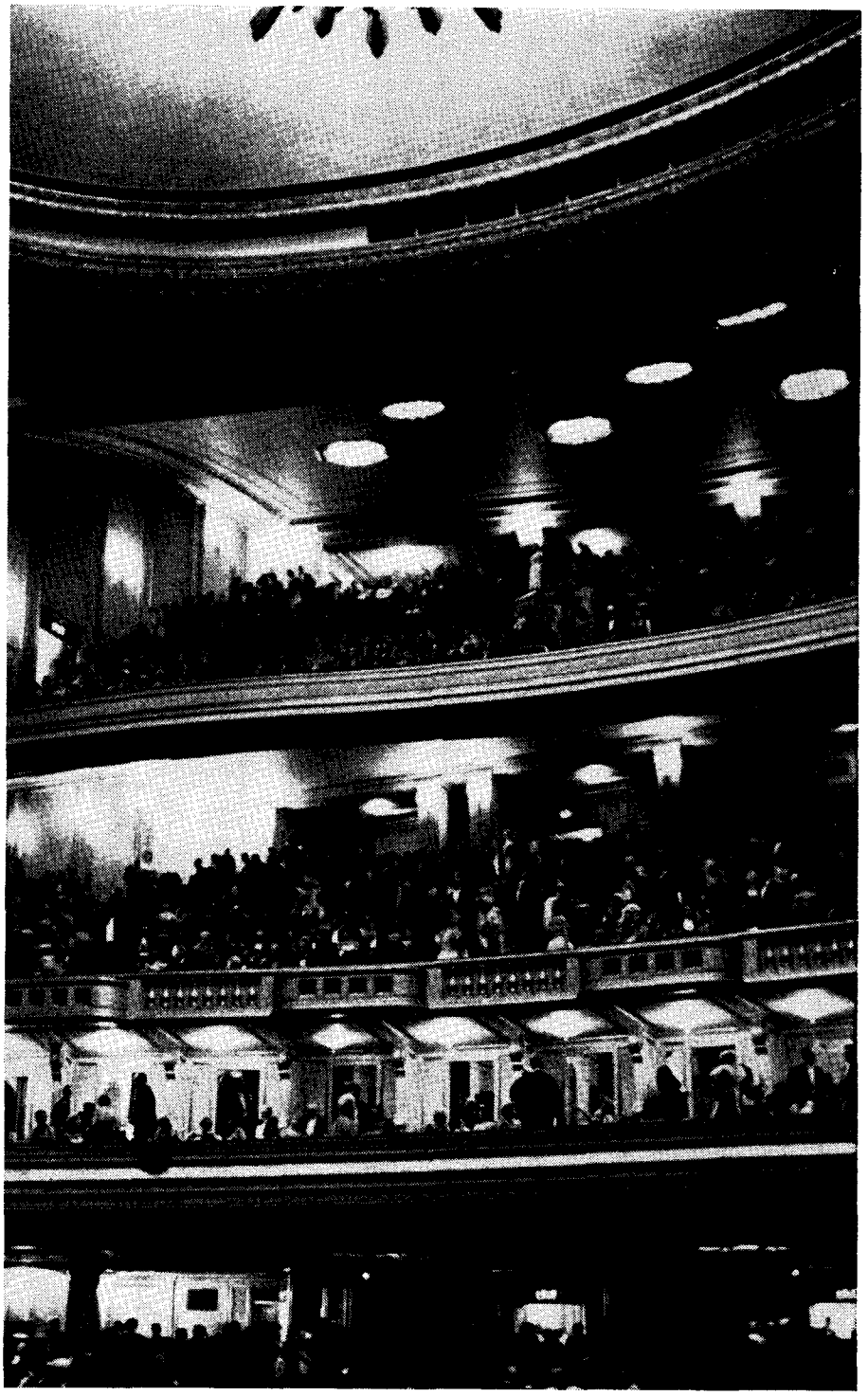
Perhaps the restless millions who inhabit this oceanside desert may yet lead the way to some Pacific community. In one respect they are eminently qualified: They are the most restless, the most mobile people on earth. South California is heaven for moving-van people and travel agents; one in two of its householders changes residence each year, and they buy in excess of 60 per cent more passports than the national average. They are more frequent inhabitants of that jet-borne community of transcontinental commuters. Since about three in five Southern California adults have come from somewhere else, breaking roots and old ties, they are more prone to keep moving once in Southern California. They have sustained an epidemic of anomie, that state of disorientation in which social mores are disrupted and norms are nonexistent.

So their communities are blighted with the end results of rootlessness: high crime rates, unstable cultural institutions, low church affiliation, frequent divorce, sick urban planning. Says Tom Fletcher, the brilliant San Diego city manager, "The main reason we have so much trouble selling people on tree-planting programs is because they doubt they'll be around when the trees grow large enough to give shade."

But the anomie of the Southern Californian clears the way for his most promising trait: He is unfettered by tradition. He is starting late, in a bizarre environment where he has cut the pattern. He tries anything because his land has scant history of failure and even less of repression. Supremely self-confident, he is swept by his momentum to ebullient success in commerce and education, in roadbuilding and recreation. It is the land of *Why not?* Its people believe themselves to be the energetic mainstream of the national culture.

Great expectations are not limited to the inhabitants of the region. James Michener recently wrote: "If, as I suspect, the American borderlands of the Pacific Ocean develop economically as the Atlantic borderlands have been developing for the last 2,000 years, the world power of this area will be enhanced, as well as the purely American power."

The pounding waves of change in the American West, with their epicenter in Southern California, hold both promise and warning. Newness and bigness are not goals but symptoms. In dedication and direction, the West flounders like America; in the new leisure and technology, it races ahead. Everything is super-scale in Southern California; both successes and failures are lavish. But its people are charting new directions for society, and this holds awesome significance for the nation and the world.



In San Francisco you can hear Grand Opera all year long.

The regular season lasts ten weeks. But in North Beach you can hear waiters singing selections from Rigoletto every night, as well as Carmen, La Boheme, Boris Gudunov, and the Barber of Seville. San Francisco can also satisfy your taste for symphony, band concerts, string quartets, pop concerts, jazz, theater and art. Of special interest: the Avery Brundage collection of Oriental Art at the de Young Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park. For a quick look at what you can expect from San Francisco, write for a free illustrated copy of, "This is San Francisco."

San Francisco

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Orientalization

Continued from page 48

corded, "remained jaded and listless, never lost their taste for opium, and found no interest in Western women."

The Filipinos have had a double dose of colonialism: "Latinization" before "Americanization." The first influence is still the stronger, because it brought religious discipline and ceremonial, which "Americanization" has never done. But the Philippines are a country apart. When you reach Manila, you know you have left Asia.

The "Westernization" of Shanghai, seventeen years after Communist "liberation," remains superficial. The Western buildings on the Bund are a grandiose survival, but the members' reading-room of the Shanghai Club is now "a people's gymnasium"; they sell ice cream to children and pictures of Chairman Mao to foreign seamen at the former Long Bar; and no one pretends to know whatever happened to the life-size oil of Queen Victoria in the old Country Club. Shanghai is incomparably a duller city than it was when it was Westernized, but is undoubtedly a better city for the Chinese people. I like to think that "Communization" will pass in the same way as "Westernization," and that Shanghai will at last become a Chinese city.

THE white elephant of Phnom Penh provides, I believe, a suitable text for conclusion of this sermon. When I first knew the elephant, I was trying to evaluate the comparative influence of rival U.S. and Communist aid on Cambodia. It was then—and is now—a darkish pink animal with a broken tusk and an evil eye, and it was fretting at large around the emerald gardens of the golden-roofed palace on the banks of the broad Mekong, sometimes rubbing an itchy backside against the palm-trees, sometimes lumbering with a trumpet of hate into the outside boulevards. By Western veterinary judgment, the wretched animal was clearly suffering from a form of mange which had produced the pinkish (white) pigmentation. But by Buddhist belief, it was a sacred white elephant, perhaps Lord Buddha incarnate.

During my first visit, the elephant, in a rogue mood, charged a neat, tiny, red bus (a gift from Peking) in which six neat, tiny, Red acrobats (traveling on a Chinese cultural mission) were impassively sardined. The elephant worried and butted the bus against a temple wall, furiously trying to overturn and trample it. The terrified acrobats hammered in a frenzy against the closed doors of the teetering bus, while an agitated court musician played a sweet Khmer flute to pacify the animal. The incident, which was happily terminated without fatalities, embarrassed Cambodian palace officials, not because the elephant had been aggressive, but because they feared that there had been a culpable breach of neutralism by the sacred beast in its selection of a Communist target for attack. To the outside world, might this not suggest "Americanization" of Cambodia?

By fortuitous chance, however, the elephant ran amok again that week, and, with a cunning flank charge, trapped and tossed an elderly visitor over the same wall into the temple compound. I say fortuitous because this second unwary victim, only bruised and shaken, proved to be a technician serving with the U.S. aid mission then operating in Cambodia. The delicate balance which Cambodia's astute and amiable Prince Sihanouk seeks to maintain between the East and the West, solely in the interests of his people, was accordingly restored. No "Americanization" here.

Later the elephant's behavior became more violent and erratic: It began to pursue Cambodians. On my last visit to Phnom Penh, I rediscovered the elephant, tethered by the ankles, in a pagoda alongside the southern walls of the palace, sullenly munching choice hay, and glaring with red eyes at a bilingual sign outside his comfortable prison: THE NAUGHTY ELEPHANT: MECHANT L'ELEPHANT.

This story, it seems to me, admirably illustrates the flexible but realistic imperviousness of true Asians to foreign influences, whether American, non-American or anti-American. Such Asians select, consider, and adapt Western customs, gimmicks, and systems, but they never surrender their own traditions.

Despite the current anti-American political trend, you can get a drier martini in a Phnom Penh hotel than in most tourist establishments in southern England, and Prince Sihanouk's ravishing consort wears American fashions when she feels in the mood. Mind, you can also get excellent Chinese food in Phnom Penh, drink first-class Russian vodka in the equivocal *pied-à-terre* near the old Raja Hotel, and enjoy probably the best French cuisine in the Far East in the dining room behind the swimming pool of the Hotel Royal. But Cambodia remains proudly and independently

Cambodia, holding aloof from foreign influences while expediently playing the foreign field. As an envious Burmese diplomat once pointed out to me, with a drunken pencil and notebook at the Raja bar, at the climax of Cambodia's ambivalent foreign aid programs, it would be theoretically possible for a Cambodian pedestrian, who had been accidentally knocked down by a Polish steam locomotive, traveling to a brand-new seaport constructed by the French on a railway line built by the Chinese, to be rushed in an East German ambulance, chauffeured by a Japanese-trained driver and fueled by U.S. gasoline, along a highway laid down by the Americans, to a hospital built by the Russians and staffed by nurses (using Czech medical equipment) who had been educated under the Colombo Plan—the accident, meanwhile, being reported to Phnom Penh citizenry listening on U.S. radio sets through a broadcasting station provided as a gift by Chou En-lai.

Incidentally, in the case of the white elephant, the decisive payoff came when I asked a Cambodian friend whether the elephant's hay had been enriched by fertilizer from the United States, Soviet Russia, Scandinavia, or Japan. "None of these," he replied. "It was cultivated with pure Cambodian manure—far superior to any artificial foreign substitute."

One for the Sun, One for the Moon

By David Wagoner

FULL of holes, the sunflower leaves
Are straining at the sun,
The flowerless stalk half grown.
Out of the alder grove
The hornets come again
To scissor with neat jaws
Another piece of a house
To hang in the ripe shadows.

Each black and yellow worker,
Mealing part of a leaf,
Flies mumbling out of sight
To make a moon in a tree
Where the darkness turns
As wild as hornets' eyes;
And the sunflower, day by day,
Takes riddling as it goes
Up to its burning head,
To its black and yellow answer.

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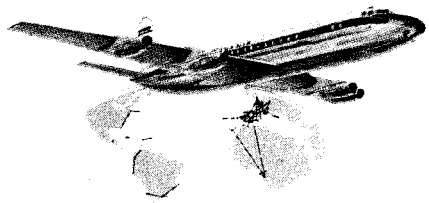

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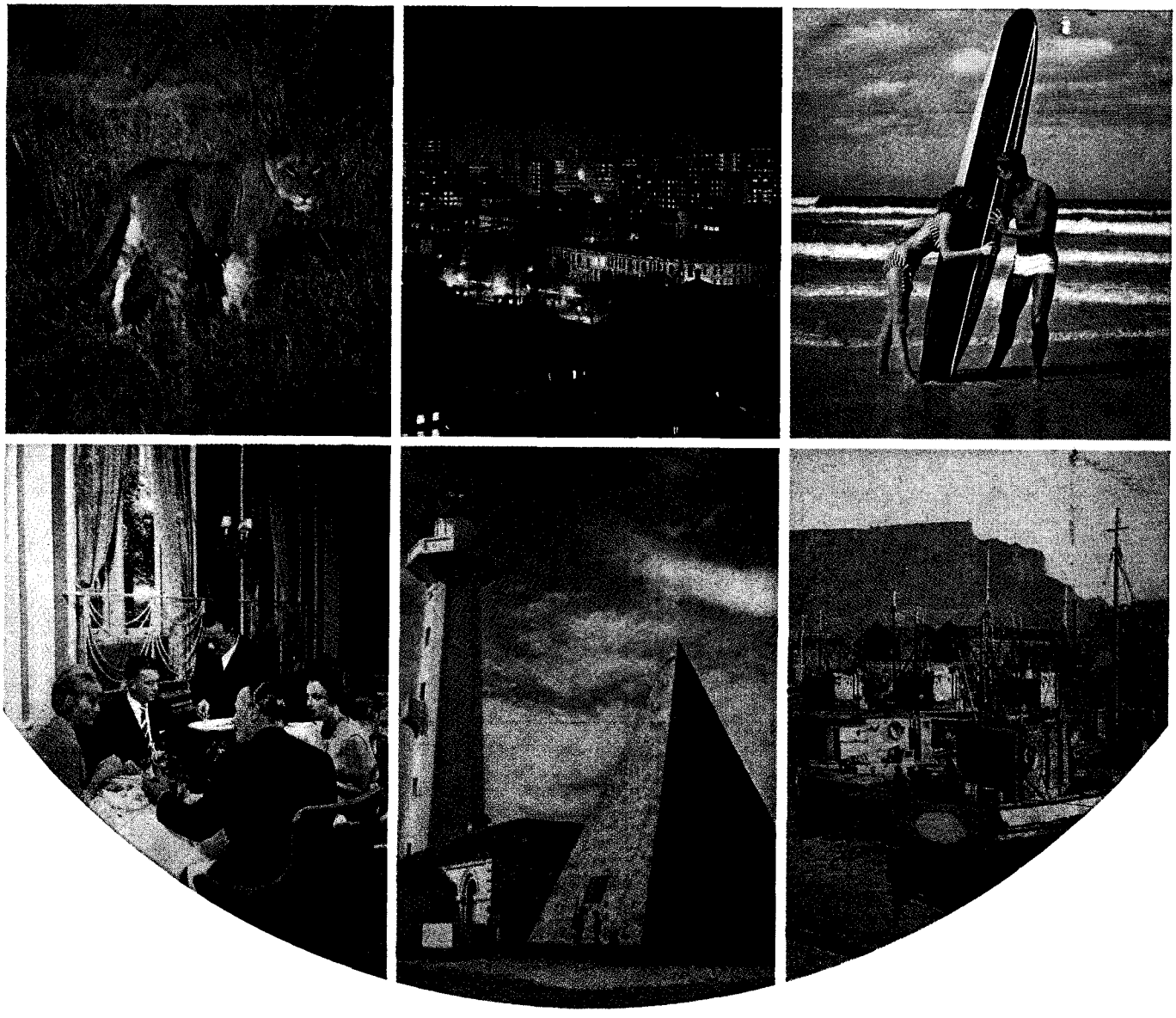

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Philippines

Continued from page 42

port crops inadvertently caused more damaging consequences visible today. Favored by the United States, traditional landlords expanded their estates to grow sugar and copra by grabbing marginal lands or dispossessing bankrupt farmers.

This rural degeneration has curiously evolved side-by-side with American development. Under the United States, natural resources were tapped and social services were expanded. Since 1946, Philippine war veterans have received more than a billion dollars in pensions and social security benefits. The American Air Force and Naval bases in the Philippines are a dual boon: They funnel dollars into the country, and they protect the Philippines, permitting the government to spend only 12 per cent of its budget on defense—and 35 per cent on education.

AT this stage, however, many Filipinos apparently lack the patience or inclination to weigh the pros and cons of past colonialism. They are noisily, almost desperately, seeking to assert a national personality they have not yet formulated. They have tried, for instance, to shape a national language out of Tagalog, one of the country's eight major tongues. They have revived old heroes like General Emilio Aguinaldo, who led the *insurrectos*. They changed their national holiday from July 4 to June 12, the anniversary of an abortive republic founded in 1898. They have demonstrated against the American bases, and criticized commercial agreements that, in many respects, favor them. Local newspaper columnists have insulted the American ambassador, William McCormick Blair, Jr., and in a recent fit of pique, one of them derided Americans as "the most bigoted, narrow-minded, sadistic race in the world."

A prominent Philippine leader, trying to assess much of this nationalist excitement, has described it as an effort by Filipinos to "shake themselves loose from Uncle Sam's shirttails." More cogently perhaps, a Manila editor has advanced the view that Filipinos are basically frustrated in their dream of becoming American. As he put it, they have been "Americanized" by books, radio, TV, and the movies, only to realize in the end that they are not Americans. "Their anti-American resentment is merely the other face of attraction," he wrote. "Filipinos would be Americans and cannot be."

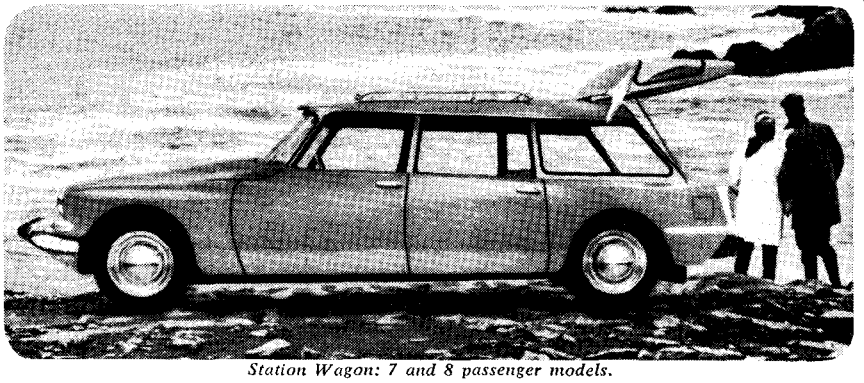
But whatever Filipinos turn out to be will come from a long historical process that cannot be hastened by slogans and oratory. And whatever the final blend, it is bound to include a dash of American.

This Issue's Travel Writers

NOW SPECIAL ASSISTANT to the chancellor of the East-West Center, ARTHUR GOODFRIEND is the author of many books, including *The Only War We Seek*, *Rice Roots*, and *The Twisted Image*. Australian ALAN MOOREHEAD is the author of *The White Nile*, *The Blue Nile*, *Gallipoli*, *Cooper's Creek*, and many magazine articles. HERBERT GOLD, the San Francisco novelist, is the winner of many honors, including the O. Henry Prize. His newest book, *Fathers*, will be published by Random House this winter. NEIL MORGAN, a Carolina transplant, has lived in La Jolla, California, since 1946, and writes a column for the Copley newspapers. His book, *Westward Tilt*, chronicles the changes in the contemporary American West. A newspaperwoman who moved south from Alaska to the more felicitous climes of the northwest, ANNE SWENSSON handled the publicity for the Seattle World's Fair, and now does as much for the new Century Plaza Hotel in Beverly Hills.

The byline of E. J. KAHN, JR., is well known to readers of *The New Yorker*, for which he has traveled widely. His book, *A Reporter in Micronesia*, appears this fall. STANLEY KARNOW, an old Asia hand, is based in Hong Kong on behalf of the Washington *Post*. Another Hong Kong resident, RICHARD HUGHES, a native of Australia, is correspondent for both the London Sunday *Times* and *The Economist*. JAMES CUNNINGHAM, who has covered CAB proceedings for the United Press International in Washington, is now aerospace editor of the Honolulu *Advertiser*. An expatriate abroad in Tahiti, E. BUZZ MILLER is AP correspondent in Oceania, and was the only American correspondent allowed to visit the French bomb site in the South Pacific. DENBY FAWCETT is Saigon bureau chief for the Honolulu *Advertiser*. She is twenty-five. BASIL ATKINSON, now general manager of the Australian tourist office, is a former journalist. He worked for the *Evening Standard* in London and the *West Australian* in Perth. PEGGE HOPPER, who designed the cover, is a San Francisco artist now removed to Honolulu.

—H.S.



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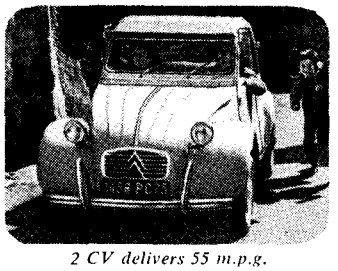

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Salem to Saigon

Continued from page 38

building monuments to love. Indifferent to ancient emblems of arrogant majesty. Embittered by those who, delighted by tombs to dead kings, remain blind to Asia's miseries and deaf to Asia's hopes.

Or, as Sahir Ludhianvi, the Urdu poet, wrote:

> To you, my love, the Taj is a
> symbol of love. Fine.
> Fine, too, that you venerate this,
> the valley where it sits.
> But meet me somewhere else.

Again the image of Asia underwent a change. Across America, people shuddered at the prospect of being one day overwhelmed by what Kaiser Wilhelm II was the first to call *Die Gelbe Gefahr*, "The Yellow Peril." Replacing Madame Butterfly, The Mikado, and Sessue Hayakawa, a slant-eyed, bow-legged soldier strode across the Asian stage, his bloody bayonet impaling a pure white baby. Ku Klux Kleagles, the yellow press, superpatriotic politicians, decried the pollution of American blood. Racism became official American policy. The Exclusion Act of 1924 barred all orientals from the United States, enraging Asia.

Twenty-five years had elapsed since McKinley's confession, but Americans still didn't know where "those damned islands" were. Missionaries, entrepreneurs, a trickle of tourists, fewer scholars —except for these, Asia remained *terra incognita*. It was a big flea about which, as one commentator said, the old rhyme might have been written:

> Big fleas have little fleas
> Upon their backs to bite them.
> Little fleas have littler fleas
> And so *ad infinitum*.

Once China had been the flea on Asia's back. Now it was Britain in India, France in Indochina, the Dutch in the East Indies, Japan in China. As for qualms about our own presence in the Philippines, Americans soothed themselves with the thought that we were educating the Filipinos for independence, more or less on the Yankee model.

All that Americans knew about Asia was what we read in the newspapers. We read of Japan's seizure of Manchuria. Of the rape of Nanking. Of Japanese bombs blasting Shanghai, Canton, Tientsin, Peiping. Of Japanese eyes on Indochina's rice, Malaya's rubber, Sumatra's oil. Of slogans: "Asia for the Asiatics!" "White barbarians, get out!" Of other impulses stirring inside Asia—of India's colonial agony, of Java's urge to oust the Dutch, of proud Vietnamese, plotting to regain their ancient glory—

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American indifference and ignorance were almost infinite. Uppermost in the American mind was that Japan, once a tinkler of temple bells and a hawker of tawdry souvenirs, had become an Asian adversary.

Sinister forces were indeed at work within Japan. Secret societies influenced affairs. The Dark Ocean Society, The Pillars of State, vagrant veterans' organizations preached thought-control, expansionism, xenophobia. Impatient with democracy and diplomacy, they mounted coups and plots, and proclaimed Japan's destiny: to rid the Orient of alien influences, to force a great rebirth of Asian culture, and, ultimately, to rule the East.

Arrayed against the hotheads were calmer men. One, a Tokyo University professor named Minobe, expounded the "Organ Theory of the State." Not just the Emperor or the Army, he taught, but other organs, such as the Diet and the Constitution, should rule Japan. Understood and assisted by liberal elements at home and overseas, men like Minobe might have built beneath Japan a democratic base. But American diplomacy was hardly ahead of public opinion in its understanding of Asia. Standing eyeball to eyeball with the militant leadership, it overlooked the positive forces pressing upward from the people. Ousted from the University and the House of Peers, Minobe and his kind were attacked as traitors. The moderate cause went down to defeat.

Fifty years before, an American senator had said of the Philippine accession: "We have bought 10,000,000 Malays at $2 a head unpicked, and nobody knows what it will cost to pick them." A later generation paid the harvest's price. Wake, Guadalcanal, Kwajalein, Iwo Jima, Okinawa—at last we learned where "those damned islands" were. The geography lesson was dear. Tuition was paid in blood, tears, and taxes. We continue to pay the price today as, in Kipling's words, we

> Take up the White Man's burden
> The savage wars of peace,
> Fill full the mouth of Famine
> And bid the sickness cease . . .

No people, no government has given so much as America. Food, medicine, machinery, money—one enlightened administration after another has upped the ante paid for peace. Since World War II, a miracle has occurred in American education. From secondary schools to the East-West Center in Honolulu, the nation is striving to bridge the gap in Asian-American understanding. The International Education Act now pending in Congress should banish any lingering doubt about America's intent—to end our intellectual isolation.

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Airlines

Continued from page 58

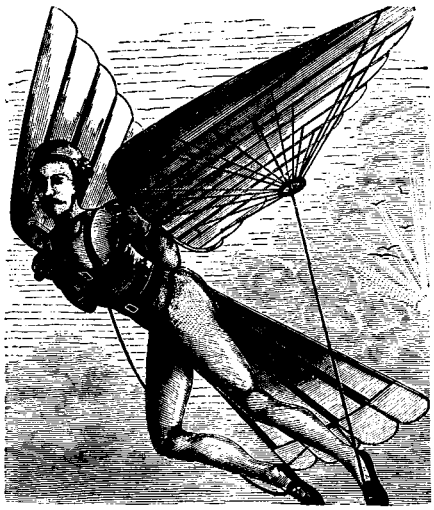
the area, last year opened offices around the Pacific and a regional headquarters in Honolulu to manage them. The carrier hired internationally recognized former Hawaii Visitors Bureau director, Charles Go Braden who knows intimately both the airline business and his metier. All this had happened before federal authorities and attorneys for the airline applicants even sat down to try to work out a calendar for the seemingly interminable written exchanges which must precede hearings in a major route proceeding such as the incipient Trans-Pacific Air Route Investigation.

The Civil Aeronautics Board is charged by law with determining when the "public convenience and necessity" demand that a "fit, willing, and able" airline initiate a new or competitive service. Although appointed by the President, the five-member CAB is, at least in theory, an independent agency—free to decide domestic route and other commercial aeronautical questions on their merits without White House or Congressional interference. Since public transportation is close to the voter's mind, however—a fact demonstrated by government maneuverings during the recent airline strike—politics have a way of infiltrating the presentations, and sometimes influencing the determinations in route cases. If that is not provable it at least is indicated by the zeal of the contestants. The hotter the battle, the more exaggerated the efforts to woo support in destination communities, and the more ardent the romance of local officials and congressmen possessed of political muscle.

The Trans-Pacific proceeding, which involves nonstop routes across a fifth of the globe, and more carriers—a score—than any other in memory, already is shaping into an epic struggle outside, as well as inside, the CAB hearing rooms. Never before have all domestic trunk airlines—American, Braniff, Continental, Delta, Eastern, National, Northeast, Northwest, Trans World, United, and Western—plus Pan American, the biggest U.S. overseas operator, been litigants in the same route case. And the full list does not stop there. It stretches to nineteen, including, additionally, Alaska, Pacific Northern, Pacific, World, Flying Tiger, Seaboard, and Airlife International.

All seek new routes from the Mainland to Hawaii, and so, for that matter, do Pan American, United, and Northwest, the three which presently connect the West Coast and the Islands. Except for Alaska, Pacific Northern, and Pacific—three regional airlines—all applicants want to fly westward beyond Hawaii to Japan and other destinations in the Orient. Seven ask to extend from Hawaii to Australia; five to American Samoa. Some want further authority to operate nonstop and via Alaska from the Continental United States to Japan. Major cities from Seattle to Miami and from San Diego to Boston are proposed as gateways to the Pacific. In company with such inclusive thinking, it almost seems surprising that the part of Antarctica which borders the Pacific did not occur to someone as a likely destination, too. The CAB hearing examiner mercifully ruled Mexico and South America off course this time around, saying their links with Hawaii and other Pacific points should be considered apart.

One notion as to the magnitude of the stakes involved is a projection by American, not the most ambitious of the applicants, that it would invest $200 million in equipment and hire 2,000 more employees to support its Pacific operations if granted the routes it seeks. For American and United, which are transcontinental rivals, the proposed international ventures would represent sharp breaks in domestic traditions. United recently started military contract flights, but the only international stop on its scheduled system is Vancouver, B. C., just across the Canadian line. American has no transoceanic operations of any sort, although its executive personnel pioneered many during World War II. For Pan American, the case might be the vehicle for attaining the transcontinental privileges it has been after for twenty years or more, rights which would make it a true around-the-world carrier like its foreign competitors, Qantas, BOAC, and soon, Japan Air Lines. Trans World, too, would become a globe-girdler if its bid to close the gap between Hong Kong and the United States is approved. Northwest, which already links the Orient and the United States via the Great Circle, would win an additional routing if permitted to extend from Hawaii to Tokyo. For little Pacific Airlines, one single span between California and Hawaii would double the route mileage of its entire present system. For most applicants, some piece of the Pacific may be their last major area for route expansion in the foreseeable future.



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Early flying machine invented by W. F. Quimby.

While Eastern was quick to publicize its hopes, it was neither the first to move, nor the most voracious in its declared objectives. Those honors went to Continental, a carrier with scheduled operations confined to the western United States. A loser like all the rest in the last trans-Pacific air route case, Continental began to chart a careful masterplan before the old one was pronounced officially dead. Its preparations have flashed a revealing floodlight on the intricate anatomy of air route proceedings.

Landlocked Continental's system carries its planes over no body of water broader than the Great Salt Lake. To secure transoceanic operating experience believed requisite to qualifying for commercial rights across the Pacific, Continental ordered Boeing's largest 707 jetliners and launched itself in the military charter field. When Continental picked up its first contract two years ago, the Pacific was a preserve ruled by Pan American and supplemental carriers, notably jet-equipped World Airways. Continental's invasion of Southeast Asia paralleled the U.S. buildup there. It not only sought rapid accumulation of the experience for the record, it kept the new jets busy; the profits accumulated, and so did new contracts. By last year, Continental was earning one quarter of its operating revenue and half of its operating profit from military charters. To change the image suggested by its name and to gain a proper launch pad for the Pacific, Continental moved its headquarters from Denver to Los Angeles. A wholly-owned subsidiary, called Continental Air Services (CAS), was created to manage international operations. The Pacific route competition seems to have been in mind when Pierre Salinger, celebrated former White House press secretary, and James Greenfield, a knowledgeable former State Department officer, were hired to help run CAS.

While Continental's emissaries were stumping Australia and the Orient last spring on behalf of its aspirations, other applicants began to stir and to show signs of what could be expected from them in ground-breaking for the case itself. TWA dramatized its hopes by dispatching its directors eastward around the world from a Paris board meeting. The posse did missionary work in Bangkok, to which TWA resumed service in June. Its members toured Hong Kong, to which it will start service this month, and they saw Tokyo and Honolulu,

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which are prime destinations sought in its route case. A year earlier, to lay the proper groundwork, TWA had become the first U.S.-flag airline not serving Hawaii to open on-street ticket offices in Waikiki.

When American Airlines took its troupe to the Pacific in May it was the biggest traveling road show yet to be seen there. The captains of industry making up the carrier's board of directors assembled in Honolulu for their first meeting outside the continental United States. They hosted luncheons and soirées, met the press, and were presented to community leaders at a reception given by the governor himself. American's sometimes vinegary chairman, C. R. Smith, set the tone for the visit on arrival when he genially allowed himself to be nuzzled by a Hawaii Visitors Bureau poster girl. The cameras clicked. Two months after the pilgrims had gone on to Tokyo for more of the same, American opened an on-street office in Waikiki and manned it with a versatile sales executive from its big Chicago establishment. Into a regional vice presidency responsible for the West and the Pacific, meanwhile, American had lured a talented Texan, Warren Woodward. His credentials were not tarnished by his previous servitude as an aide to President Johnson.

"Before this thing is over, Hawaii is going to get at least one good look at every airline executive in the country that counts," mused the savvy president of Northwest Airlines, Donald W. Nyrop, a former CAB chairman, who was vacationing in Honolulu about that time. That old pro, noted for his eye to efficiency and cost-effectiveness, held a reception for friends in the community and the travel industry, but made no public move to promote his carrier's California-Hawaii and Honolulu-Tokyo ambitions.

United and World Airways medicine men were not far behind. But the strike caught United's caravan in Australia, early on the projected circuit. While aides kept his dates in Hong Kong and Japan, United's president, George E. Keck, hurried home, saying he hoped to make his Hawaii and Japan visits later this year. Braniff, now headed by Lawrence Harding, who acted as chief architect on Continental's trans-Pacific program, appears to be taking chapters from his earlier book. The Texas-based domestic and Latin American carrier ordered the same large Boeings as had Continental, and inaugurated service to the Orient in June under military contract. Recently, Braniff routed one of the homeward-bound charter-jets non-stop from Honolulu to Dallas. It was the first such flight by a commercial plane and demonstrated what the carrier could do on a scheduled basis.

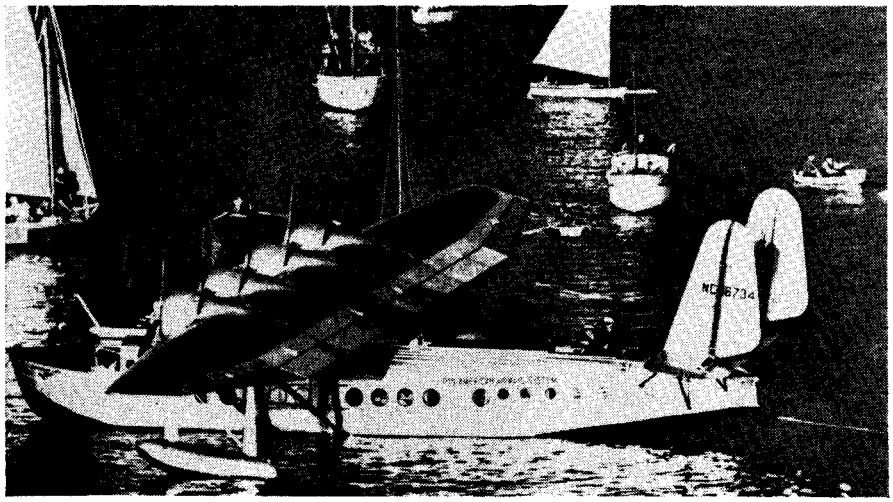
Pan American does not have to introduce itself to people anywhere in the Pacific, but it is expected this month to take advantage of a most legitimate occasion to remind people at home and abroad just how long it has been around that part of the world. On the afternoon of October 21, 1936, a Martin flying boat taxied out onto San Francisco Bay, lumbered off the water, and headed out through the misty Golden Gate. Eighteen hours later, the Hawaii Clipper settled on the ripples in Pearl Harbor, having completed the first commercial passenger flight from the West Coast to the Islands. The plane continued on to Manila that week via Midway, Wake, and Guam, to inaugurate commercial air travel across the Pacific. On the thirtieth anniversary of that trip, Pan American hopes to carry some of its pioneer passengers over the route by jet, suggesting, in the process, that the carrier which blazed the trail in the first place deserves to be remembered when any new routes are parceled out.

While these and other applicants are preparing future performances, their attorneys, most of them members of an exclusive fraternity that specializes in practice before the CAB, are busy along the Potomac, putting together the briefs and exhibits on which they will base their arguments. They are expected to drone on for three to five years.

Presentations will begin next year in Washington after the CAB examiner has taken testimony in Honolulu. When the examiner has submitted his recommendations, presumably in 1968, the attorneys will argue their cases again, that time orally, before the CAB membership, probably in 1969. As the Board settles down to the tedious task of justifying its own awards of domestic routes and of preparing its proposed decisions on international routes for approval by the President, all parties will be hoping that history does not repeat itself. With such vast expenditures of time, energy, and money on the line, they would hate to see the new case turn out to be the costly exercise in futility that was its predecessor.

EARLY in 1959, President Eisenhower precipitated that proceeding with the announced hope of creating competitive U.S.-flag airline service over the Pacific, like that existing already across the Atlantic. On his last day of office, however, Mr. Eisenhower executed an about-face and vetoed the CAB proposals which, after two years of deliberation, would have secured his original aims. Then he took the further and unprecedented step of asking the CAB to withhold the already printed certificate which would have resolved the domestic phase of the case by authorizing Western Air Lines to fly between California and Hawaii as a needed third carrier. Although the White House is not empowered to intervene in domestic route matters, the CAB bowed to the wishes of the outgoing chief executive. That led to a five-year legal fight which ended only this year when Western agreed to drop its appeal in the national interest of getting on with a new trans-Pacific airline route proceeding.

No matter how the forthcoming route contest is decided, none of the applicants doubts that United Press correspondent Harry W. Frantz was prophetic when he wrote a story thirty years ago on Pan American's first trans-Pacific press flight. He said in a dispatch from Hawaii: "Arrival of the China Clipper from San Francisco at Honolulu ushered in an era of trans-Pacific travel when the pioneer passenger rather than the pioneer pilot is the center of the day's news. The progress of air transport in the last decade was measured by the speed, comfort, and safety with which the first passenger sped from the Mainland to this mid-Pacific paradise. . . ."



—*Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail.*

Pan Am Clipper in Auckland harbor, 1937— "the pioneer passenger is the center of the news."

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The Family that Stayed Separate

HAVING more or less disposed of the university and the church in his last two plays, Edward Albee has now chosen to weave his intricate web around a more personal institution, American family life. *A Delicate Balance* commences at cocktail hour in the affluent suburban home of a sixtyish couple named Agnes and Tobias. All is cozy and comfortable, and even the presence of Agnes's alcoholic younger sister, Claire, fails seriously to disrupt their façade of contentment. It is not smugness, but a contentment achieved through concern for what each thinks the other one wants. In doing this they have ceased to want anything themselves. They are not fools, however, and see the truth of their situation at the same time that they participate in its myth.

Two principal myths are examined in this play. The first is that people who are sufficiently happy together or enough in love to get married will forever remain happy and in love. Albee punctures this one early with the parable of Tobias and the cat. Here we see that a man who is unable to regain a love that has dissipated equates his inability with being judged—being betrayed—and reacts with hatred and viciousness. But married people often avoid such an outcome by pretending, by living up to a myth that they may privately recognize as untrue. Thus we resign ourselves and, as one character says, through "the gradual demise of intensity, the private preoccupations, the substitutions, we become allegorical. . . . The individuality we held so dearly sinks into crotchet; we see ourselves repeated by those we bring into it all, either by mirror or rejection. . . ."

The second myth is that best friends acquired through proximity and mutual activities can always depend upon each other's help no matter how great the sacrifice entailed. Albee suggests that if the latter myth can be shown to be absurd, so must the former also be.

To test the balance of "the regulated great gray life," Albee simply has Agnes's and Tobias's best friends, Harry and Edna, arrive unexpectedly at the door. They have experienced "the terror" (which, though never explained, is presumably that point at which awareness of the distance between myth and truth becomes unbearable), and demand to move in. Agnes recognizes that their terror could be contagious and calls upon Tobias to choose between letting them stay permanently or ordering them out. This eventually results in a remarkable mad eruption by Tobias in which his contradictory feelings are revealed. His position is at once hilariously ridiculous and touchingly pathetic. And though the play nominally ends on an anti-climactic note, we leave the theater feeling that we have seen a most important part of our way of life compassionately but accurately described.

We also feel, of course, that it has been challenged, though not as excoriatingly as we had anticipated. A remark by Claire that is almost a footnote is the play's strongest indictment. "We're not a communal nation, giving but not sharing, outgoing but not friendly. We submerge our truths and have our sunsets on untroubled waters. We live with our truths in the grassy bottom, and we examine all the interpretations of all the implications like we had a life for nothing else . . . We better develop gills."

The play is not easy to perform. In a way, Albee has tried to do in prose what T. S. Eliot did in verse in his later plays, and without the help of meter Albee's succession of paragraphed insights can seem talky. This is particularly true because of the lack of specific information that emerges from all the conversation. Fortunately, Albee sprinkles his script with his special humor—and theatricality—to keep us entertained when the plot does not.

Jessica Tandy plays the role of Agnes, "licensed wife," with so much composure that we tend to see her as an instrument of propriety. Hume Cronyn is excellent and versatile as Tobias, but he is so completely explicit that we sometimes miss the inner mystery and private grief, that might make him more protagonist and less demonstrator. Oddly enough, Henderson Forsythe and Carmen Mathews in the much smaller roles of Harry and Edna emerge with more human dimension. And most effective of all are Rosemary Murphy and Marian Seldes. As the alcoholic, outspoken Claire, Miss Murphy has the opportunity to speak nasty truths about everyone else and makes the mischievous most of it. Miss Seldes, as Julia, the daughter who keeps returning to the nursery dragging in broken marriages "like some Raggedy Ann doll by the foot," gives the fullest emotional performance of all. It is her rage and her frustration that most indict her elders' complaisance.

While Alan Schneider's direction is thorough, both it and William Ritman's large, handsome set make the people in this play seem remote. Perhaps this was the playwright's intention: for us to see ourselves from a distance in a space where elegant language seems natural and four-letter Anglo-Saxon words become seven-letter Latin ones.

If what we see is convincing and sophisticated, it is not steadily compelling. The audience keeps wanting to get closer to the characters. There is, for instance, the suggestion that Claire had been "upended" by Tobias one summer long ago, and that had he divorced Agnes to marry her things might have been better for everyone. Yet it is never explored. Obviously the playwright is concerned with the process of restoring delicate balances rather than what it takes to upset them.

However, steadily compelling plays are few these days, and, all things considered, *A Delicate Balance* will do. It will do because it manages to encompass a complex subject with such honesty and grace. —HENRY HEWES.

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Film Festivals—1966

1. New York: Compleat

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR continues its coverage of major film festivals with reports from New York City, Venice, and Vancouver, British Columbia.*

NEW YORK'S fourth annual film festival at Lincoln Center (September 12-22) gave the one-shot visitor to the showings at Philharmonic Hall about a one in three chance of seeing a feature of some distinction. Since last year's show presented an even higher hazard, it might be a good idea to have a handicapper on hand in advance at future festivals. In that case, Jean-Luc Godard, basing his rating on his two entries this year, would be a longshot. Alain Resnais and Pier Paolo Pasolini could come in at even money, and any Czechoslovakian director would be an odds-on favorite.

Audiences at Philharmonic Hall, however, were hardly as discriminating as horse-players at Aqueduct. They filled the big hall evening after evening, stoically endured the bad films, applauded and cheered the better ones. One thing became absolutely clear: New York wants its annual festival, even if it doesn't like very much what is shown. Some of the heat was taken off the two main factotums of the festival, Richard Roud and Amos Vogel, by the addition for 1966 of critics Arthur Knight and Andrew Sarris to the selection committee. But all four were kept busy explaining such choices as a Belgian dud called *The Man With the Shaven Head* and a Soviet piece of arty emptiness, *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors*, not to mention the inclusion of two bad Godard films.

Viewed objectively, their task this year was hardly an easy one, for the problems of putting together a worthwhile and representative festival clearly are becoming all but unconquerable. For one thing, while several noted names of the American film industry are listed on the sponsoring committee, nary an item from Hollywood or its international production branch was to be found on the program. The festival committee made an attempt to get a few films, and was turned down cold. Paramount and Columbia offered a few of their about-to-be-released pictures, and these the festival committee turned down, although their decision in at least one case, that of *Georgy Girl*, was questionable.

The selectors were also faced with what appears to be a virtual crisis in the field of the serious film. Although enthusiasm abounds and dedication is rampant in the field, the Bergmans, Fellinis, Antonionis, and Kurasawas are missing these days. Godard and Agnès Varda are disappointing even their most ardent admirers, and such relative oldsters as Bresson are still proving too difficult for the majority audience. Obviously, we are in a trough.

Quite naturally, then, the selectors looked to the Eastern European countries for freshness, and found it in Milos Forman's *Loves of a Blonde* and Ivan Passer's *Intimate Lighting*. Arthur Knight coined the term "neo-humanism" to describe what they were up to. What this means, essentially, is that these directors see their characters in pathetic and humorous terms, look on them with a certain amount of tenderness, and follow the tenets of Italian neo-realism in presenting them. But this is hardly new—although I guess it may be neo. And it has to be remembered that for all the seeming freshness of these films from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, they are nevertheless made under the rigors of state-controlled industries. In such an atmosphere, the vapid experimenting and political anarchism of Godard would hardly be tolerated. For the real clue to the situation, one only has to note the presence in *Loves of a Blonde* of the kindly, paternalistic foreman gleefully arranging the love lives of his lonely female employees. One can almost see the State stamping APPROVED on the script.

Yet the festival kept its reputation going for discovering films. There was the Scandinavian *Hunger*, with its superb portrayal of a starving writer by Per Oscarsson. There was Robert Bresson's curiously moving tale of a donkey and his various owners, *Balthazar*, told with austerity and purity and demonstrating perhaps that the only candidates for sainthood these days are to be found among beasts of burden. And there was *The Shameless Old Lady*, a French film starring that enchanting eighty-year-old veteran of the French stage, Sylvie. Less successful, but nevertheless worth seeing, were Resnais's *The War is Over*, technically interesting but diluted in its effect; a featurette by Buñuel, *Simon of the Desert*, containing his by now familiar mixture of religious irreverence, sex, and boldly crude humor; Pasolini's *The Hawks and the Sparrows*, impudent and thought-provoking in its satire, but only spottily fascinating; and *The War Game*, a BBC television program that was thought too strong to be publicly aired. A sickening look at the possible consequences of an atomic attack, it had salutary shock effects, but its television seams showed. The Spanish *The Hunt*, unveiled at Berlin, also impressed here.

The short films accompanying the features were again an incomprehensible mixture of the good, the bad, and the

Sylvie in *The Shameless Old Lady*—"The festival kept its reputation for discovering films."

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banal. A solid hit was *The Scene*, a humorous *cinèma vérité* glimpse of Marlon Brando, which may help overcome the bad impression he has been making lately in Hollywood. It was made by the Maysles brothers, two young American exponents of the reality-on-the-run technique, who have found their own special cinematic niche. Hungary's *St. Matthew Passion* combined Bach, the New Testament, and concentration camp footage into an ironic dirge of great power, and admirers of the camera work of Gunnar Fischer, who once worked for Bergman, were enabled to view his skill again in *The Piano Lesson*, a delightful Swedish short. But, good heavens, why were such rear-guard specimens of the avant-garde as *O Dem Watermelons* and *Son of Dada* shown? The festival ought to grow up and cut out that nonsense.

On the other hand, it can be forgiven for its loyalty to such "festival" directors as Agnès Varda and Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. Miss Varda's proficiency as a director grows, but as *auteur* filmmaker, with *The Creatures*, she lacks both imagination and the ability to engage. Torre Nilsson's *The Eavesdropper* is earnest, but slow and obvious. Watching such films, and adding to them the two Godard pieces, *Masculine-Feminine* and *Crazy Peter*, can induce a peculiar kind of anguish, more painful than simple boredom. Many who saw most of the festival output complained of this illness.

For relief, the Festival offered some retrospective material, notably De Mille's 1915 short epic, *The Cheat* (the museum enshriners are already enshrining C.B.!), and a late Greta Garbo silent, *Woman of Affairs*. As a movie, the latter wasn't much, but women in the audience thought Miss Garbo wore her clothes beautifully. Perhaps a reminder is necessary that, from the festival point of view, Hollywood films when first made are bad, but thirty, forty, or fifty (in the case of De Mille) years later, they become classic.

Also new this year were sideshows. In the auditorium of the Library of the Performing Arts, independent film-makers, the so-called underground, had their showings and their say. Impotent fury at the failure of everyone else to recognize their genius seemed to be the prevailing note. The sad fact is that the underground cinema is a form of exhibitionism and not an art form, and one wishes it were different. Parties were prevalent, too, mainly for such visiting directors as Pasolini, Forman, Varda, and Resnais, and the big opening-night party at the New York State Theater promenade was a great success. The mop-headed musical group was amplified so loudly that conversation was impossible, and no one had a chance to argue. And a girl dressed in the new nude-look style showed up, as though to prove this was truly a film festival.

—Hollis Alpert.

Of four French films in competition only one, Robert Bresson's *Au Hasard, Balthazar*, received critical plaudits, but audiences sided with those who feel it is lower-case Bresson. *Comédie*, another French entrant, was loudly hooted on opening night, and indeed made an offbeat morsel in the Samuel Beckett tradition. The film's half-hour running time is entirely made up of close and long shots of three actors' faces as they mumble thoughts over a speeded-up soundtrack.

Another disappointment came from Agnès Varda's *The Creatures*, especially for those who enjoyed the French director's fresh approach to cinema in *Cleo from 5 to 7* some years back. In a ponderously mechanical tale of a writer in search of inspiration, Miss Varda only momentarily, here and there, renews the promise of her first films. Item Number 4 from France was Roger Vadim's much-touted *La Curée*, starring his wife, Jane Fonda. Vadim *aficionados* should find it rewarding, as should readers of *Playboy*. Miss Fonda is splendidly photographed, in soft focus and frequently in the near-nude, by Claude Renoir's color camera (which makes a major contribution to an elegant film), but Vadim's attempt to validly update the Zola story was obviously beyond his grasp.

Nudity was also evident—surprisingly, if more briefly—in the sole Soviet Russian film, *The First Teacher*, another indication that Eastern countries are seeking to break into world markets by lacing their films increasingly with sex and nudity. Lido wags credited Miss Natalia Arinbascarova's nude interlude in *Teacher* with influencing the jury's decision to select her as best actress, but the true reason lay more naturally in the need to give Russia at least one award. The film itself hardly deserves extended mention, being a rather naïve and flag-waving depiction of the travails of a schoolteacher sent to a distant moutain village to indoctrinate peasants in the party line.

And nudity was of course the topic of conversation for the restricted few who saw the Swedish entry, *Night Games*, though not the only topic in this far-out, definitely controversial film – which is neither the masterpiece some claim nor the pornographic rouser that others paint it. In showing the moral and ethical confusion in the world through a story of a man trying to find himself and his lost virility, *Night Games* was in fact only one of several films at Venice that displayed and underlined an increasing preoccupation with the state of the world, with its steadily deteriorating manners and mores, breeding confusion, distress, and pain.

At Venice, the filmic analysis of this current phenomenon took on several forms. It was evident, for example, in the three American films shown at the

(*Continued on page* 108)

2. *Venice: Controversy*

Venice.

THE INTERNATIONAL film clan, gathered in Venice for the last competitive event of the filmic year in Europe, waited in vain for fourteen days for the big, significant film to come along to brighten an otherwise rather lackluster festival year. The memorable morsel never appeared. In its stead, and barring a few rewarding moments and partial successes, the fare August 28 through September 10 was tedious, uninspired, and frequently *déjà vu*. It is significant and not surprising, therefore, that most of the Venice headlines were made off-screen, by the various heated controversies surrounding director Luigi Chiarini's operations; the controversial showing, for press and jury only, of Sweden's *Night Games*; and the official French disapproval of, first, the showing, and afterward, the Grand Prix award to Gillo Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers*, a film which gave Italy its fifth Venice win in a row—an unbroken string that had many critics of the event loudly wondering just how coincidental it actually was.

But since most of the 550-odd critics from around the world had come primarily to see and assess the state of the motion picture today, the sad consensus at the Venice windup was that there had really been little of lasting value. True, Pontecorvo's *Battle of Algiers* is a noteworthy piece of cinematography that attempts—not always successfully—to give an unbiased, realistic picture of the events that led to the overthrow of French domination in the North African country. But other films disappointed.

The British entry, François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*, was neither a complete success as art nor as entertainment, though at times it gave hopeful hints that it was getting pretty close. The screen adaptation of the Ray Bradbury novel is at all times intelligent, tastefully understated by the French director, and underplayed by a fine cast led by Oscar Werner, Julie Christie, and Cyril Cusack. From time to time, it rises to poetic heights and gives one more than the expected intellectual kick. But all too often there are the dull, uneven stretches, which even Bradbury's fascinating story of bookburners vs. martyrs-for-culture is unable to enliven.

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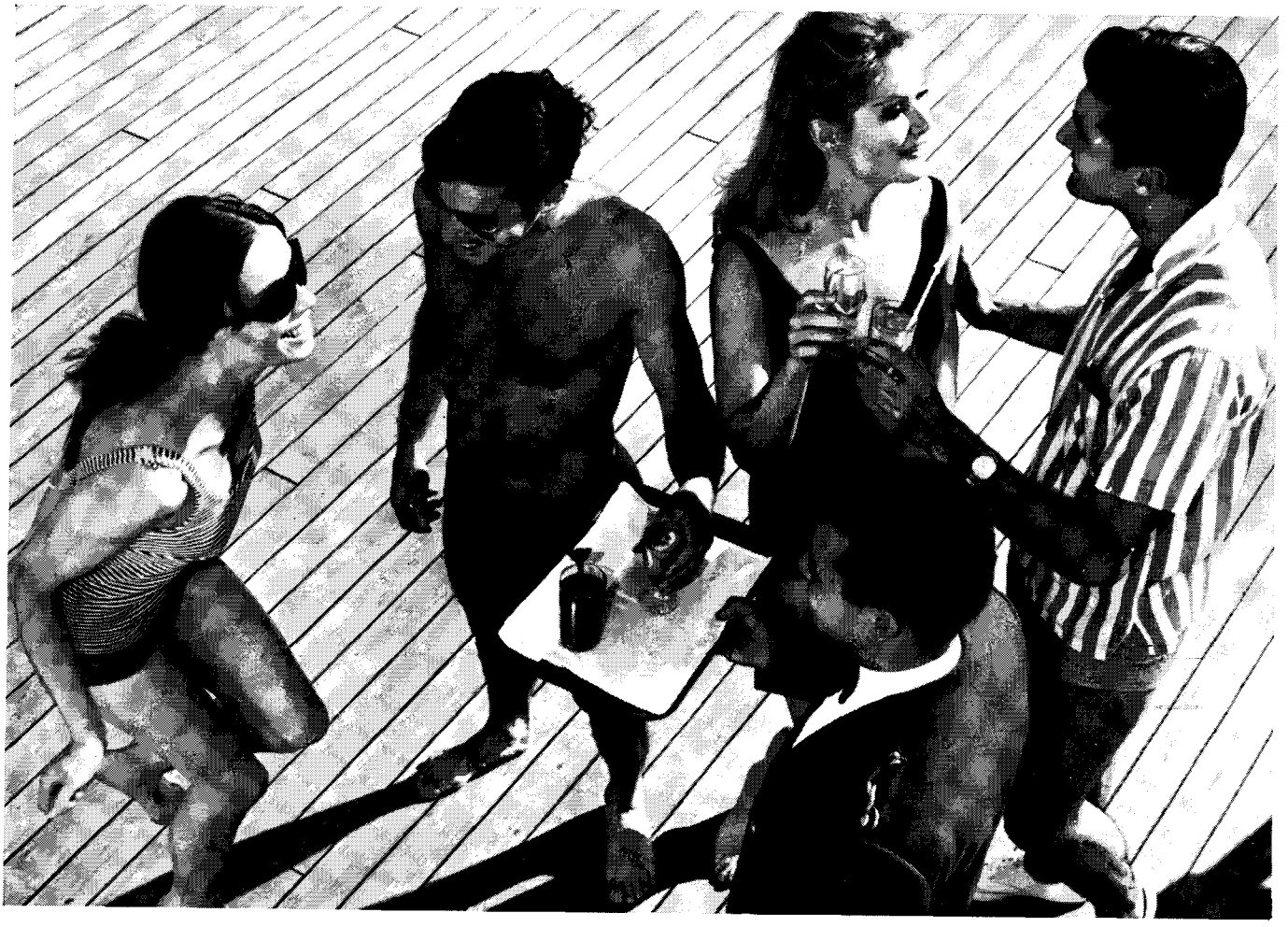

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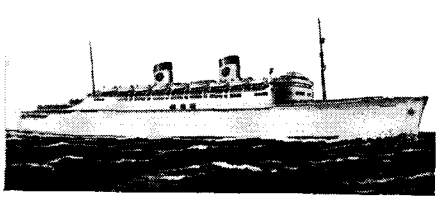

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Eye on the Peace Corps

WE HAVE not had a novel from Mark Harris since he published *Wake Up, Stupid* in 1959. That was his sixth novel, following the youthful *Trumpet to the World*, the three baseball novels (*The Southpaw*, *Bang the Drum Slowly*, and *A Ticket for a Seamstitch*), and *Something About a Soldier*, which is my favorite. There were no books for four years, and then came a play, *Friedman and Son*, with a long and revealing autobiographical preface. Next came a piece of journalism with a good deal of autobiography in it, *Mark the Glove Boy*, an account of Harris's experiences while covering Richard Nixon's campaign for Governor of California. Now we have *Twentyone Twice* (Little, Brown, $5.95), which describes the author's adventures as a special investigator for the Peace Corps. From this, incidentally, it appears that what Harris has chiefly been working on during this period is an autobiography.

Twentyone Twice is in the form of a journal, and the entries were supposedly —and, for all I know, actually—written day by day from November 8, 1964, to February 2, 1965. Harris, it appears, had kept a journal sporadically for a long time, circulating copies of it among several friends, according to an elaborate formula described here in detail. This is the first paragraph of the first entry: "Sunday, November 8. Today, on the fourth anniversary of the election of John F. Kennedy as President of the United States, I resume my Journal, it having lain idle since August 10, 1963. The event the present Phase is designed to cover is my journey somewhere in the world for the Peace Corps, an arm of our government, an instrument of what Kennedy called 'national purpose.'"

The opening entry is necessarily a summary of what happened to Harris while the journal lay idle. He tells about his literary activities, his trip to Japan, and the beginnings of his Peace Corps mission. On July 28, 1964, he had a telephone call from Sargent Shriver, who said that he had liked *Mark the Glove Boy* and felt that Harris was "the kind of person who could examine the work of the Peace Corps and say useful things about it," strictly for "internal" circulation. (I understand that many such investigations are carried out in the course of any year.) Harris having expressed interest, the bureaucratic machine began slowly to roll.

The book is divided into two parts, the first and longer being called "United States Phase." For five months Harris was kept dangling while he was being investigated by the FBI and by a psychiatrist and while the Peace Corps administration decided what, if anything, it wanted to do with him. Finally, on January 8, he set forth for an African country he calls Kongohno. Although it had been expected that he would spend at least five weeks in Africa, he was there less than half that time. When he got home, he decided to submit his journal in lieu of the expected report.

Harris suggests that the Peace Corps administrators were not exactly delighted with his efforts as an investigator, and I see no reason why they should have been. I don't suppose that there are more than fifty pages in the book based on actual observation of the Peace Corps workers and their labors in Kongohno, and these are not particularly revealing. One point Harris did make. In Washington he was told about certain workers who were classified as "Risks" and asked to talk with them. He met them, and he liked them, and he was convinced that most of them were doing a good job. Moreover, he saw and said that the Peace Corps, by its nature, was bound to attract the kind of young people who are likely to be regarded as "Risks" by the FBI, and that it could not fulfill its purposes without them.

In general, however, we learn more about Mark Harris than we do about the Peace Corps, and he is more interesting on the first topic than on the second. He does not present himself in a heroic role; on the contrary, he is as much the butt of his own humor as any of the characters in his novels. We see him as cantankerous, crotchety, whimsical, self-pitying, quick to take umbrage, and in many ways a bad boy. If he made only a superficial investigation of the Peace Corps, he studied himself with care and candor.

In explaining why he was a problem for the FBI, Harris writes: "I want to observe that the politics and the mental state are related, that I was disgusted in the army by the contradictions between proclamations of democracy on the one hand, and the treatment of Negroes on the other. This was in the South. I couldn't ride with this contradiction emotionally, and the emotions turned to politics, so that for several years thereafter I flirted with the Communists."

Trumpet to the World was his only specifically political novel, but the theme that was to occupy him for years was dissent. His second book, a biography of Vachel Lindsay, *City of Discontent*, presents an idealistic poet who will not compromise. Henry Wiggin, hero of the baseball novels, is not only a first-rate pitcher and an excellent wisecracker; he is a rebel, and he learns campassion. *Something About a Soldier*, which must

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be largely autobiographical, tells what happens to an idealistic boy in the army. The hero of *Wake Up, Stupid* is in rebellion against both the academic and the literary establishments.

In the preface to *Friedman and Son* Harris wrote: "That summer, 1959 . . . my emptiness had begun to worry me. I was composed and mellow, and the living was easy. All that had been on my mind I had discharged in a novel, *Wake Up, Stupid,* published in July, and so successful in its way that it was soon to carry me beyond accustomed comforts. All my useful grievances were submerged beneath this new experience, transforming my petulance to amiability."

What the Peace Corps experience did was to convince Harris that he really hadn't gone soft and conservative. Even while he was being investigated by the FBI, he cautiously supported the demonstrating students in Berkeley. The fact that the FBI men seemed to look on him as a dangerous radical boosted his self-esteem. Best of all, the young people in the Peace Corps, the ones classified as "Risks," accepted him as one of themselves. The journal, he says, shows "how my youthful instincts remain with me though I am twice my age." I hope he feels better from here on.

The book also shows that there is a lot of idealism left in the work, whatever cynics say. The idealists, as Harris makes clear, are often hard to get along with, and their motives must always be scrutinized, by themselves and by others; but it would be an even lousier world without them. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1209

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1209 will be found in the next issue.

L ZATM BLI XISZT MKMJE-

PNAIW; L TNJMZR SIM, MKMJE-

VSRE. —LISIEBSDT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1208

We can only pay our debt to the past by putting the future in debt to ourselves. —John Buchan.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Joy Through the Years

Thank you for treating us to the bright and shining face of Alice Dalgliesh in *SR* Sept. 17. Since her article in Books for Young People indicates that the occasion for the picture is her retirement as editor of this section, this seems a good moment to express my joy through the years in her advice on children's books. Though my sons all prefer to choose their own books now, I am a devotee of children's literature for life, and have found Miss Dalgliesh a delightful kindred spirit.

Mrs. George Clifford.

Pelham, N.Y.

No Challenge from NRA

Although William E. Bailey [*SR*, Sept. 17] chooses to comment on the review of *The Right to Bear Arms* [*SR*, Aug. 27] he quite obviously has not read the book itself. For in it I devote an entire chapter to describing in detail how the National Rifle Association managed to kill Senator Dodd's bill (S.1975) while professing to support it.

Mr. Bailey is equally misinformed—and naïve—in his belief that the NRA is not beholden to the gun industry for support. As my book also points out, about one-quarter of the NRA's income currently comes from the makers and vendors of firearms and related products. The NRA has not to date challenged this or any other statements about it in the book.

The fact is that the organization, while piously expressing support for legislation to keep guns out of the hands of felons, fugitives, juveniles (such as teen-age hopheads) and the mentally incompetent, has for the past four decades opposed and managed to scuttle all such legislation.

To prove this once more, I have but to cite the latest Dodd bill (S. 1592) bottled up in the Senate Judiciary Committee for almost a year and a half. This proposed law, aimed at eliminating the mail order interstate traffic in handguns, would require anyone desiring to buy a pistol or revolver to do so through a licensed dealer in his state of residence. It would also require handgun customers to prove that they are at least eighteen and are not felons or fugitives. The bill has the endorsement of President Johnson, the Attorney General and, according to public opinion polls, nearly 80 per cent of the American people. Yet the NRA has adamantly opposed the bill with what the Attorney General and Senator Robert F. Kennedy have termed "preposterous" and "misleading" arguments which have misled the hundreds of thousands of NRA members, including Mr. Bailey.

Harold Lavine, the reviewer of my book, is quite right in stating that one of our two federal laws dealing with the sale of firearms "does not touch pistols, revolvers, rifles, or shotguns." In spite of the exception cited by Mr. Bailey, the law (The National Firearms Act) does not cover conventional guns of these types, or the only ones being currently advertised and sold.

And, as Mr. Bailey well knows, the U.S. postal laws do not in the slightest interfere with the mail order or over-the-counter sale of handguns in his own state of Arizona, where two out of three murders are now carried out with guns, double the rate of that in New York, which has some semblance of firearms controls.

Carl Bakal.

New York, N.Y.

Gospel Interpreted

Both the review of *Christian Beliefs and Anti-Semitism* [*SR*, Aug. 20] and the reader reaction to it show once again the illogical futility of arguing over parts of a translation of a compilation of documents, the New Testament, without reference to the historical context, original language, and time span for compilation.

Beacon Press recently reissued in paperback the companion volumes, *Jesus of Nazareth* and *From Jesus to Paul,* by the late Joseph Klausner of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Among the many stimulating and enlightening indications of Professor Klausner's research are these: 1) Pontius Pilate was in actuality one of the cruelest of all the Roman procurators to serve in Palestine; 2) Pilate had no interest in or real understanding of Jewish customs and beliefs; 3) the handwashing ritual in question was typically Jewish and extremely unlikely to have even been conceived by Pilate; 4) the New Testament manifests both the early Jewish Ebionite and Nazarene Christian doctrine and the later Pauline Christian doctrine. For reasons which Klausner discusses in detail, the Pauline writings were deliberately anti-Jewish and at times included interpolations into the earlier writings. The implications in the four indications alone are vast and complex. Hopefully, the open-minded and intellectually curious will be interested in exploring these views.

William G. Lyfield.

Venice, Calif.

What do the Gospels actually say? A mob was raised in the early morning to condemn Him before the Romans. Jesus was delivered to the high priests by the official government's appointed judge. A Roman detachment nailed him to the cross.

Nowhere does it say that the Jews as a people, religion, nation, or race, were responsible. Nowhere does the Bible condemn them. After all, as Matthew especially repeatedly makes clear, Jesus was a Jew; all his disciples were Jews; not for fifty years after the death of Christ were there many goyim in Christianity.

Wesley W. Weinhold.

Madison, Wis.

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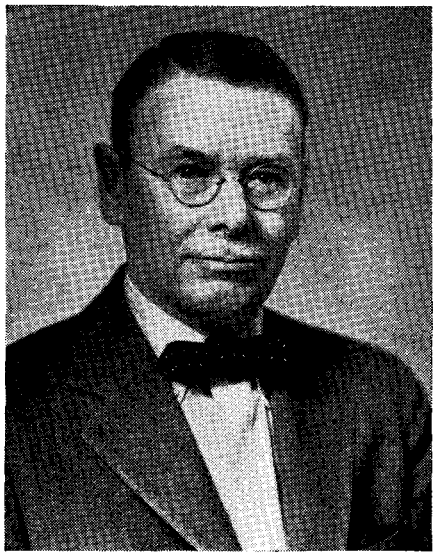
The Boss



—*New York Times.*

Brooks Atkinson—"of independent mind and finely attuned sensibilities."

I STILL think of him as The Boss, although he would be the very last to call himself that, because seldom can there have been a man so little given to the throwing around of his weight. But there he was, on that May day in 1929 when I first met him, and I like to think I sensed right away that he was to be The Boss: J. (for Justin) Brooks Atkinson, drama critic of the *New York Times*, and even then unsurpassed in a field that included such masters of their craft as Percy Hammond of the *Herald Tribune*, Gilbert Gabriel of the *American*, John Anderson of the *Journal*, Burns Mantle of the *News*.

For a few moments, sitting there in a corner of the *Times* city room, I was too awestruck to speak. After all, this was J. Brooks Atkinson, whose verdict on a new theatrical production was more influential than anyone else's, and he was offering me, a nervous cub, a job in his department. It couldn't really be true.

It was, though; and in a remarkably short while, as I heard him asking me questions about myself in an even, friendly voice with a New England twang in it, the awe faded. Here was one whom you would respect but have no reason to fear. A quietly firm authority was plain to see in his thin face and to hear in his precise speech. So was the innate goodness of a first-rate human being incapable of pushing people around for the fun of it. Well, he asked, did I think I would like to work for the *Times*? I tried not to appear too eager, and I suspect he observed this with an inner smile. Seven happy years of working for The Boss began that afternoon.

I was thinking about this and much else the other day when I read *Brief Chronicles* (Coward-McCann, $5.95), the second—and what will be the final—collection of those crisp, wise, delightful little "articles," as he calls them, that he wrote twice a week for the daily *Times* for five years following his retirement as its drama critic. It will be the final volume in that series because in 1965 the *Times* retired him altogether, with a shocking absence of public ceremony or even personal civility. He had been for forty-three years one of its chief ornaments, as editor, critic, Pulitzer Prize-winning correspondent, and essayist. As stylist he had perhaps three or four peers on its staff during his time. But then, good manners have disappeared from newspapers as from many another institution in this era so much colder blooded than the one that found the young man from Boston coming to the city which had bedazzled him since his childhood.

Because he is what he is, there is not so much as a whisper of resentment about this in his foreword to *Brief Chronicles*. Indeed, he expresses his gratitude for what he learned as a newspaperman about writing—the virtue of brevity, and the realization that there is no true distinction between journalism and literature, only the difference between good writing and bad writing. But at this point one may detect an irony or two. One remembers hearing Brooks Atkinson say that he refrained from joining the American Newspaper Guild not because he opposed its principles, but because he could not imagine being obliged to join a strike against a paper for which his affection and admiration were so deep. The second irony would simply be that he had never written better for the *Times* than he was writing in those last years he spent there, as this book attests.

He would have us believe that when he switched over from drama criticism

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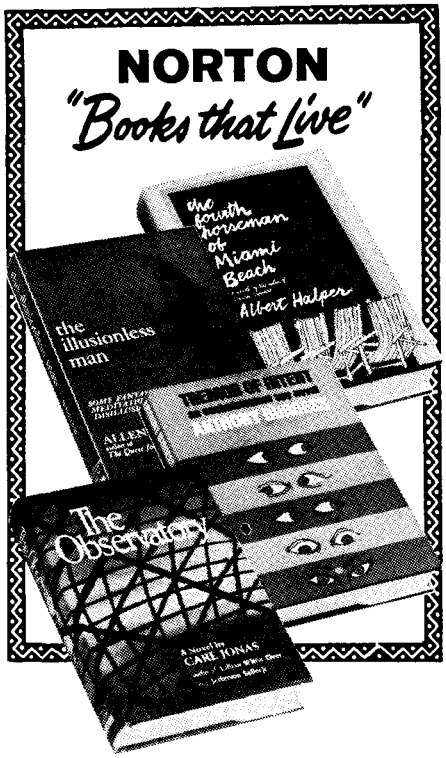

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to a general column he deliberately tried to achieve a style that would be "invisible." It just couldn't work out that way. As S. N. Behrman pointed out in an introduction to this volume's immediate predecessor, *Tuesdays and Fridays* (1963), there is a difference between a by-line and a signature—in this case, a signature so personal that "you'd know a review by Atkinson if any random paragraph were read aloud to you in a guessing game." And so it remains in these pieces assembled in *Brief Chronicles*: the Thoreau-like power of the declarative sentence, the delicately exact simile, the adjective chosen so perfectly that you cannot think of a substitute for it, the rhythms that vary with the nature of his materials. (He can make a little poem of a passage about a ship putting out to sea by night from New York harbor.) It inevitably follows that, with the wider range a freewheeling column afforded him, those gifts of style had greater play, thus enhancing the assorted pleasures to be found here.

The breadth of that range says a great deal about him, of course. He is interested in just about everything deserving the attention of a humane, knowledgeable man of independent mind and finely attuned sensibilities. He is dead serious where sympathy for the underdog is involved, as in the federally approved treaty-breaking whereby the Seneca Indians were robbed of their home, or the infamous jailing of Dr. Willard Uphaus, the New Hampshire Christian Pacifist. He gravely reports the Gulf Oil Company's attempt (unsuccessful) to lease his beloved Prink Hill in the Catskills for oil and gas rights. He mourns but does not weep over the death of his old friend Sean O'Casey, and concludes a salute to him with two sentences O'Casey surely would have cherished: "His heart stopped beating. In eighty-four years of unselfish living it was the first time his heart had failed him."

He is the perfect traveler, keen-eyed, informed, appreciative, whether in Ireland, England, Israel, or Athens, where he pauses for, so to speak, a visit with Socrates. In a bemused sort of way he reflects on the problems of the characters in the Saturday night TV program *Gunsmoke*. He despises the heartlessness of Hemingway's posthumous *A Moveable Feast*. He also, like Dr. Johnson, despises cant, but he kids it, as when he turns a couple of similes loose in his report from the 1964 Republican National Convention: "Addresses that drift across the auditorium like clouds of cotton wool," and, of the eloquence of Senator Dirksen, "His voice is like the froth on a warm pail of milk just extracted from a fat Jersey cow."

None of all this—his scope, his humor, his tolerance, his unpedantic learning—comes as a surprise to those who have followed him in his books down the years from an early one, *Henry Thoreau, the Cosmic Yankee* (1927). It was in the spirit of Thoreau, who did much to shape his mind and in part his style, that Atkinson came to New York, as he remembered in *East of the Hudson* (1931); Manhattan and its environs were his Walden. His *The Cingalese Prince* (1934), or around the world on a freighter, is a travel book on a par with H. M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*. His chronicle of a year in New York, *Once Around the Sun* (1951), made clear what long before should have been generally realized: that he is a personal essayist in an old, long neglected tradition. Among living Americans who come to mind only E. B. White approaches his quality in this deceptively casual-seeming art.

He was not always the writer we know now—as, in a way, he foresaw back in 1932, when he destroyed the scrapbooks containing all the theater reviews he had written up till then. The writing in them was too complicated, he thought. He was right. His daily reviews and his Sunday disquisitions were frequently of staggering length, like those of his first mentor, H. T. Parker of the Boston *Evening Transcript*. They also tended to be solemn and moralistic. This did not at all affect my admiration for him as a critic of the utmost integrity who also found time to be almost incredibly considerate to his departmental colleagues.

I quickly learned that if I made a mistake he was aware of it, even though he said nothing. The same error, repeated, brought a corrective word or two. If I was so stupid as to make the same mistake a third time, he let me know that he was disappointed in me, and this was the severest form of punishment. You couldn't let a man like that down and not feel the shame of betraying a trust.

I may as well say here what would have embarrassed him then, and still might. I was a hero-worshipper. On nights when he came back from the première of a show I watched him enter his cubicle, where a pad of ruled yellow paper and a small stack of pencils awaited him. He lighted a pipe, propped the program of the play against a book, and started writing in a small, neat hand. He had thought out the lead of his re-

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view, word for word, on his way back from the theater. He wrote without pause for an hour or less, as the case might be, a copy boy coming in now and then to pick up a "take" of one or two paragraphs. Most of his review was in type before he had finished it, and came into the outer room of the drama department for galley proof corrections. Presently the phones were ringing—producers, backers, press agents wanting to know the Atkinson verdict. Occasionally he himself answered.

"What does Atkinson say?" the caller would ask.

"Atkinson says the show isn't much good," Mr. Atkinson would reply.

HE never sweated out a review, as far as my wondering eyes could see. He never "froze" or hurried. He never missed a deadline. But there was a night when he did surprise us, and the Broadway community in general; a turning point, as it transpired, in the Atkinson career. Specifically, it was the night of October 27, 1931. Reviewing a now happily forgotten musical mistake entitled *East Wind*, he jogged descriptively along through his dismissal of it, awarding debits and credits as usual, and then came up with a last line such as he had never before sprung on his audience:

"As for the girls," wrote J. Brooks Atkinson, "they are O.K."

Not long afterward he dropped the "J." from his by-line. The Sunday pieces became shorter and more frolicsome. The daily reviews dropped from several paragraphs to two or even one, if the show was sufficiently atrocious, and some of the one-paragraphers became famous. As he sat down to condemn one hapless perpetration against art from which he had just returned, the always ship-conscious Mr. Atkinson heard the *Ile de France's* whistle as she pulled out into the Hudson from her nearby West Side pier. He devoted his paragraph to the ship's sailing. "It proved that something was moving," he said.

The style was loosening up, on its way to the fine, flexible instrument responsible for such splendid theatrical essays as the Sunday pieces collected in *Broadway Scrapbook* (1947), in itself a history of much of the best of our theater through a dozen years in the 1930s and 1940s. The integrity, the high sense of responsibility to the reader and the theater, went right on. The vein of poetry that must always have been latent in this New Englander took its place beside that New England conscience of his which insists on freedom, justice, individualism. If one who worked for and with him didn't learn at least a little something, it was one's own fault. I was luckier than I could know, that May afternoon when I met him.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

In the Best Tory Tradition

***Winds of Change: 1914-39**, by Harold Macmillan (Harper & Row. 584 pp. $10), the first volume of the ex-Prime Minister's memoirs, portrays the Britain of the Twenties and Thirties as seen by a Tory democrat on the fringes of power. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is associate editor of the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

IT WAS this writer's mixed fortune, uncomfortable at times but instructive, to be among the English in 1956-57 when the rush of events following Suez brought Harold Macmillan, all unheralded, to 10 Downing Street. To a young American student of British politics, then largely ignorant of the crucial backbench alignments of the Twenties and Thirties, Macmillan seemed a caricature of the stern, unbending Tory. If he was not, in the waspish tag of one Labour critic, "a jaded Edwardian," did not his elevation on the advice of party elders like Churchill and Lord Salisbury hint at those mythic Trollopean cabals by which Tory power descends?

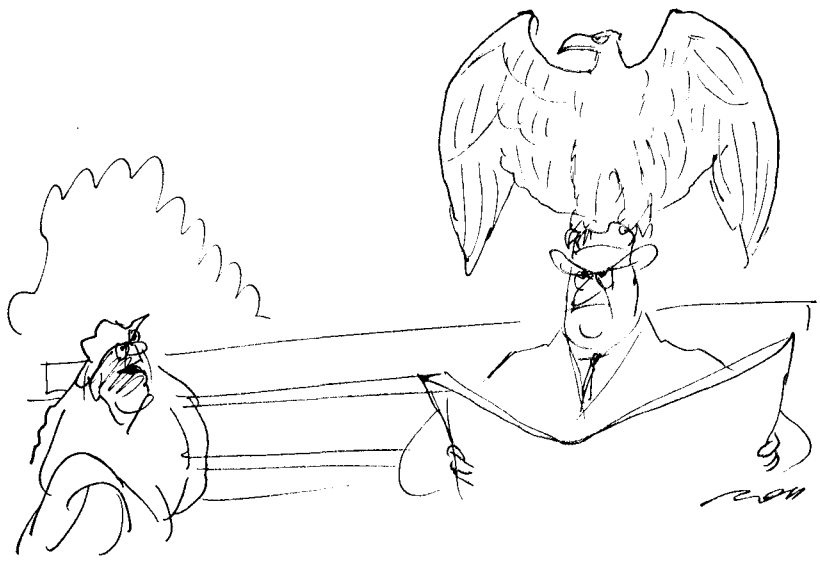
No first impression could have been more mistaken. One who had known, as the Tory kingmakers did, the personal and political history set down in *Winds of Change* might have predicted that deep behind that languid exterior lurked the pent-up "Supermac" who would heal a divided and troubled party, discard the remnants of economic austerity, retire from colonialism in Africa, bring his country to the threshhold of the Common Market, and for good measure keep Labour in disarray all the while.

There are those, one is aware, who dissent from this view of Macmillan's prime-ministry; they will have their cracks when he publishes Volume II. Surely *Winds of Change* will invite only extremist attack. Apart from its sparse revelations of Harold Macmillan's youth, family, and schooling, what we have here is the mellow retrospect of a Tory democrat of the Disraeli-Lord Randolph Churchill strain, whose judgments and sentiments are likely to be of broad appeal to moderates of both parties.

In a country whose family political traditions linger from generation to generation, Harold Macmillan came of an immediate Tory heritage. But the great publishing family whose third generation he represents derived from thrifty, enterprising Scots farmers, not untouched perhaps by the traditional radicalism of the "Celtic fringe."

If Mr. Macmillan's upbringing—as symbolized by the three formative institutions of Eton, Oxford, and the Guards—was conventionally upper-class, an influence of equal power was his Indiana-born mother, who infused something of transatlantic energy and ambition into her sons.

Indeed, the striking thing about Mr. Macmillan's personal history is that, while superficially encumbered with patrician convention, there were counter-



"E pluribus unum."

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vailing forces to give it savor and tension. Mr. Macmillan sums up one such tension:

> The great liberator, Bolívar, said that mankind is divided into swordsmen and gownsmen. The latter comprise the "clerks" (in the medieval sense), the civil servants, the merchants, and so forth. I was certainly born a gownsman . . . But [World War I] made me, at least by adoption, a swordsman . . . I had acquired, although in a grim school, a little of the "swordsman's" qualities.

Winds of Change is thus self-analyzing, but only at intervals; it is chiefly an absorbing, at times brilliant, narrative of the political history of the Twenties and Thirties by one who was on the edges but never at the center of power. One is not told just why Mr. Macmillan received no cabinet appointment from his first election at the industrial city of Stockton-on-Tees in 1924 until the formation of Churchill's cabinet in 1940. The truth seems to be that his views were thought too unorthodox. The young Macmillan was always writing indiscreet letters to the *Times*—advocating Keynesian measures to fight unemployment, saying a good word for Sir Oswald Mosley on his ouster from the Labour Party, or, later, calling at politically inopportune times for rearmament.

Perhaps it was the Tory democrat in Macmillan—the scourge of industrial evils from the patrician Right—that drew him into deepening attachment to Keynesianism. No doubt it was the swordsman in him—the young Guards officer painfully wounded in France—that spared him the fatal illusions about Hitler common in his party, and attached him to Churchill's call for rearmament and the Grand Alliance.

Yet Mr. Macmillan's historical judgment is deep enough so that he is quite above exploiting hindsight. His own prescience about Nazism might warrant harsh judgments of men like Neville Chamberlain and Lord Halifax. One does not find them here, though to be sure there is a certain edge to his description of Lord Halifax's famous meeting with the Führer:

> In the course of the great Viceroy's interview he was told by Hitler that the proper way to deal with unrest in India was to shoot first Gandhi and then the leaders of the Congress. Halifax's sweet and Christian nature must have recoiled from this sort of barbarism; but he was too courteous to show his disgust.

Similarly, Stanley Baldwin, that vulpine figure who so dominated the Tories between Balfour and Churchill, receives a magnanimous appraisal. In Macmillan's view Baldwin was as right in his handling of the abdication crisis as Churchill was about rearmament. The tragedy, he feels, is that Churchill's eccentric line on Edward VIII's marriage to Mrs. Simpson, and on the India question, blurred the judgment of contemporaries as to his reliability in other, graver matters, thus delaying his access to power until it was nearly too late.

Neville Chamberlain, the arch-appeaser, is not spared in the chapter on Munich, which is perhaps Mr. Macmillan's best. But the same chapter begins with this generous estimate: "Had Chamberlain retired or died in 1937, he would have gone down to history as a great social reformer and a great administrator."

Political topics are naturally pervasive in this memoir, out-weighing personal reminiscence by some five pages to one. But threaded through the narrative are revealing glimpses of ducal Christmas holidays at Chatsworth, the historic seat of his wife's family, the Cavendishes; of the "profound influence" of his school friend, the famous Oxford chaplain Ronald Knox, whom he was tempted for a time to follow to Rome; memories of publishing friendships with Kipling, Hardy, and Hugh Walpole.

With the best of English Tories—from his historic hero Benjamin Disraeli on—Macmillan has shared the conviction that a traditional conservative party might preserve a romantic alliance between the aristocracy and the common folk, the dividends being a stable position for the former, economic and social security for the latter, with considerable mobility leavening the whole. Say what one will of Mr. Macmillan's world of Tory democracy in practice, admit an almost infuriating smugness latent in it, it has embodied much that is decent and salutary in the British political record. If Harold Macmillan has ever thought to doubt the basic values—as distinguished from the aberrations—of this creed, he does not record those doubts here. Nor need he apologize for the omission.

Everyman's Aristocrat

Kennedy Campaigning: The System and Style as Practiced by Senator Edward Kennedy, *by Murray B. Levin (Beacon. 313 pp. $5.95), examines the political steed on which a self-cast "shining young knight" galloped into the Senate. Donald Young, an editor for American Heritage, is the author of "American Roulette: The History and Dilemma of the Vice Presidency."*

By DONALD YOUNG

"IF HIS name was Edward Moore, with his qualifications, with your qualifications, Teddy . . . your candidacy would be a joke, but nobody's laughing because his name is not Edward Moore. It's Edward Moore Kennedy. . . ."

This assertion, hurled at the youngest brother of the President during a television debate, climaxed a bitter political battle. The accuser was Edward McCormack, like Edward Kennedy a candidate for the 1962 Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator from Massachusetts. But, like all those who have run against the Kennedys, McCormack would lose. Murray B. Levin, professor of government at Boston University, sheds light on the Kennedys' campaign techniques in a scholarly, objective book. He examines a single political contest in which one of the brothers participated—the race in Massachusetts.

When Ted Kennedy announced his candidacy at the age of twenty-nine, organization Democrats thought him brash and overly ambitious. His slogan, "He Can Do More for Massachusetts," was a thinly veiled reminder of his family connections. Although he had few apparent qualifications, Ted had planned well. To gain an aura of statesmanship and to win ethnic votes, he made pre-election pilgrimages to Ireland, Italy, and Israel. Stephen Smith, the brother-in-law with the computerlike mind, ran his campaign. Kennedy's opponent was the Massachusetts attorney general and nephew of John McCormack, speaker of the House. Kennedy routed him twice, at the party endorsing convention and in the primary. Because both men were liberals, McCormack couldn't raise any effective ideological issue. The contest turned on personalities, and here Kennedy outclassed his rival. Kennedy, casting himself as a shining young knight, was supported by many Democrats who believed that he could do more to clean up politics in Massachusetts than McCormack, who perhaps had not employed the full powers of his office to combat wrongdoing.

Before the convention McCormack relied on the telephone, while Kennedy visited almost every town. (Delegate: "How can I vote against the President's brother. . . look, he was out here to see me the other night himself, personally, and sat right in that chair.") Delegates supporting McCormack feared a loss of patronage, and Ted him-

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self often dropped his brother's name. At the convention Kennedy's walkie-talkies and other electronic gear hummed efficiently.

Overwhelmed in the balloting, McCormack fought on in the primary. But Kennedy lavished funds on billboard, newspaper, and television advertising, and he opened twenty headquarters in Boston alone. He relied on scientific polls while McCormack used old thumb-in-the-wind methods to read the political barometer. McCormack attacked his opponent; Kennedy coolly discussed "issues." Kennedy took both the primary and the general election.

Levin concludes that Kennedy won because he had money, because the public wants heroes, and because "he possesses some attributes, some substance, and some presence which makes it not difficult for him and his employees to create and sell an attractive public profile."

THE author, who has written two other political books, obtained hundreds of taped interviews and questionnaires from Massachusetts politicians. He writes smoothly, but he quotes at too great length from his raw data. Meanwhile, important questions are unanswered. More information on John Kennedy's attitude toward Ted's candidacy would be welcome. And Joseph P. Kennedy, who helped boost his youngest son into the race, is mentioned in passing only three times. Levin discusses the shortcomings of McCormack's campaign manager, and quotes him at length, but fails to name him. The candidates seem scarcely more alive than the images and stereotypes projected by their supporters and opponents. Finally, a short appraisal of Kennedy's Senate service is in order, in view of the controversy over his fitness for the office.

In other respects, Levin is most effective. His analysis of a television commercial shows how a candidate appeals to a voter's pride and prejudices. In a detailed study of the first TV debate Levin cites the opportunities and pitfalls faced by candidates who participate in such confrontations.

The "deference vote" is discussed. Levin suggests that American workers are following the pattern of English laborers who for years "have expressed a marked deference toward and tendency to vote for candidates of aristocratic background and to vote against candidates of their own class." Kennedy, an aristocrat utterly devoid of snobbery, "is everyman, but he is also better than everyman and therefore what everyman would like to be. Everyman—if he can simultaneously suppress his envy—can therefore identify with him."

Four Views of War

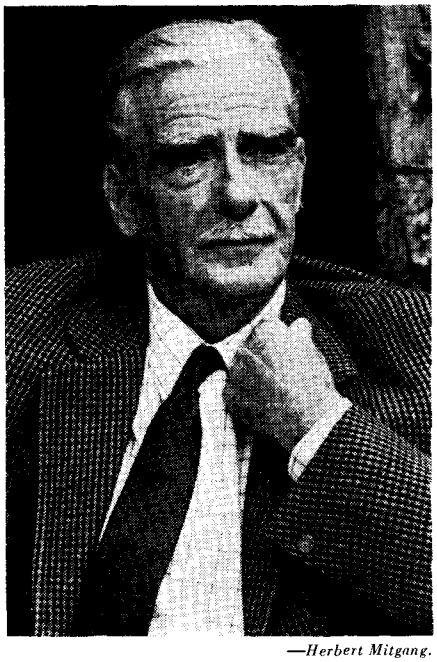
Toward Peace in Indochina, *by Anthony Eden (Houghton Mifflin. 77 pp. Hardbound, $3. Paperback, $1.65),* ***Triumph or Tragedy: Reflections on Vietnam,*** *by Richard N. Goodwin (Random House. 142 pp. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.45),* ***Vietnam and Beyond,*** *by Don R. Larson and Arthur Larson (Duke University Rule of Law Research Center. 42 pp. 50¢), and* ***Dateline: Viet-Nam,*** *by Jim G. Lucas (Crown. 324 pp. $4.95), variously view the holocaust in Southeast Asia. A professor of international relations at Howard University, Bernard B. Fall is the author of several books on Vietnam, including the recently published "Viet-Nam Witness" and the forthcoming "Hell in a Very Small Place." Professor Fall won the 1966 George Polk Award for "outstanding interpretive reporting on Vietnam."*

By BERNARD B. FALL

NOT LONG ago my yearly file of Vietnam clippings, including the West European press and an occasional *Pravda* or *Borba* item, could be contained in a single, not-too-bulging manila folder, and my yearly Indochina book accessions—including Hanoi's propaganda pamphlets—filled half a shelf in my library. Indochina as a whole, *i.e.*, Cambodia, Laos, and the two Vietnams, was a nice field of research, like Arabia or West Africa, with some six serious specialists in the whole wide world—nice in-groupish fellows who knew each other and whose writings were easily followed in perhaps four publications. All that has changed, of course, since Vietnam became front-page news. The clipping folders have to be changed every ten days, and books, pamphlets, teach-in readers, Congressional hearing volumes, State Department white papers, and so on run into millions of words, much of them repetitive, superfluous, and downright inaccurate. The four titles reviewed here are to a large extent in the mainstream of that trend. All were originally articles, and written as such: superficial at times, or, conversely (as in the case of the Larson work, which does not aspire to be a book) trying to cram a great deal of information into inadequate space.

In view of the past high station of its author, the most interesting of the quartet is the slim volume by Anthony Eden. The Earl of Avon's career was one of ultimately magnificent failure in the sense of the "overtrained" athlete who prepared himself so long for the championship that he was finally too worn by the bitter battles of the semi-finals to enjoy its rewards. From 1938, when he resigned as Foreign Secretary rather than endorse the erosion of the collective security system against Hitler, to 1956, when, weary and ill, he handed Britain's premiership to Harold Macmillan after the Suez Canal debacle, Eden had stood for positions that were unpopular at the time he advocated them. This was also true in the case of the French Indochina war. During the crucial days of 1954 when Dien Bien Phu agonized and the late John Foster Dulles invented "brinkmanship," Eden, as Churchill's Foreign Secretary, withstood both French and American pressure to escalate the war with "joint action" against the Viet-Minh divisions massed around the valley. He refused, as he said in his volume of memoirs, *Full Circle*, "to endorse a bad policy for the sake of unity."

It is precisely this profound honesty of the man that makes his words worth listening to today as he briefly reviews parts of the historical record and offers a



—*Herbert Mitgang.*

Anthony Eden: "Neutrality is not a crime; it is a risk."

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twelve-point settlement program which in many ways is far closer to the proposals contained in de Gaulle's Phnom Penh speech than to the State Department's position—this in spite of a ringing endorsement by Dean Acheson in a review of the book for the *Washington Post*. In his preface Eden states what seems to be a basic principle held by many thinkers on the subject: that no single great power can hope to rule the peoples of the Indochina peninsula, "even if it has the ambition to do so," and he specifically mentions the United States and China. To those who hope that *any* kind of agreement based on force alone can stabilize the Indochina situation Eden addresses an admonition that is likely to become famous: "Neutrality is not a crime; it is a risk. Indochina could be an example where neutrality could also be the way through to peace."

IN fact, once the extremely controlled prose has been shelled from the hard kernels of judgment contained in *Toward Peace in Indochina*, it is difficult to see what Dean Acheson (in his present incarnation) had to cheer about; for Eden, in the very first sentence of the preface, warns against the "fashionable" habit of blaming all of Vietnam's troubles on the French. He refuses to support the unilateral-aggression theory, on which the whole present policy is based, finds the Vietcong "inelastic" but the Saigon government lacking "political inspiration," advocates "offering Soviet diplomacy its chance" at settling the conflict, thinks that bombing North Vietnam is of "debatable value," and does not believe that "heavier bombing [can] redress a political decline."

Eden's twelve points do not, as such, offer much that is new; nevertheless, it is always good to know that well-versed diplomatists such as he agree with much that the "nervous Nellies" have been saying all along. Although he would abolish the unanimity rule, which has plagued most of the postwar international arrangements, Eden, like de Gaulle, would like to see North Vietnam included in a Southeast Asian neutralized belt along the lines set forth in the Locarno Treaties of October 1925. It is an arrangement he is convinced the North Vietnamese would welcome.

The effectiveness of other points is more doubtful. The guaranteed countries are not to buy weapons from any guarantor power, but how this would stop them from purchasing MIGs in Czechoslovakia or F-105s from Spain is not explained. Limits upon weapons in certain categories would probably be more effective. Point 9 speaks of a cooling-off period after the cease-fire "for the economy and security of South and North Vietnam *to be established*" (italics added), which leaves unclear whether this means trade between the two zones or not. And Point 11, which advocates the respect of the 1949 Geneva Convention on prisoners of war, and applies while the hostilities are going on, somehow does not quite fit in with the rest of the proposals aimed at *settling* the conflict—not merely de-escalating it.

Vietnam and Beyond should be read side by side with Eden's book, because it presents an equally level-headed attempt by two American academicians—Don R. and Arthur Larson, who was President Eisenhower's USIA chief—to explain what is commonly called "the roots of our commitment." The Larson brothers find that, in lieu of a pragmatic foreign policy which would judge every commitment by the tenets of American national interest in the case (all tough talk aside, that was what decided the Eisenhower Administration not to send bombers to Dien Bien Phu, but to send Marines to Lebanon; not to defend the Tachen Islands, but to hold Quemoy), there is now "an automatic, unthinking, robot judgment: the expenditure of unlimited American lives and treasure is

always justified . . . if the objective is containment of Communism anywhere." There is an extremely interesting section, no doubt based on Arthur Larson's own recollections as a Cabinet member, concerning what exactly the United States had "committed" herself to in Eisenhower's original letter of October 23, 1954, to Diem. The Larsons find that "the nearest thing to a commitment at this stage was an indicated willingness, subject to some stiff . . . conditions and understandings, to provide economic and technical assistance, including military advisers, material, and training." And the authors add that those "stiff" conditions, which the succession of Saigon régimes had to fulfill, were never met by them. The Larsons' solution for Vietnam, given the situation in 1965 when they wrote their pamphlet (published in part in *SR* April 24, 1965) would have been to involve SEATO first, and if that failed, the United Nations.

With Richard N. Goodwin's book we see the New Frontier facing the quagmire—and realizing belatedly that it does not enjoy it. Like the other Frontiersmen, Goodwin, making their key point, insists: "No President committed American combat troops to Vietnam before they actually went. No President believed he had made such commitment. No one ever thought he had."

In other words, since those 305,000 American troops in Vietnam are not a figment of the imagination, only *one* President is responsible for their being there: Lyndon B. Johnson. And so it goes. One of President Kennedy's ablest speech writers, Goodwin, who first tried to make a go of it in the Great Society as well, now states that Secretary Dean Rusk's explanations of North Vietnamese aggression sound like "an entry in the Soviet Encyclopedia." The whole Vietnam war, far from being simply a North Vietnamese operation, is a mixture in which "there is also civil war." Somewhat weakening the argument of the anti-aggression theorists, Goodwin is the very first writer I know to remind an American public that in 1958 Diem created a "Committee for the Liberation of North Vietnam, which parachuted agents into Northern areas." One other writer, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, made this point—approvingly—in the May 1964 issue of *Réalités*, but the French periodical delicately dropped the article from its U.S. edition.

Goodwin makes additional candid admissions, and, as usual in books by New Frontiersmen, Secretary Rusk comes in for a goodly share of minor pin-pricks. Like every concerned person, Goodwin has his set of solutions to the Vietnam problem. He feels that, basically, the differences between the United States and Hanoi "are not greater than those in many productive [sic] Cold War negotiations." He also believes that Washington is "willing to see 'free elections,' in which the Communists can organize, can campaign, and perhaps can win a voice in government." And, in his opinion, no South Vietnamese leader can "hope to withstand determined American pressure toward a settlement."

GOODWIN's confident beliefs last spring, when he wrote *Triumph or Tragedy*, are by now only of historical value. Events have totally outstripped them on every count. The September 11 elections in South Vietnam have been about as free as all the other elections Vietnam has ever had, both in the North and the South. And while it is at least understandable that the Vietcong as such did not vote or run for office ("Would you have let the Nazis run in a French election in 1944?" P. J. Honey, the major British pro-Administration exponent, said to me in a radio debate), it is less understandable that all neutralist candidates were carefully screened out of the proceedings. Although, on paper, Hanoi and Washington's differences are, as Goodwin says,

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"paper-thin"—about the thickness of a good iron-clad treaty—those between Saigon and the National Liberation Front are deeper than ever, and little is known about the depth of disagreement between the NLF and Hanoi. If past American performance in Vietnam, with its incredible decade of abject capitulations to the Diem régime, is a yardstick, I would not even place any bets on the ability of "determined American pressure" to make a settlement stick in Saigon.

Still, of the four volumes under consideration here, Goodwin's, with its insights into the "corridors of power," is by far the most valuable, even if it is not the last word on the Kennedy Administration's incredibly poor performance in not detecting how really bad the Vietnam mess was. I am still not too sure that further revelations on that score will not become a handy weapon in future political contests between Kennedy heirs and their rivals.

Like the GIs who make up the combat outfits in Vietnam, Jim Lucas's book is nineteen years old. Not that Jim is nineteen years old: when I met him last summer in Cantho in the Mekong Delta after dinner at the mess he looked like a kind-faced grandfather (he actually wore slippers) and I knew that he had a string of reporting prizes dating back to World War II, with medals for bravery to match. *Dateline: Viet-Nam* simply is a collection of his daily dispatches to the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, with all the good and bad things this implies; after reading it I made quite sure that my *New York Times* subscription was fully paid up for the rest of the year. This is reporting as the movies have engraved it in everybody's memory (there was a film with Clark Gable and Lana Turner reporting from Shanghai in 1937 that fits the bill): the hard-hitting, gutsy reporter out front with the skirmish patrols, giving the public the awful smells and noises of war. Television without the electronics. "Then the shooting starts. It lets up, then starts again. Rifles bark. Machine guns chatter. Grenades explode. Noise in the village ceases. Even the dogs are silent," reads one complete paragraph; and there is a counterpart in almost every story. After a few days of this, and the book covers most of the days between January 1964 and April 1966, one fact becomes crystal-clear: War is hell. And it is boring.

If the book had been in the hands of a competent editor, it would at least have been shorn of its repetitions and the citations of the hometown and state of *every* American appearing in the book. What this does to a description of a helicopter ride, with each crew member listed, can only be guessed at.

Not only is there little about the meaning of the war, but there are factual errors. It is absolutely incredible that a journalist operating for more than a year in the Mekong Delta—Lucas is probably the least Saigon-bound of all press "regulars"—would not know anything about the Hoa-Hao Buddhists, among whom he lives. "From our viewpoint," he writes, "the Hoa-Hao have one distinction: They are quite anti-Communist. The Reds once ambushed and wiped out a party of Hoa-Hao leaders.

"The Hoa-Hao detested Diem because he once called a peace parley and locked up Hoa-Hao delegates when they refused his terms. . . ."

In actual fact, the Viet-Minh in 1947 murdered the Prophet Huynh Phu So, who led the whole sect, and Diem, not to be outdone, in 1956 indeed broke the safe-conduct given dissident Hoa-Hao leader Ba-Cut to come in for negotiations and guillotined him in a public square—thus starting a non-Communist rebellion of Hoa-Haos which, in the Mekong Delta, perhaps wreaked as much damage as the Vietcong. If Lucas did not know this as a conscientious, on-the-spot reporter, then the American advisers did not know it either. Of such crass ignorance the whole Vietnam mess is made.

But there are valid passages in *Dateline: Viet-Nam*, and moving ones as well. Lucas is at his best when he waxes indignant over first-aid packages dated "1942" and poor equipment (of which there is plenty, official statements notwithstanding); at finding a specialized combat photographer serving as a driver, a cryptographer clerking in the PX, and so on. Lucas has no reservation about anything that is being done in the name of the war's prosecution, but even he could not stomach the fact that in 1964 "more than half the 23,000 Americans [then] in South Vietnam are concentrated in Saigon with no visible employment"; he tells about a quartermaster colonel assigned to Vietnam for whom a job was "made," and who soon "had a staff of seven to help him with his no-work." Also brutally honest in describing the censorship system existing in Vietnam, Lucas would have made an interesting witness with Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester, for he gives the actual exchange of words between information officers about whether the Army radio station in Vietnam can risk offending the Saigon rulers of the moment by telling the troops what is going on *inside* the country.

No doubt many people will read Lucas's book for the honest, day-to-day reporting it represents, as a sort of Bayeux Tapestry of the Vietnam war. Others will read it as an account in which only the Americans are front-and-center, with the Vietnamese hardly ever coming through as people who are in fact badly hurt while we merely wish to make a score in a world-wide contest. It is the sensitive Jim Lucas who, at the conclusion of his book, cites the old Vietnamese proverb: "Throw gold at the feet of a poor man and he will spit on it. Give him a cup of water with dignity and he will be your friend."

But it is the war reporter who believes that the huge build-up in Vietnam is offering the "water with dignity" while presumably Hanoi and the VC are throwing gold at the feet of the peasants. Vietnam, unfortunately, is a bit more complicated than that.

"Do I have time for a quick one?"

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Checkmate to Chaos

The Decline of the West, *by David Caute (Macmillan, 616 pp. $7.95), concerns the vicissitudes of an infant African nation that resembles in its struggles Algeria and the Congo. Charles R. Larson teaches English and African Studies at the American University in Washington, D.C.*

By CHARLES R. LARSON

THE TIME is the end of the seventh week of the first year of independence. The place is Coppernica, a former French colony in Central Africa, rich in mineral wealth. The people are twelve million Africans, half a million whites, and a handful of international financiers about to manipulate a coup to overthrow the young, inexperienced government. These are the ingredients of David Caute's third novel, *The Decline of the West.*

Caute's title is from Oswald Spengler's historical treatise, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* (*The Decline of the West*). Imperialism, Spengler wrote, "is to be taken as a typical symbol of the end . . . something demonic and huge which grips, forces into service and consumes the late mankind of the world-city stage, whether it wills it or not, whether it knows it or not." Coppernica's government knows it but is able to do little about it. The mines account for 72 per cent of the nation's yearly revenue, and the profits are controlled only marginally by the Africans. French and Anglo-American business interests are so strongly dominated by a few ruthless businessmen that the coup which results resembles an international chess contest with Africans as the set pieces and Western pressure groups as the players. At the end of the competition all the gambits have been played, most of the competitors have lost, and the country is in its worst political chaos.

Caute's characters are vividly drawn, fully delineated personalities. They fall into several distinct groups. First, the industrialists: There is the Englishman Soames Tufton, who hasn't been able to adjust to Coppernica's independent status. "The bridge between black and white has got to be green, the color of dollar bills," he tells Chester Silk, his brother-in-law. Silk is the American ambassador to Coppernica, and he and Tufton own most of the stock in Amcol, the country's second largest copper company. Tufton and Silk are pitted against Frenchman Aristide Plon, who runs the Union de Coppernica, the country's biggest mining concern. Plon has the armed forces behind him, "the French officers who had stayed on after independence—at his beck and call." And Plon and Tufton have André Laval, the sadistic commandant of the special mercenary forces, to carry out the coup which will replace Coppernica's young government with pro-European sympathizers .

As human beings the Africans come off considerably better; the reader sympathizes with them from the beginning. There is Raymond Tukhomada, the charismatic prime minister who as a youth was educated by a French priest until the clergyman thought he was asking too many questions. Then there is Tukhomada's minister of the interior, Amah Odouma, educated in France, the intellectual whose younger sister André Laval tortured to death in the days of fighting which preceded independence. And there is Fernand Ybele, the rapacious leader of the opposition party and puppet of the industrialists.

Alongside these characters are several others upon whom much of Caute's story depends: Powell Bailey, the Negro diplomat and assistant to Ambassador Silk; Jason, Bailey's son, hopelessly in love with Zoe, the ambassador's daughter; and James Caffrey, Tufton's disciple, the thwarted intellectual, pulled into international politics and a career of action. These and others fit into Caute's political parable of bribery and corruption, revolution and death—man's fate.

The Decline of the West comes at a time when many emergent African countries have been forced to re-evaluate their political systems. Coppernica might be any of a dozen of these nations. In its pre-independent stage it resembles Algeria; after independence it bears an uncanny similarity to the Congo: "In large areas of the country the Government's writ had already ceased to run. Ybele's attitude encouraged one tribal chief after another to proclaim breakaway, separatist governments in the provinces." After the coup, "Coppernican politics resembled more than ever a Chicago gang war, and the identity of the Al Capone was less than ever in doubt."

In a larger sense, *The Decline of the West* is a big, ambitious novel stretched over three continents, embracing an international cultural confrontation that rises above the petty neuroses of inner life we have seen chronicled so meticulously in much of contemporary fiction. And in this context the author resembles André Malraux, of whom Caute wrote in his book *Communism and the French Intellectuals*: "When, in 1935, sixty-four French intellectuals defended Musso-

"Here's the pitch, Jenkins. You start out with nothing but one of our credit cards."

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lini's Abyssinian adventure in the name of Western values and Latin civilization, Malraux . . . replied that the West had not been a valid power- or value-concept for many years past." The quotation is applicable to Caute's ugly picture of international force in *The Decline of the West*. Like Malraux's, Caute's expatriates find themselves in a world of extreme political upheaval, in a foreign climate diametrically opposed to Western political life, in a world they strip of human dignity and fraternity. Such are Caute's cosmopolites—citizens of the world, but citizens of nowhere. Coup and counter coup, revolution, guerrilla warfare, violence and torture—all have ramifications beyond the individual and his country. The disasters of world events belong to an endless chain of which no single culture has a monopoly.

Passages in Caute's novel are as fluid and alive as anything that has yet been written about politics in African fiction. Fleeing the mercenaries, Amah Odouma looks out the automobile window and recalls the magnitude of African-Western relations:

> The vast continent was heaving with the effort of childbirth, of self-creation. And always there was the long, flat, empty sky, blanketing the blue hills, the jungles and the neat, plasticine villages, with their fires, their placid, ribbed cattle and their thin, watchful boys shrouded in the fine dust of hunger. Amah felt himself burned to dust by that flat sky which refused to bend with the earth it blistered black. Here the soil was barren. Nothing flowered —not even the mines, the hard shafts, the pistons of European steel which penetrated the mineral depths, thrusting down with vertical greed, guided by steel-helmeted technicians – white men, calm and arrogant, whose senses had been sharpened by gain.

This is where Caute's writing is at its best—when he writes of the rhythm and heartbeat of contemporary African life, the dreariness of its villages, the throb of its cities. The pace diminishes only occasionally in the extensive flashbacks set in France, England, and the United States. It is difficult to keep them as electrifying as the sections describing the initial coup and the aftermath of guerrilla warfare between the white mercenaries and the African political factions: these are the chapters which will undoubtedly make *The Decline of the West* an international best-seller.

At the end of the novel an African country has realized that the problems of nation-building cannot be learned overnight: the burden of the white man continues long after independence. But David Caute's *The Decline of the West* is also a powerful commentary on the moral commitments the West has long ignored in Africa.

Please let her know you care....

ESTHELA RODRIGUEZ, ECUADORIAN, AGE 8. One of large family. Father peddler. Mother looks after house and children. Father earns less than $1.50 a day. Live in filthy slum in small bamboo house built over muddy water. Crowded. Unhealthy. No water. No sewage. Kitchen stove in outside shed. Two skimpy meals a day. No milk. Always hungry. Children in rags. Struggle to keep Esthela in school. Dreams of becoming a nurse. Parents sick with worry over children they cannot feed, clothe, educate. Help to Esthela means help to whole family.

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Inferno Revisited

***Attendance List for a Funeral,** by Alexander Kluge, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (McGraw-Hill. 203 pp. $4.95), contains eleven short stories about people under Nazism, in which the official language of the Hitler era chillingly conveys its horror. Joseph Bauke is associate professor of Germanic languages at Columbia University.*

By JOSEPH BAUKE

IN THE last five or six years German literature has made the comeback for which readers in and outside Germany had been waiting since the fall of the Third Reich. Günter Grass and Jakov Lind, above all, have revived a language that seemed all but dead and unfit for any artistic purposes, after the uses to which it was put under Hitler. In their work these authors descend into the hell of the past and reflect their vision of it in a profusion of surrealistic images that has compelled the attention of audiences in many countries. In his collection of short stories, *Attendance List for a Funeral,* Alexander Kluge demonstrates that there are other ways of exorcising the evil spirits of an era.

Kluge, born in 1932, was too young to experience the Nazi years consciously; but, like many of his generation, he is profoundly concerned with the sins committed by the fathers. A lawyer by profession, he writes with a precision and a detachment rather rare in the German tradition. In these stories about the paths of people under Nazism there are no verbal cascades, no intellectual fireworks, no expressionist flights into the absolute. Instead, we have a prose as reasoned and as dispassionate as a lawyer's brief. In one of the stories, a superb piece about the career of an academic, Kluge resorts to lengthy footnotes to underscore his quest for the factual.

Sometimes the tendency to documen-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

A NOVEL SWITCH

Taking fifteen works by major novelists, Lorraine Reitano of Hammonton, N. J., has perversely substituted related words for their titles; synonyms, antonyms, and puns are among her camouflages. Can you disentangle the titles and assign the correct author to each? Solutions and correct titles are given on page 118.

Negligible Prospects ( )	1. Pearl S. Buck
A Fixed Banquet ( )	2. Erskine Caldwell
The Walking-Stick Revolt ( )	3. Willa Cather
Yearning for Decease ( )	4. Charles Dickens
The First Cheer ( )	5. Lloyd C. Douglas
Curve of Defeat ( )	6. George Eliot
A Tender Trip ( )	7. William Faulkner
In Positive Struggle ( )	8. Ernest Hemingway
Majestic Male ( )	9. James Hilton
Snuff Boulevard ( )	10. Edwin O'Connor
Paltry Mania ( )	11. Erich Maria Remarque
The Quiet and the Rage ( )	12. John Steinbeck
Centrewalk ( )	13. Laurence Sterne
Two of Yours ( )	14. Irving Stone
Casual Crop ( )	15. Herman Wouk

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tation is mannered and awkward, as in "A Change of Career," where quotations from Nietzsche, Humboldt, Socrates, and assorted pedagogues are interpolated in the story of a teacher who quits his job in disgust over the treatment accorded one of his colleagues. "Around 1800 apprehensive people started channeling Germany's intellectual life. Ideality replaced power, sublimation replaced criticism, legal history outdistanced law, attention was focused on philosophy rather than practice, on history of art rather than construction." A textbook sentence like this, providing a short view of the road that led Germany to disaster, may contain more than a grain of truth; but it does not account for the plight in which a particular teacher finds himself at a particular juncture of his professional life. A hero who is nothing but the victim of history has our pity—at the risk of losing our interest.

In the best stories of the collection Kluge creates exemplars of humanity and inhumanity that no reader will ever forget. The four pages of "An Experiment in Love," dealing with the enforced copulation of sterilized camp inmates, have as much power as many a long novel on the horrors of the camps. In "Lieutenant Boulanger" Kluge evokes the complex emotions of an officer detailed for the collecting of craniums of "Jewish-Bolshevist commissars." While carrying out his duties, Boulanger reads philosophical works "because it was important to him to convey his ideas and good intentions to an area where they could not harm the performance of his duties." In these two stories, and in one or two others, Kluge achieves a perfect fusion of *Zeitgeist* and individual fate.

The English translation, competent though it is, does not and cannot convey the full flavor of the original. Kluge uses the language of the Hitler period, with its white lies, hypocrisies, and bureaucratic euphemisms, as perfectly as any writer ever has. In fact, some of the most chilling passages are lifted from official documents: "When the death of the Jew has subsequently been brought about, the officer will separate the head from the trunk . . ." The damage that the German language has suffered in this century could not be shown more clearly. The brutality of the state-appointed murderers seeps even into everyday conversation: "She turned up in Nuremberg," we are told, "as a cripple who could get about only in a wheelchair, that is unless she wanted to crawl." And then there is the girl at the carnival party who says: "I feel like eating ice cream till they gas me."

Thus, *Attendance List for a Funeral* is not a pleasant book. Reading it is a sobering experience, and an enlightening one.

Goldfish-Bowl War: Here is one of the first novels about the war in Vietnam. Having noted that, a correction is in order. *The Last Bridge*, by Brian Garfield (McKay, $4.95), is not a Vietnam war novel, but an adventure story which borrows a page-one location that happens to be Vietnam.

Readers interested in the bang-bang rather than the think-think of Vietnam will find this a flavorsome mixture. There's that bridge up in the North which must be taken out because it's a key supply link. It's a poor man's River Kwai bridge, without the ambiguity or the anguish. Then there's the captain held prisoner who must be rescued before he spills the secrets to that English-speaking North Vietnamese colonel (the one who does the old fingernail torture). And away we go.

The suicide mission takes off in a beat-up old plane; why it is of World War II vintage and hardly airworthy, despite the vital errand, is the author's secret. The cast includes a heroic colonel, a captain who distrusts the colonel, a sergeant from the U. S. South who considers all slope-eyed allies gooks or peckerheads. In the background is a devious American general, who sees the war in glorious black-and-white:

> "We've got a dirty little war here that ought to be wiped off the books and forgotten, but it won't be, because it's taking place inside a glass fishbowl. People who live in glass fishbowls can't afford to get caught. The Army can't take it, and my command can't take it."

In the course of the mission to rescue the captain and blow up the bridge, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of bullets and munitions fly through the air. Single- and double-crosses occur, and people seem to stumble across each other in the thickest jungle. Everybody talks tough but dies well. The native girl carrying the submachine gun gets kissed by the colonel, who during the clinch expounds what may be the ha'penny philosophy of Vietnam: "We fight because we don't want our children to have to fight."

Otherwise, *The Last Bridge* is bankrupt as a novel about the agony and morality of Vietnam. The author has written several other works of fiction, and he has done his homework of fact and local color here remarkably well. But being a hot pistol about this war's action adds little in fact or fiction; indeed, it's a form of evasion to use a war locale for its own sake. The war in Vietnam is too complex and tormenting for a mere yarn.

—Herbert Mitgang.

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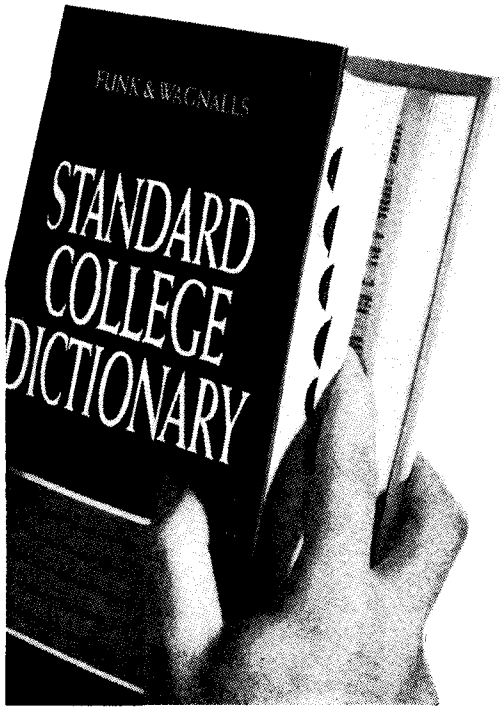

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event: Roger Corman's *The Wild Angels,* Conrad Rooks's *Chappaqua,* and Alex Matter's non-competing *The Drifter;* as —in differing ways—it was also present in Germany's *The Girl Without a Story,* directed by Alexander Kluge; in Tapan Sinha's Indian entry, *The Fugitive;* in Angelino Fons's Spanish film, *The Search;* and in Italy's *The Shadow of a Man,* directed by Vittorio de Seta.

In Corman's film, quite well received despite the semi-official U.S. hesitancies about the "image" of America its law-skirting motorcyclists presented, the problem is mainly exposed, with few if any attempts at moralizing. Conrad Rooks, in *Chappaqua,* with the aid of noteworthy pop-tical camera work by Robert Frank, visualizes and dramatizes another form of escape, or search—namely, dope. *The Drifter,* which was unjustly slighted and deserved a competing berth more than many others seen here, delineated the anguish of a man searching desperately for a rooted existence but at the same time fearful of finding it.

Indeed, *The Drifter* might easily provide the title for the whole group of films. Kluge's "girl," in *The Girl Without a Story* (with *Young Toerless* one of the few intelligent and promising films to come out of Germany since the war), is also a "drifter," whose difficulty in "adapting" symbolizes the guilt of the society in which she lives. Tarapada, the youngster in India's *The Fugitive,* is a would-be drifter, forever seeking escape from his drab village existence. And the Spanish film at Venice, Angelino Fons's *The Search,* is again about a youngster in search of stability in a cruel, selfish, every-man-for-himself society: that of Madrid *circa* 1900 (but with more than a hint that a more modern implication is intended).

The star of *The Search,* Jacques Perrin, is also the key character in Vittorio de Seta's *The Shadow of a Man,* Italy's contribution to the "drifter" problem. Here we have a writer, frustrated in his love life and in his creative activity by childhood memories, who takes the flashback route to apparent salvation by uncovering the villains and the situations that brought it all on. Undoubtedly, Perrin won the Venice acting award more for this performance than for that in the Spanish film, although both of these roles were credited.

—Robert F. Hawkins.

Editor's note: *Mr. Hawkins is a correspondent for Variety, based in Italy.*

3. *Vancouver: Questions*

Vancouver, B.C.

SEVERAL TIMES each year I receive letters from film enthusiasts who feel it might enhance the cultural life of their community if they could only organize an annual festival. Not big, glamorous festivals like those at Cannes or Venice, which, they always suggest, must inevitably be tainted by commercial and touristic considerations. Their concern is rather with the artistic efforts of Europe and the Orient, shorts as well as features that their local movie houses are too money-grubbing to bother about. Of course, they would like a Hollywood picture, too—just to prove that they are not snobs. "To whom can I write," these letters generally conclude, "to start lining up free films?"

I have just been through an event, Vancouver's ninth annual film festival (September 7-17), that seems to have been organized (and here I use the word loosely) along just such lines. It is so pure, so free of commercial or touristic considerations, that precious few people in Vancouver have even heard of it, despite the fact that it is offered in a fair-sized midtown theater and has, across the years, acquired a considerable reputation outside Canada. But viewing it from the inside, as a juror, I was made constantly and painfully aware of how much more is needed for a successful, meaningful festival than the best of intentions.

Perhaps the very first requirement is adequate financing—financing for the preliminary selection and acquisition of pictures, financing for intensive pre-festival promotion, money for adequate screening facilities (with projectors and projectionists able to cope with the varying screen ratios used in other countries), money to cover the expenses of a jury (if a jury is deemed necessary) and to import the directors, stars, and starlets who alone can cast an aura of festive glamour over what must otherwise remain simply a series of film shows. The novice, the amateur, has no idea how these expenses can mount up.

While few of my correspondents have ever admitted to wanting their festival to make money, most of them seem to cherish the notion that they can break even—a form of wishful thinking that has absolutely no foundation in fact. Last year's New York festival, for example, ended with a deficit of more than $50,000, although it played to about 95 per cent of the capacity of the huge Philharmonic Hall. Lincoln Center's board cheerfully made up the difference, and felt it had staged a successful event. Organizers of similar festivals must also look to other sources—wealthy boards, tourist bureaus, trade associations, chambers of commerce, local government—for their inevitable deficit financing.

No less basic is a realistic appraisal of the film sources. The Iron Curtain countries, of course, can always be relied upon to send pictures to almost any festival, great or small. Whether or not their films contain explicit propaganda, they carry the view of a way of life that their creators are actively seeking to promote. The more desirable pictures from England, France, Italy, and Sweden, however, have almost certainly found their way into the hands of commercial distributors. Even after receiving the blessing of the International Federation of Film Producers, which seeks to control the proliferation of festivals throughout the world, one is still left with the necessity of negotiating with distributors who feel—not unjustifiably—that since they paid hard cash for the picture, anyone who wants to run it should do the same. And if, at times, they can be induced to toss a bone, such as the three-year-old French film, *Bay of Angels,* which ran at Vancouver, the American majors are far more intransigent—*Ride in the Whirlwind,* a distressingly low-budgeted independent Western, was the sole American entry.

Because Vancouver is not permitted by the International Federation to run a competitive festival, at least so far as features are concerned, the three judges there found themselves winnowing through seemingly endless mounds of shorts—documentaries, TV shows, medical films, travelogues, and literally dozens on British Columbia's thriving lumber industries. Out of them came a dozen legitimate prizewinners, including *Petrol,* a marvelously imaginative industrial film from West Germany, and *Ecce Homo,* a moving and evocative art film from Czechoslovakia that made brilliant use of medieval Madonnas. It was typical of Vancouver's organization, however, that until the jury reached its verdict on the final night, the shorts screened for the public seemed to have been picked almost at random, with preference given to the drearier and more banal TV documentaries and travelogues.

Frequently during the ten days of the Vancouver festival its hard-working committee people lamented that neither their city nor their community was giving them proper support. I wonder if any of them stopped to ask just what there was about their festival that was actually worth supporting.

—Arthur Knight.

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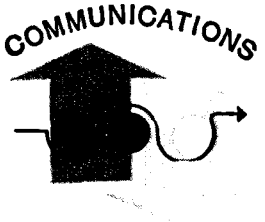
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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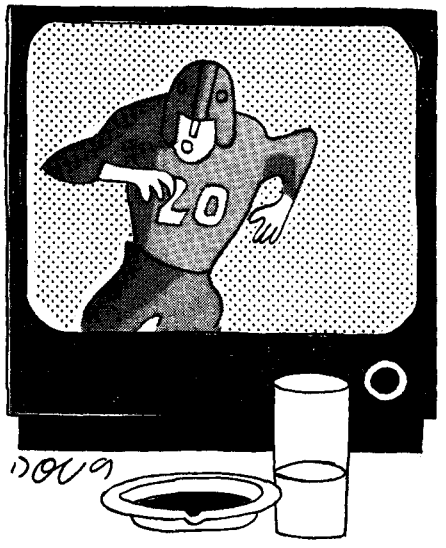

The Television Sports Hoax

WORLD SERIES TIME is as good as any for taking a look at the amazing sports explosion on television. October is a sports peak in any year, and the autumn of 1966 will be no exception as the sporting events scheduled between now and the time snow flies fulfil their promise. If sports saturated the networks on weekends a year ago they are over the edge in 1966, for the audience is obviously there or the advertisers wouldn't be. Since they are elbowing one another out of the way in a headlong rush to the TV screen, it's apparent that the ratings are not exaggerated and that this fall's sports coverage will be the heaviest ever, though not necessarily the best-reported.

October is a prime sports peak because the twilight of baseball, reaching a climax with the World Series, coincides with amateur and professional football, now covered by radio and television as no sport has ever been covered before, from high school games on Friday nights to the Green Bay Packers on Sunday. The Columbia Broadcasting System is televising 102 National Football League games this fall, the National Broadcasting Company is showing the American Football League, and the American Broadcasting Company picks up the NCAA football schedule. ABC is also very strong in golf. While CBS carries the Masters from Augusta, ABC usually schedules the National Open, the PGA, the British Open, and the Tournament of Champions, plus a dozen other golf tournaments on TV, plus NBA basketball.

The sports telecast with the largest audience in 1965 was the World Series. On October 10 a year ago, three of every four sets tuned in to afternoon television were tuned to NBC, and the accumulated audience for the whole Series made it overwhelmingly the premium TV sporting event of the year. NBC's coverage of the Rose Bowl football game was next, CBS's NFL championship classic third, and various year-end football spectaculars followed in no particular order. College football was, generally speaking, less attractive to the TV audience than the pro game, and early ratings of the 1966 season indicate no change in pattern.

As we have suggested above, however, the volume of TV sports coverage in the autumn of 1966 has little or nothing to do with the quality of the reporting. We listened to a great many college football games last fall, and not one Saturday went by, dull or exciting, on which the announcers did not agree completely with one another that the game broadcast that particular Saturday afternoon was "one of the top (or best or greatest) games of the season." What little true sports reporting came through the screen came from former players and coaches now happily assigned to football (and to big-league baseball). They usually had something to say beyond nice-Nelly happy talk, though their wingback and split-T vocabulary makes little or no sense some of the time. One always has the feeling, in any case, that the football broadcaster is well aware he is being paid and paid well to promote the sport, not report it.

Yet if the football broadcaster is frightened of facts and candor, he is a paragon of veracity compared to the day-to-day big league baseball

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telecaster. The reason is quite simple: Almost every baseball TV-radio man in America is on the payroll of the ball club he's broadcasting for and dare not be critical in any way of the men who sign his paycheck and may or may not re-hire him for 1967. Take the New York Yankees. The Yankees are now owned by CBS, of all people, and despite their worst season since 1913, Yankee fortunes were made to sound all summer as though nothing much had happened to a champion ball club. Phil Rizzuto, a former Yankee shortstop, and Jerry Coleman, a former infielder, were hard put to keep up their Pollyanna monologue toward the end of the most miserable season in modern memory (even Ballantine beer and ale gave up at season's end), though that honest old broadcaster Red Barber did occasionally cover the real news, bad or good, and Joe Garagiola was usually worth listening to for his irrepressible humor. Barber has been fired for his candid journalism, but his broadcasting was the exception to a practically ironclad rule in television: Don't bite the hand that's paying you. Newspaper sportswriters labor under no such handicap, and frequently one must wait until morning to find out what really happened out there.

Fortunately for baseball there's an official scorer who calls the plays, and when the home club makes an error the broadcaster has to call it an error, though he may try to laugh it off. But the football broadcaster has no official scoring mechanism, and if a star end drops an easy pass at a critical moment the broadcaster can simply call the pass incomplete and go on to something less painful. He is, in most cases, as much of a shill for the house as is the baseball broadcaster actually on the ball club's payroll. In either case the American sports public is being hoaxed and shortchanged. Luckily for most sports fans, they can read the facts the following day. But they shouldn't have to wait.

So, CBS goes on with 102 regular-season NFL games this fall, plus the championship, playoff and pro bowl telecasts, and a total audience in the hundreds of millions. NBC and ABC will not be far behind with their AFL and NCAA spectaculars. For the time being, though, the hoax will continue and we'll still have to read the sportswriters next day to find out what really happened (we're not even allowed to see for ourselves, since the camera is habitually switched away from controversial or unpleasant events on grounds that the advertiser might be offended). Some network somewhere, someday, will give a legitimate sportscaster the right to tell the truth, leaving out the sugarcoating and saccharine superlatives. When that happens sports telecasting will grow up, but not before. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Strikes and the Public Interest

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST and approval R.L.T.'s editorial of August 13, entitled "The Only Sensible Way." As you so clearly state, the growing rash of work stoppages in vital industries underscores the pressing need for a comprehensive review and revision of our national labor policies.

Both organized labor and management usually have the resources and the strength to survive, without undue hardship, the rigors of protracted strikes. Average citizens are seldom so fortunate, and it is these innocent bystanders who suffer the most from idle trains, grounded planes, and silent presses.

Earlier this year, I introduced legislation to establish a five-man United States Court of Labor-Management Relations with jurisdiction in labor-management stalemates that threaten the national interest. The Court would act as a backstop to our traditional system of free collective bargaining, and its actions and orders would be calculated to buttress that system—not replace it.

Briefly, this is how the Court of Labor-Management Relations would work in a serious dispute: Upon the finding of the President that an actual or threatened walkout in a major industry imperilled the national safety or welfare, the Attorney General would be directed to invoke the jurisdiction of the Court. Once it entered the situation, it could enjoin the walkout for eighty days.

During the eighty-day period, collective bargaining would continue under the supervision of the judges, who could issue whatever orders might be necessary to induce honest negotiations. If, at the conclusion of the eighty days, both parties believed they were near agreement and voluntarily requested a continuation of the injunction, the Court would comply, and free bargaining would go on. If, however, it was apparent that a voluntary settlement could never be achieved, the Court would hear the case for each side and would then hand down a binding judgment dealing with wages, hours, and any other contested questions.

Currently, the measure to create the Court of Labor-Management Relations is pending in a Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which I am a member. It now appears doubtful that we will be able to get action completed before the 89th Congress adjourns, but you may be certain that I will again introduce this bill next year—and in each succeeding year until Congress meets its responsibility by establishing machinery to protect millions of innocent Americans from the ravages of industrial strife.

GEORGE A. SMATHERS,
U.S. Senator, Florida.

Washington, D.C.

MY HEARTY THANKS for your excellent editorial on the nation-wide airlines strike. Your account of arbitration in New Zealand is enlightening. The present method of achieving higher wages by strike, especially where the public is made to suffer as it was in the airline strike, is barbarous.

But there is another side to this picture that should be considered. As a frequent passenger on our airlines, I have been impressed by the huge increase in air passenger traffic in the last few years. The profits of the airlines have shown a spectacular increase, which has naturally excited the appetite of their employees.

Where industrial leaders have the last word in determining the prices, and where the corporate profits have often unduly increased by unilateral price rises that the public is helpless to protest, it is not to be wondered that employees should take a leaf out of their employers' price book and demand the same right to set their own wages through the clumsy and costly route of strikes to determine their own compensation.

To say that compulsory arbitration is "the *only* sensible way," may be going too far. The use of profit sharing by more enlightened employers in certain companies is on the increase. This has the great benefit of enlisting the service of employees in effecting economies that can benefit first the employer and employee, and then even the consuming public. Where there is profit sharing, strikes are virtually nonexistent.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER.

Spokane, Wash.

THE EDITORIAL "The Only Sensible Way" gives the only practical answer I have seen in print to the problem of abuse of public interests engendered by a paralyzing nation-wide strike. In such cases labor and management are like parents of a mistreated child—the child, like the public, is helpless to defend or protect itself from mercenary or abusive treatment.

R.L.T.'s reference to a model of compulsory arbitration—New Zealand's arbitration court in which three members only (two lay persons representing labor and management, and a judge) make the final decision while production and public services go on, would indicate a solution is available if it could only be adopted here.

Senator Lausche of my state and Senator Javits of New York have offered a solution under our own laws by calling for binding arbitration to strengthen the federal government's hand. If this is the only recourse open to us it should surely be made into law before the American public is again used as a tool by arbitrating parties to gain their own ends.

ELEANOR P. ROBERS.

Cincinnati, O.

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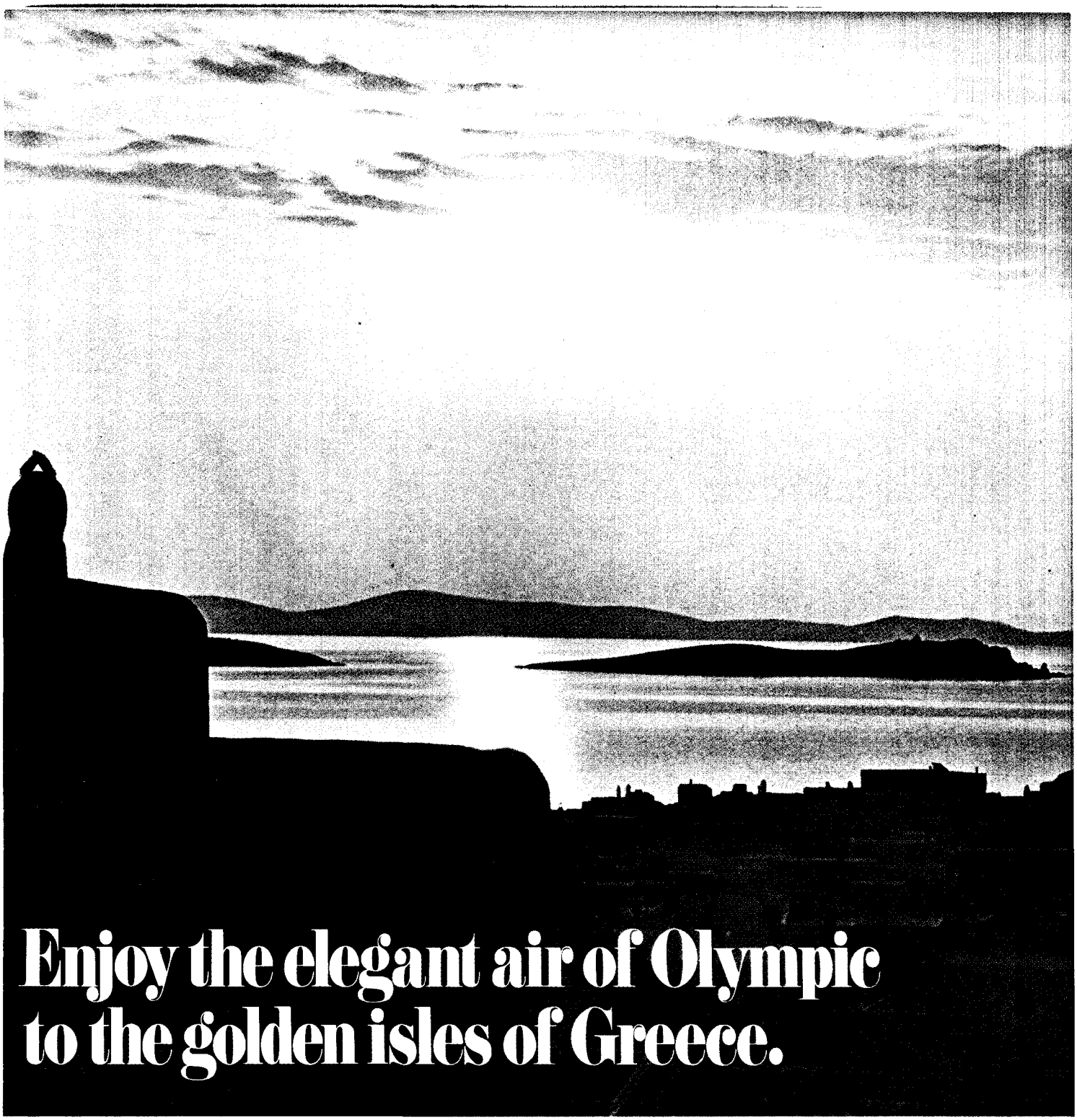

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BOEING

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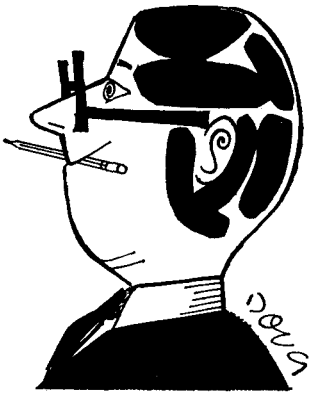
THE LITERARY AGENT

His Function, Life, and Power



By PAUL R. REYNOLDS

ONCE A MONTH six men and one woman—seven of the leading literary agents of New York City—lunch together. In business they are rivals, but they are scarcely conscious of the competition. They are close friends who like to exchange news and gossip of the literary market. Collectively, these agents sell in excess of $12,000,000 worth of literary material each year. Collectively, they represent some 1,500 writers. Some of their writers are literary figures such as John Dos Passos or Conrad Richter. Others write drivel or the so-called non-book. The agents represent enormous money makers such as Irving Wallace, H. Allen Smith, Daphne Du Maurier, Morris West, William Shirer, and Agatha Christie; and they represent first novelists whose books may sell fewer than 2,500 copies and may earn less than $1,500.

What do these agents do?

The primary function of the literary agent is to obtain for an author as much money as possible. Authors often are not good businessmen: They are poor judges of their own work, and in their modesty they may underrate it, or in their egotism they may overrate it. The agent sells the manuscripts of his clients, negotiates the price and the details of the contract, collects the money from the buyer, retains a 10 per cent commission, and remits 90 per cent to the author. Or in the case of a manuscript with sensationally high sales potential he may conduct an auction before one word is written. He may offer a dozen copies of the manuscript to a dozen potential buyers asking for bids. Or he may have a single manuscript which he assiduously offers to one publisher after another. The agent may fail to sell such a manuscript, or may find a buyer only after many declinations. In one case, an agent made a sale only on the sixty-sixth submission.

An agent deals in many rights. He may make a contract with a book publisher for book publication, then another contract with a magazine for first magazine publication, and a third contract for the motion picture or television rights. He also may do a substantial foreign business, making contracts for publication in London and in translation on the Continent. The agent for *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, by William L. Shirer, made more than twenty individual contracts for separate rights to the book. Agents, of course, also handle many short stories and articles and, occasionally, screenplays. Fewer than 4 per cent of the published novels are sold in the movies, but the revenue from such sales may be enormous: An author such as James Michener or Irving Wallace may get a quarter of a million dollars or more for the picture rights to a novel.

The leading New York agents employ from eight to twenty people, including a bookkeeper, an office boy, secretaries, etc. Large agencies are somewhat compartmentalized: One person may handle nothing but translation rights, and one or two others may do nothing but negotiate magazine sales. Such an agency may make from 150 to 300 book contracts a year and sell an equivalent number of short pieces to magazines. It also has an extremely large number of minor transactions such as reprints and sales in translation for small sums. The Japanese, for instance, buy rights to many American books, paying from $150 to $300 a book.

In practice, the agent is more than merely a businessman. At times he has an editorial function, although this activity is not nearly as extensive as the publisher's. For the name writer, the agent gives little, if any, editorial help. For relatively new writers, the agent may offer suggestions as to cutting of a manuscript, expansion, greater development of a character, etc. The agent also may assist in the editorial packaging and promotion of books—pressure for a good "selling jacket," more advertising, etc., as well as helping obtain agreement between author and publisher on a title that will help the sale of the book.

Not the least important function of the agent is that of father-confessor. Authors have doubts as to what to write next: fiction, non-fiction, books, or short pieces. They may be undecided between two or more ideas, or which publisher or publishing arrangement is most desirable. They can discuss these doubts with their families or friends, but neither usually is sufficiently knowledgeable to be helpful. They can talk to an editor or publisher, but it is hard to confide one's doubts to an editor with whom one expects to bargain. The agent, however, is experienced in publishing matters; he may have known the author and his work for many years; and agent and author have a mutual interest. One of the agent's functions is simply to listen, to make suggestions, and to express opinions. Thus, the author-agent relationship may result in strong personal friendship—one agent has had more than twenty books dedicated to him.

THE Yellow Pages of the New York telephone book now list eighty-seven agents. Of these, some specialize in selling plays or motion pictures, and some act primarily as employment agents for actors, directors, and producers. No license is required to become an agent, and there are no formal qualifications to be met. As a result, every year individuals enter the occupation, sometimes with no office other than their apartment, and every year people fail and leave the business, almost unnoticed.

A number of the people listed as agents are not really agents, but predatory sharks. These so-called agents advertise extensively in writers' magazines and obtain an avalanche of manuscripts. But they do not make their living from commissions; they make their living from charging reading fees to unpublished writers. These fees may range from $10 to several hundred dollars. (In the latter case, the pseudo-agent probably would promise to have the manuscript rewritten.) In exchange for the fee, these self-styled agents then may give or pretend to give criticism, or they may offer or say they will offer the manuscript to buyers. But these so-called agents may not be competent to criticize, and most of the manuscripts they receive are so hopeless that they cannot benefit from criticism, and, of course, cannot be sold or published. Thus the author receives nothing of value for his fee. Yet these advertising sharks milk the writing trade of hundreds of thou-

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Paul R. Reynolds, a veteran New York City literary agent, is the author of *The Writing and Selling of Fiction*.

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sands of dollars each year. It is a shocking racket.

Who are the legitimate agents? There is a Society of Author's Representatives, an organization of legitimate literary agents and legitimate play brokers, all of whom make their living from commissions resulting from sales. The Society requires of its members certain standards of business practice and ethical conduct. With two or three exceptions, every literary agent and play broker who has a substantial business and a reputation for integrity and competence is a member.

How does the legitimate agent obtain his clients? He does not advertise. The professional code holds that it is as unethical for an agent to advertise as it is for a lawyer or a doctor to do so. The agent obtains clients by recommendation of his own client authors, or editors, or publishers, or perhaps by attending a writers' conference. Obtaining a client often means being in the right spot at the right time, and the agent never knows in advance what spot or time is right.

One agent on a business trip, for example, stopped in Dallas, Texas, at 9 p.m. to see an author whose first novel he admired and had just placed with a publisher. Bad weather delayed his departure until 2 a.m. the next day. By midnight, the agent had filled the author full of information about the literary business. The author then told him of a friend who was a brilliant writer, although unpublished. The agent, delighted to break the conversational monotony, went with the author to the friend's house, woke up the friend by throwing pebbles at his bedroom window, and had a long conference over highballs. The first author ultimately gave up writing but his friend became a valuable client.

A legitimate agent receives many unsolicited manuscripts from acquaintances of his clients or from people who somehow have heard of him. But he accepts few, if any, of these manuscripts, for these unpublished writers usually want an agent for the wrong reasons. They think of an agent as someone who can sell manuscripts which the author cannot sell. They are unwilling to believe what, in nine of ten cases is the truth: that the manuscripts are poor and, hence, unsalable. Every author, however, published or unpublished, should realize that no agent can sell anything which the author on his own cannot sell, provided the author offers his work assiduously.

Authors often change their publishers, but once an author retains an agent, the author rarely leaves him. Joseph Wechsberg, Paul Gallico, Catherine Drinker Bowen, Thornton Wilder, Frank Slaughter, and Ogden Nash all have been with their own agents for more than twenty-five years. Yet each has had more than one publisher through the years.

Agents make mistakes. One agent received an offer of $1,000 from a motion picture company for the rights to an obscure short story published in *Argosy* magazine five or six years previously. The agent cabled the author that the offer was for $10,000. What caused the mistake the agent still does not know. He just knows that he should have had his head examined. The author cabled back, "Delighted at motion picture offer. Please accept." When the agent's idiotic clerical mistake was discovered, the author quite naturally was furious and refused to accept $1,000, and the story never was sold in pictures. Had the agent's cable given the true figure of $1,000, the author probably would have accepted. In another case, the agent for *Native Son,* by Richard Wright, failed to insert in the book contract a simple sentence that would have saved the author thousands of dollars in taxes.

THEN there was the instance involving the agent for the great best seller, *Captain from Castile,* by Samuel Shellabarger. Prior to publication of the book the agent received an offer of $40,000 from Paramount for the picture rights. The author, in need of money, told the agent to accept. Twentieth Century-Fox had also expressed interest in the book, and the agent gave Fox twenty-four hours to buy the rights for $100,000. Fox purchased at that price, the agent was pleased with himself, and the author was in raptures. A year later, an executive of Fox, who was a friend of the agent's, told him that Fox had authorized the executive, if necessary, to pay up to $150,000. The author was out $50,000 because his agent was not a better guesser and better bargainer.

The other side of the coin is that agents can ask too much money and never sell a property. One agent, for instance, received from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer an offer of $25,000 for rights to a novel written by a well-known literary figure. The author insisted on $35,000, which Metro refused to pay. When the novel was published, it had only a modest sale, and the picture rights never were sold.

Agents occasionally find themselves caught in the midst of extremely curious gyrations. Once, an author, who shall remain nameless, wrote three romances which had only modest sales in book stores. He delivered a fourth novel that the agent thought extremely poor, and the publisher, much as he liked the author, regretfully declined to publish the novel. The agent offered the novel to eleven publishers without success. He then offered the book to Appleton (now Appleton-Century-Crofts). Appleton lost the manuscript. The author had no carbon copy, and nothing but three or four pages of notes. To the agent's amazement and pleasure, Appleton, remorseful for its error in losing the manuscript, offered a contract with money down if the author would rewrite the manuscript. This the author did in the next year. The agent thought the rewritten novel was, if anything, worse than the first version. Appleton, too, was unhappy about the book, but the firm published it according to its contract and sold some 1,400 copies.

Appleton, having lost substantially from this publication, thought it should have the chance to publish the author's next work. If that were good, perhaps it could recoup its earlier loss. But the author, furious at Appleton, first, for losing his manuscript, and, second, for selling only 1,400 copies of the rewritten work, insisted upon a new publisher. Houghton Mifflin published the author's next novel, which was a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection and a best seller.

In Hollywood the agent is omnipresent. Several agencies are enormous. The largest, William Morris & Company, has more than 200 employees. Not merely writers, but actors, directors, and producers use agents. A person writing for motion pictures or television cannot handle his own work [see "The Hollywood Screen Writers," *SR,* July 9]. Studios and producers will not read scripts offered by authors directly. Fortunately, this is not true in the print media in New York. There the agent is never obligatory.

Sometimes it is said that it is more difficult for the author of a good manuscript to find a good agent than to find a good publisher. This may well be true. An agent is busy and has a large overhead to carry. He cannot afford to sell to the minor magazines. He cannot afford to handle a writer who does not make substantial money each year. Thus most authors make their first sales themselves. Only then can they obtain the services of a legitimate agent.

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Canonizing the Superficial

By JOSEPH N. BELL

THE HOLLYWOOD INTERVIEW is a peculiarly parochial Southern California tribal rite with daily repercussions in the press all over the world. For better or worse, it probably produces more yards of newspaper and magazine copy, read by more people, than any other single journalistic gambit. And, oddly enough, the results of the Hollywood interview are more likely to show up in *The New York Times* or the *Christian Science Monitor* than in *Passionate Screen Romances* or similar publications seen most commonly on coffee tables in beauty shops.

"Fan magazines" make up the nether world of the Hollywood interview, and, at best, are peripheral to it, often cadging their interview material from old newspaper clippings. At the heart of the system are the representatives of the substantial newspapers, magazines, and wire services of the world – including several dozen established Hollywood reporters-in-residence, as well as visiting motion picture and TV editors who usually make an annual peregrination from Oshkosh or Macon or Amarillo to do a "round of studio interviews."

These troops can be seen during almost any cocktail hour at the Beverly Hills Hotel or any lunch hour at studio commissaries, pencils poised, listening intently to bosomy young actresses of low décolletage and uncertain IQ, or long-haired young men in cowboy garb. From such interviews comes the grist of the entertainment page for the folks back home.

One facet in particular sets the Hollywood interview apart from other types of journalistic research: The interviewee doesn't *have* to say something profound for it to be newsworthy. Sometimes, the mere reporting of a face-to-face meeting between writer and star is enough. Sometimes—but certainly not always. I have, for example, a fistful of interview notes from three lengthy sessions with Doris Day that have never made it into print. The reasons are complicated, but they illustrate the hazards to the journalist of the Hollywood interview.

Miss Day is a formidable subject to tackle in Hollywood. She has earned several "Sour Apple" awards for her lack of cooperation with the press. She demands copy clearance as a prerequisite for an interview. And even with this safeguard, certain subjects—for example, her previous marriages, her religion, her views on contemporary issues that might be controversial (or, worse, nonexistent) —are *verboten*.

I confronted these ground rules when I was asked to interview Miss Day for a large national magazine. Ordinarily, this publication would have balked at copy clearance, but when Miss Day agreed to sign the article, the editor agreed to let her censor it. Arrangements for me to see her were made through Miss Day's husband, Martin Melcher, who is also her business manager.

She was working on a film at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the time, and I was escorted to her studio suite—a three-room throwback to the days of the Big Stars at MGM—where her secretary entertained me with stories of her employer's humanitarianism while we awaited Miss Day. She burst in finally, all healthy, suntanned and vigorous, clad in Bermuda shorts and palpably nervous about the prospect of talking with a stranger. She wasn't used to this sort of thing, she told me, having granted her last interview two years earlier. Her opening gambit was a little disconcerting to a visitor who hadn't yet uttered a word. Fixing me with an uneasy eye, she asked brusquely: "Now, how long do you have to have?"

She relaxed a little, but not much, when I told her I thought it would take several sessions of talk to get acquainted and dig down to some feelings that would give readers insight into Miss Day. As we lunched on chopped steak in her dressing room, she came back repeatedly—usually at a moment when I thought we were at least establishing some sort of empathy—to the question of how much more time I would need.

In my three interview sessions with her, we talked endlessly of baseball, health food, the importance of exercise (which she demonstrated delightfully for me), the joys of America, and the need for upbeat entertainment. Every effort to steer conversation into more provocative areas was turned away with, "Oh, now, we don't want to get into that, do we?"

When it became clear that she would approve nothing of even mild substance for publication, I reported this to my editor. We washed out the project and chalked up the lost time to experience. Oddly enough, during these interviews with Miss Day, in spite of the superficial nature of the talk, I learned a great deal that would have humanized her. But the peculiar circumstances of the interview arrangements prevented me from using it, and I am now one of the world's foremost unpublished authorities on Doris Day.

Turn the coin over, however, and you are likely to find an Eva Marie Saint, a bright and blithe spirit little concerned with public images. Within the strictures of a single two-hour lunch with Miss Saint, it was possible to scratch below a façade and find a person. She talked easily about the vicissitudes of her business, the idiosyncracies of her associates —and herself—and the childhood drives that had made her an actress. When I asked her if she was recognized when she appeared on the street, she allowed as how she didn't really know and was curious to find out herself. Whereupon she paraded through a crowded hotel lobby looking for signs of recognition, got none, shrugged, and returned undaunted to the restaurant booth from which her foray had been launched.

EVEN with the Eva Marie Saints of the movie business, however, a semblance of rapport frequently substitutes for substance in the Hollywood interview. The principal reason is obvious. The average length of the "in-depth" interview (as opposed to the production-line, thirty-minute variety) is two hours, the ground rules are clear and specific, and behavior is generally impeccable.

The impressario of the Hollywood interview is the press agent, who is trained to assess the writer and publication and thus cut off at the pass embarrassing situations (for his client) whenever possible. If the press agent feels the interview will be, on balance, of ultimate benefit to his client—or, conversely, that it can't be avoided without ultimate damage to his client—he arranges it. When he assesses the situation wrongly or the client doesn't like the end result, the press agent usually suffers for it.

The frequency with which interviews

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are arranged depends on the extent to which the star involved wants publicity or is willing to go along with press agents seeking to use the star to publicize a current studio product. During the active promotion of a film or a new television show, a star may be asked to do a week-long series of interviews, often involving endless repetition of the same questions. And, frequently, the people doing the interviewing are remarkably inept or haven't bothered to do research in advance about the person they are interviewing.

I caught Rex Harrison for a scheduled interview when he was in a black mood immediately after finishing work on *My Fair Lady*. The press agent who took me to Mr. Harrison's dressing room on the Warner Brothers lot was decidedly uneasy. He told me that Harrison had just suffered through an interview by a female who wanted to talk only about his exwives, and a radio disc jockey who obviously hadn't read the studio biography and asked him such questions as: "What was your last picture?" and "Have you ever done any stage work before?" Harrison was so irritated by the latter interview that he took to replying in monosyllables, and the whole affair turned into a shambles.

The press agent told me grimly that I'd better have some good questions, and, en route, I grubbed about in my notes for a clue. Immediately after our introduction, I asked Harrison if he thought George Bernard Shaw would have approved of the ending of *My Fair Lady*. The question intrigued him, he relaxed, and we were able to establish some measure of rapport. His dressing room was pandemonium—phones ringing constantly, mercenaries moving in and out on such missions as the selection of booze for a closing party and travel arrangements for the Harrison family, scheduled to depart posthaste. Harrison moved through all this confusion with great aplomb, directing his platoons without passion as he fielded a succession of questions from me with grace, wit, and style. It was an impressive performance.

THE site of the Hollywood interview depends on the current employment status of the interviewee. If the star is working, the interview usually takes place over lunch in a studio commissary or the star's dressing room. (Interviews on the set are not very satisfactory because the performer is constantly being called away in mid-sentence, resulting in rather disjointed quotes.) If the star isn't working, the interview is usually scheduled for one of three places: the star's home in late afternoon, a posh hotel lounge (the Zebra Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel is a favorite spot) at the cocktail hour, or one of a half-dozen plush restaurants (the Beverly Hills Brown Derby rates high on the interview circuit) over the lunch hour.

In the latter case, the star and press agent—who almost always sits in on an interview—arrive first and are morosely sipping a cocktail when the writer appears. Performers generally don't enjoy this activity. They endure it as a necessary concession to the commercial end of their profession. They prefer to look on an interview in advance as a mild social disaster. They would rather be pleasantly surprised by a writer with fresh questions or an easy rapport than disappointed by one who is banal, breathless, arrogant, or just plain dull.

Often it takes the entire interview period to break down a performer's defenses—if, indeed, they are broken down at all. Sometimes, too, the interviewer finds that once the ramparts are penetrated, there's nothing behind them. Actors and actresses can always be found in one of two conditions: "on" or "off." Almost inevitably, they are "on" for an interview. If it is their common practice to brush off small and idolatrous children, insult waiters, and saucer their coffee, they desist during the interview. Thus, the interviewer can only deal in fleeting impressions, many of which are based on an image that a performer, highly skilled in his trade, wants to project.

Extra research time to try to get "inside" a performer doesn't by any means guarantee such a result. Last year, for example, I followed a Danny Kaye television show from first script-reading to airing. I requested as much interview time as possible with Mr. Kaye and was told to be patient and I would be worked in as quickly and as often as his schedule permitted.

I was underfoot for a week, watching the show evolve and looking hopefully in Kaye's direction for a sign that he was ready to talk with me. No sign was forthcoming. When I queried the harried press agent with increasing frequency and irritation, he told me that Kaye was aware of my presence and desires (indeed he was; he reacted instantly to a strange face around the set) and would work me in as soon as possible.

SO it went all week. I had reams of background data and no interview with Danny Kaye. At last, late on the afternoon of the fifth day, he gave the first overt sign that he recognized that I was around. He looked toward the chair from which I had been watching a rehearsal, nodded almost imperceptibly at me, wagged his head slightly in a gesture I interpreted as a demand to follow him, then disappeared through a rear door.

I trailed him obediently to his studio penthouse, with doors swinging shut in my face all the way. Inside the sanctum, I was told by a secretary to enter a vast living room that contained a grand piano, a bar, a large coffee table, and numerous couches and easy chairs. I expected to find Kaye alone and awaiting me there. Instead, I found a half-dozen singers who were doing several numbers with Kaye on the show I was following. They eyed me uneasily, and when Kaye entered a few minutes later, he ignored me, plunging instead into a lengthy rehearsal with the singers.

When Kaye finally dismissed the singers, they filed out quickly, examining me curiously on the way out. That left Kaye and me alone in his living room. He lit a pipe and looked at me pensively. There wasn't anything else breathing for him to look at. For a few seconds, I fully expected the band to come bursting through the back door for another rehearsal. But it didn't. Instead Kaye in-

(*Continued on page* 118)

"Listen, Eddie. I want you to forget about the convertible we gave you, your allowance, your scholarship. Go in and give it the good college try."

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News from Home

By M. C. BLACKMAN

THE MOST NOSTALGIC people in the world live in and visit New York City. Hundreds of thousands of residents born elsewhere make monthly, weekly, and even daily visits to the famed newspaper and magazine stands and shops in the Times Square area, to libraries, and to many other sources of information in the metropolis to find out what is going on in their native lands and home towns. Their number is augmented by uncounted thousands among the city's 15,000,000 annual visitors — roughly twice the permanent population. To provide these homesick people with news from home, communications media all over the world spend huge sums and use a surprising number of correspondents for special coverage of happenings in New York City.

The out-of-town newspaper stand recessed under a shelter in front of the Allied Chemical Tower (the old Times Tower) at the south end of Times Square, which purveys dailies from 350 American cities, is operated by Hotaling's News Agency. This unique concern, devoted exclusively to satisfying the home-news hunger of the uprooted, also operates a small shop in the Tower and a much larger one at 142 West 42nd Street, both stocked with foreign-language newspapers and periodicals.

The exact total of customers who patronize these stands is a trade secret. But attendants note that of the hundreds of thousands of people who call each year at the Times Square Information Center, 90 per cent of those who identify themselves as American-born continue around south of it to buy a hometown paper.

It would be possible, of course, for anyone determined to pry a trade secret from the Hotaling agency to take a position nearby from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. and actually count the number of buyers as they arrive continuously in groups of two to six at a time, hour after hour. However, the patronage varies from day to day, from season to season, and from event to event in New York City and elsewhere in the nation.

One observer recently noted that most of the buyers had one characteristic in common. They were not exactly furtive, but they spoke to the attendant in low tones, transacted their business, and departed in a hurry, as though wishing to avoid being identified as hicks with straw showing in their hair. Typical of one group of patrons was a native of Arkansas now living in New York who bought a Little Rock paper to learn in detail about the primary elections just held in that state. Another group was represented by a Chicagoan attending a convention in New York City who got a hometown paper (the only one on the stand arriving by air on the day of publication) to read a more complete report of his organization's meetings in the metropolis than was available in the New York papers.

The atmosphere and the attitude of patrons are far different in the foreign-publication shop on West 42nd Street. There, dozens of persons, most of them men, browse all day and part of the night among the labeled compartments of shelves in a sort of dreamy state of recollection, with long-ago-and-far-away expressions on their faces. They skim through a few publications, make a choice, pay at the cashier's desk up front, and depart, their mood seeming to vanish as they do so, perhaps to be revived later as they read in detail their native-land newspapers and magazines.

The statistics that Mr. Hotaling does not consider to be strictly his own business show that the firm regularly sells varying numbers of copies of about 2,000 periodicals and 600 newspapers from fifty foreign countries at prices high enough above the home cost to pay for transportation and provide a modest profit. Periodicals come by ship and arrive a week to a month after publication. Most daily newspapers come by air from England, Germany, France, Italy, and Ireland, the majority of them a day after the date of issue. Hotaling sells 2,500 copies each week of papers published in all six counties of North Ireland

"I must say, that is a mighty original line, Mr. Revere."

M. C. Blackman, now retired, was for a quarter of a century a noted member of the New York *Herald Tribune*'s rewrite staff, one of the world's best.

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and twenty-six counties of Eire, all of them weeklies except those from Belfast and Dublin. Buyers do not browse; they go directly to the proper shelves, buy, and depart briskly.

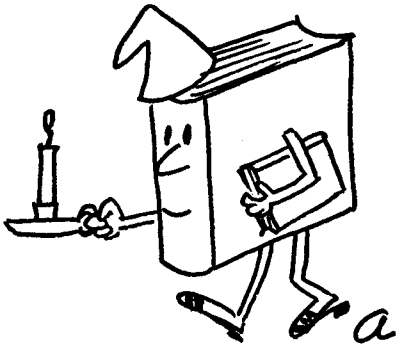
The business thrives among the foreign-born and among the foreign-stock population of more than 3 million in the city, chiefly because the foreign-language newspapers published in New York City do not satisfy the yearnings of the transplanted for news of their homelands. The papers published in the city in Greek, Chinese, Spanish, Japanese, Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish, Italian, Slavonic, and Jewish languages tell readers of ethnic groups what is going on in their communities in the new country and contain some general news, but very little from abroad. They also leave unrepresented some forty other major foreign countries, a fruitful field for the Hotaling agency.

Other sources feeding the hunger in New York City for news from home include the main New York City Public Library and, to a lesser extent, branches in other boroughs; the New York chapters of the alumni associations of nearly all the major universities and colleges in the United States; the ninety-two United Nations missions that have permanent headquarters apart from Consulate General offices; and a general reading room maintained by the U.N. Secretariat for its staff representing the 117 member nations.

Special news stories and articles for foreign communications media are supplied by a horde of correspondents stationed in New York City. The United States Information Agency, which maintains a foreign correspondents' center at 340 East 46th Street, reports it has a list of 566 bona fide users of its services and facilities. This group, including many who send material only by mail, encompasses 200 full members and 150 affiliated members of the Foreign Correspondents Association who file daily news dispatches to newspapers published abroad.

THE president of the association, David Horowith, correspondent for the Israeli paper *Hayam*, estimated that the members and non-members who write spot news for foreign newspapers file an average of 1,000,000 words a day through Western Union International, Press Wireless, the Radio Corporation of America, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's overseas facilities for telephone recording and dictation to manual receivers.

The only breakdown readily available for these communication services was provided by Western Union International (divorced completely from the parent company now), whose wire chief estimated that from 150 to 200 correspondents regularly file through it from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 words a month to foreign publications. The company also gave examples of the kind of metropolitan area stories reported in detail by correspondents to supplement the general U.N. and other dispatches carried by the regular news agencies from New York City, one of the two major news centers in the United States, the other being Washington. Several Italian correspondents filed to papers in Rome stories on the elections in Newark, across the Hudson River, where the Italian community vote has long been the deciding factor in municipal elections. The W. U. I. wire chief reported that most European nations, although they have few Negroes in their populations, are interested in all racial stories carried by the news agencies, but want special stories by their correspondents—about Negro voting, for example—only when an event affects members of their ethnic communities in this country. Other political stories that interest them, for mysterious reasons, are those concerning the public



careers of some of the Rockefellers. These are currently the brothers Nelson and Winthrop, running respectively as Republican candidates for Governor of New York and Arkansas, and their nephew, John D. Rockefeller IV, who led the Democratic ticket last spring in his race for nomination for the West Virginia House of Delegates.

Western Union reported that about 250,000 words a day are filed from New York City to out-of-town papers at special press rates, but since no special credentials are required, it has no record of the number of correspondents filing.

A great many more words are filed daily through the Bell System's Long Lines division, which keeps no classified records of telephone use. News calls are not distinguishable from others, and the company can only guess that some of the longer-lasting ones must be by correspondents sending news dispatches.

Thus the words flow across the miles, into and out of New York City, attempting to satisfy a never-ending hunger and undying nostalgia for "the latest news from home."

Hollywood Interview

Continued from page 116

vited me to his coffee table, puffed on his pipe and gave an eloquent monologue for a half-hour about why a performer of his stature would subject himself to the regimen of a weekly hour on television; then he abruptly dismissed me, too. The interview had ended.

That's how the game is played daily in Hollywood. Performers' attitudes range from outright antagonism toward interviews among such long-established stars as Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra, or Doris Day to an eager search for publicity by the young crop of television headliners. Occupying a middle ground are many of the younger stars in Hollywood, who have practicality, a hard-headed business sense, and a confidence in their own ability to cope with any area of questioning that sets them apart from their older contemporaries.

A young, bright, and insouciant actress named Suzanne Pleshette told me: "The Hollywood generation before us deliberately created an entirely different kind of image. They were above and beyond life. They didn't get their clothes soiled. Today, nobody escapes being a fallible human being. The world has changed. So have we. But the public still doesn't want to think of us as intelligent, articulate people who maybe even love our parents. They like to think of us as troubled folk. As a result, we're constantly in the position of giving an intelligent interview and then seeing it distorted or misunderstood. So I've had to ask myself: 'Do I try to present another face or be true to myself and hope it will come out eventually in context?'"

Actress Connie Stevens put it even more succinctly. "These people," she told me, "want a movie star—not a buddy."

As long as the interview system operates the way it does, the chances of a Hollywood writer's probing very deeply into the psyche of a performer are fairly slim. However, the public appetite for news of its Hollywood heroes and heroines is apparently satisfied on a level that can still be reached via the Hollywood interview as its practitioners know it today. Maybe it's better that way.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 4 *(Great Expectations)*, 8 *(A Moveable Feast)*, 15 *(The Caine Mutiny)*, 14 *(Lust for Life)*, 10 *(The Last Hurrah)*, 11 *(Arch of Triumph)*, 13 *(A Sentimental Journey)*, 12 *(In Dubious Battle)*, 1 *(Imperial Woman)*, 2 *(Tobacco Road)*, 5 *(Magnificent Obsession)*, 7 *(The Sound and the Fury)*, 6 *(Middlemarch)*, 3 *(One of Ours)*, 9 *(Random Harvest)*

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Please Don't Steal My Reporters

By FRANK B. GILBRETH

DO THEY EVER SHOW on TV any of those movies of *The Front Page* genre, which Hollywood used to make about the newspaper game? A whole generation has matured—or at least it *should* have, if it's ever going to—since newspapermen were portrayed as acute, insouciant wise guys, who as often as not were delightfully stewed to the eyebrows. They wore presscards in the hatbands of their porkpies, called all women either "sweetheart" or "sister," and liked to holler "stop the press" when they came dashing into the city room with a scoop designed to send a gangster to the Big House or to cause a general headrolling among the crooks in City Hall.

Having duly brought the press to a screeching halt, the Hollywood reporter would put his feet on his desk, light a ciggie, push his porkpie to the back of his head, and start pecking out a story. Meanwhile, pacing restlessly as a caged cat, the boss would be awaiting the first take of the story. The boss, incidentally, was an irascible, cigar-chewing cynic, invariably known as "Chief," who had an expensive penchant for hurling his telephone through the glass panel of his office door.

Much of that Hollywood portrayal made the real reporter hoot in derision—especially when his Hollywood counterpart would start his story by typing his own byline. A *real* reporter would no more have had the effrontery to award himself a byline than he would have (to use the second half of one of Rex Stout's imaginative similes) been inclined to tip a subway guard. The byline was (and still is) a bit of largesse bestowed at the whim of the city desk, and it was taboo for a reporter even to hint that one was merited. I remember a certain assistant city editor who would get red in the face if a reporter, when turning in copy, so much as cleared his throat suggestively, or indulged in what Shaw once described as "the modest cough of a minor poet."

The movies were basically right, though: There *was* a certain amount of glamour and status in being a reporter. A reporter used to be a big wheel among his friends. He knew—or pretended he did—what was happening on the inside. He had cards to the speakeasies and passes to the shows. And one of these days he was going to write the Great American Novel or, at any rate, a short story for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Nowadays, alack, that's not the kind of status that counts. And a diminishing of status may be—and I think it is—the basic reason for the present and alarming shortage of newsmen [see "Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?" *SR*, Jan. 8].

Most editors I've talked with say they could do a far better job if they could hold onto their present staffs and fill existing vacancies. "There aren't enough good men to produce enough superior daily newspapers," the *Bulletin* of the American Society of Newspaper Editors complained in its August 1, 1966, issue. The editors almost unanimously blame the shortage on "low salaries." I think they're wrong because now, for the first time in the whole history of journalism, newsmen's salaries compare favorably with those of other occupations. And yet the shortage exists today, whereas it never existed back when newsmen were so badly underpaid.

For instance, when I started work as a young reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune* in 1933, I made $18 a week. Certainly, that was during the Depression. But the point is that the going rate in the *Herald Tribune*'s composing room at that time was $56.52. Statistics of the American Newspaper Guild show that it wasn't until 1952 that—again, for the first time in history—the average experienced reporter began making as much as the average experienced compositor.

Now, reporters are well ahead of the back shop. When the *Herald Tribune* folded, the scale was $178.60 for experienced reporters and $149 for experienced printers. The minimum today for experienced reporters on the *Times* and the *News* is $200, compared to the back-shop scale of $149.

If there's a culprit in the newsmen-shortage situation, it's the mushrooming (some cynical editors might say toadstooling) public relations profession. In the last twenty years, public relations has lured tens of thousands of men and women away from newsrooms. Public relations pays somewhat better than all but the largest newspapers. But besides the pay, public relations firms dangle the bait of today's type of status: a private office and secretary, expense-account lunches, a golf club membership, posh conventions, and often a company car.

An old wheeze in public relations ranks is that, to be successful, you must treat the public better than your relations. Since part of a public relations job may involve getting stories into or keeping stories out of newspapers, the profession strives to keep on jolly-good terms with editors. But the perpetual raiding of news staffs makes the jolliness unrequited. Getting back to the wheeze, if the relations of public relations people aren't treated any better than editors, then family life must be a twenty-four-hour-nightmare.

I suppose that most public relations executives would hesitate a long time—several light years, at a minimum—before using the word "raid" in connection with their acquiring personnel. So if "raid" is too strong a word, one can always fall back on the rhetoric of the Public Relations Society of America, Inc. In a carefully phrased sentence which could well serve as a model for all public relations writings, the Society's *Occupational Guide* puts it this way: "The pattern generally persists whereby entry is made

Frank B. Gilbreth is assistant publisher of the Charleston, South Carolina, *News & Courier*, and co-author of the best seller *Cheaper by the Dozen*.

"Miss Little, Willie Mays may retire. Come in here and hold my hand."

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[into public relations work] after some experience has been obtained in another occupation, usually some segment of journalism."

With equally laudable caution, the *Occupational Guide* also says that, back in 1963, it was "variously estimated" there were "50,000 to 100,000 professional workers in public relations." Since public relations has been growing so rapidly, the chances are that 100,000 is a better estimate today than 50,000. And if the "pattern generally persists" of getting people from newspapers, then quite a few of the 100,000 were switched—if not raided—from newspapers. Right?

So with trained men switching to public relations, newspapers have been trying to recruit new material from colleges. But only one of every five journalism school graduates goes to work for newspapers. Last year there were some 3,500 journalism graduates, and only 700 were lured into newspaper work. They furnished hardly more than a trickle when it came to filling the acknowledged shortage of 5,000 reporters and deskmen. And, inevitably, some of those 700 will themselves switch to public relations after newspapers have trained them.

It would be senseless to say that higher and still higher salaries would not help solve the shortage in newsrooms. But a new look at status is also in order. Some papers already have found that additional bylines and half-column pictures of their reporters are a step in the right direction. But what about private offices and secretaries? (I will now pause while old editors of the Hecht-MacArthur school pick themselves up off the floor. Don't throw that telephone, Chief!)

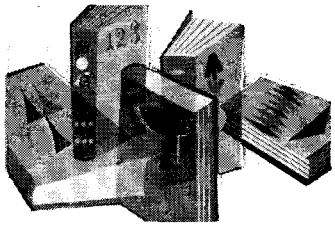
Being in the newspaper publishing business myself, I'm certainly not going to advocate any padding of payrolls with Girl Fridays, or any executive suites, for pink-cheeked kids fresh out of journalism school. But I submit that if some of the game has gone out of newspapering, then other incentives must be provided. And private offices and secretaries, for sub-editors and top writers, might constitute good economics as well as status.

I remember, back when I was making that $18 a week at the *Herald Tribune*, the same assistant who was so touchy about bylines used to delight in telling, with elaborate politeness, sloppy typers like me: "Could I trouble you to write your story on the typewriter and correct it in pencil, instead of writing it in pencil and correcting it on the typewriter? I know your time is valuable, but it's not one-third as valuable as the poor linotypers who have to set these hentracks."

All that's changed now, throughout the country—and particularly in New York. Clifton Daniel, managing editor of *The New York Times*, tells me that they have hired beginning (but obviously not

(*Continued on page* 122)

Books in Communications



The Way of the Smear

POLITICAL LIES, deceit, and character assassination apparently are as old as democratic elections. Certainly they have been part of American democracy from the start. George Washington, despite having been architect of the Revolutionary War victory over Britain, was maligned by opponents for allegedly being "pro-British" while in office. John Adams, during his first Presidential campaign, was falsely accused by a Boston newspaper of having plotted to remove Washington from command of the Revolutionary armies. And Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and other revered Presidents have been targets of equally irresponsible vituperation, much of it dignified by dissemination in major U.S. press organs.

What is the press's responsibility in such cases?

Bruce L. Felknor, executive director of the Committee for Fair Campaign Practices for more than ten years, discusses this and related questions in an instructive new book, *Dirty Politics* (Norton, $5.95). In a number of instances, as Felknor points out, the press has distinguished itself by vigorously exposing and correcting campaign lies, smears, and innuendoes, but in all too many cases press media have failed to fill this indispensable role.

During the 1964 Presidential campaign, for example, a trilogy of particularly vicious, oversimplified, and misleading works of "political pornography" was widely distributed in paperback: *A Choice Not an Echo, None Dare Call It Treason,* and *A Texan Looks at Lyndon.* Yet even though free distribution of the books boosted their circulation into the millions, few newspapers reviewed them or exposed their more blatantly erroneous and misleading statements. "They [the books] were a major political manifestation of 1964," he says, "and it was dishonest of the newspapers to ignore the fact of the books or the arguments they contained."

Felknor's book is by no means encyclopedic—it contains only a thin sampling of the shameful personal abuse heaped on nineteenth-century American Presidents, for example. His concern is primarily with the more recent campaigns.

Thus there are excellent and telling examples of smears used against Al Smith, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Helen Gahagan Douglas, Robert A. Taft, John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Barry Goldwater, Millard Tydings, and Kenneth Keating (by supporters of Robert F. Kennedy's senatorial candidacy). Felknor also includes useful information about such varied and often maliciously maligned organizations as the Americans for Democratic Action, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the Americans for Constitutional Action. Informative, too, is his summary of new vehicles for spreading political falsehoods — "dial-a-smear" recorded telephone messages; "doctored" films, photographs, and tape recordings; and professionally produced film montages and TV spot announcements.

Improved press performance, though essential, is not the only need, Felknor concedes. There also must be, among other things, modernization of registration and voting laws, removal of unrealistic ceilings on campaign expenditures, mandatory publicity for campaign contributions of more than $100, strengthening of libel laws protecting politicians, stronger controls on anonymous literature and "dial-a-smear" phone hookups, a fair formula for government subsidy or broadcaster allocation of free TV time, and a press moratorium on last-minute campaign charges. Only then, says Felknor, can there be adequate control of the barrages of irresponsible campaign broadsides that not only destroy individual reputations but also deter potential candidates from entering politics, and undermine public faith in free elections and democratic government.

Other books worth noting: Veteran advertising, marketing, and readership researcher Daniel Starch has distilled many of his premises and findings in *Measuring Advertising Readership and Results* (McGraw-Hill, $8.95). CBS reporter and commentator Harry Reasoner has anthologized some of his most graceful and witty broadcast essays in *The Reasoner Report* (Doubleday, $3.95). And Frank Cormier, Associated Press White House correspondent, has surveyed Presidential humor—some of the best of which involves the press—in *Presidents Are People Too* (Public Affairs Press, $4.50).

—ALFRED BALK.

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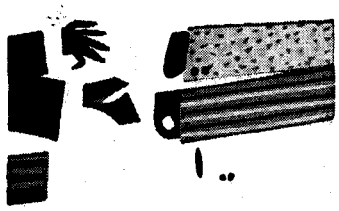
Public Relations



After the Honeymoon

FOR MORE than three decades, dating from the 1930s, except perhaps during the Eisenhower administration, business and government were in clamorous hostility. A kind word from Washington about business was a rarity. And business acted as if Presidents were deep-dyed enemies with only one end in mind: the destruction of capitalism. Reason and reality were left behind in all-out attacks on "economic royalists" and in the return shouts of "socialistic destroyers of our American way of life."

While the battles waged during the regimes of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman were in part modified under Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, it was not until President Johnson took office that a real truce was declared with a Democratic administration. Nor was this the doing of business. It was Mr. Johnson who was able to prove to business that the government was not out to destroy business or the system in which it operated. The welcome mat was out at the White House. In turn, business leaders began to realize that just as corporations do not operate in a vacuum, neither do politicians; that just as business leaders have their problems, so do politicians, whose constituency is larger and more difficult than the customers any business ever had to contend with. The cold war between the antagonists began to warm, and better government relations became a goal of the wiser heads of large corporations.

The love affair between the President and chief executives of major corporations reached a climax on election day in 1964, when, with major business support, Mr. Johnson won a smashing victory. And something that seemed to be overlooked by some observers was that not only was the entire campaign free of attacks on business by the political leaders, but, for the first time in our era, there were no planks in either party platform belaboring business. Of course, the honeymoon could not last forever. There was bound to be conflict between President Johnson and business, and it came in the restrictions on the export of capital for overseas investment; in the rollback of prices in aluminum and copper; and now, in Mr. Johnson's request for a sixteen-month suspension of the 7 per cent investment tax credit, putting the first burden of the anti-inflation fight on business.

There have been various screams and more mutterings from some quarters. But big business has not given up working with Mr. Johnson and is trying to adjust itself to what the President says is the public interest. Businessmen, who are so often lost in political affairs, are in the main still supporting Mr. Johnson, although many are saying: "What's the use"—as if the course between government and business could be smooth cruising forever. Now, two years after Mr. Johnson's election success, and with Congressional voting next month, it is worth seeing what four leading business executives have to say.

W. B. Murphy, president of the Campbell Soup Company and also president of the Business Council—originally formed in 1933 and now made up of sixty-five top businessmen—has his personal views. Says Mr. Murphy: "In my opinion, relations between business and the Johnson Administration are generally cordial. There seem to be no hurdles to the transmission of ideas between the administration and business. It would be wonderful if all business's ideas were accepted in Washington, but this does not seem to be a practical possibility. The President listens to the views of business leaders, and, I believe, gives them consideration. Certainly he regards the profitability of business enterprises important to the health of the economy. Businessmen fully appreciate the tremendous load the President is carrying. I have never heard a businessman who did not support the President on Vietnam."

Lammot du Pont Copeland, president of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, says: "Neither side benefits when government and business are adversaries. To improve our relations, it will be necessary for government to recognize that what's good for business is just as important to the national welfare as what's good for other elements in our society—regardless of who has the most political influence. Business, for its part, has a responsibility to present its point of view honestly and intelligently to government at the time of take-off of policy decisions rather than merely to criticize the crash landings."

Henry Ford II, chairman of the board of the Ford Motor Company, says: "My personal feeling is that with all the problems President Johnson faces, he still feels very strongly that business is important to him and that he must rely upon business to help him make many important decisions. I believe that the President is doing a good job under very difficult circumstances."

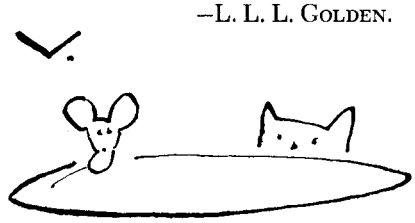
Roger M. Blough, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, believes that "business and government are not—and should not be—cast in the role of contending parties. Each is as interested as the other in the economic and social progress of the people. This does not mean that there may not be—or should not be—an exchange between them, with hearty competition between viewpoints. For example, it is the nature of government to evidence a constantly expanding involvement in areas previously within the private sector. For the common good, business needs to debate the wisdom of such tendencies in particular instances.

"A difference of viewpoint need not cause mutual distrust—particularly if leaders of both business and government approach touchy situations with a sincere desire for understanding, and with reliance on fact rather than preconceived attitude. Considerable progress has been made in recent years toward a helpful kind of dialogue. But this is only a beginning."

THERE is a long way to go before an easy relationship develops between business and government. There will, for years to come, be public relations men who will try to heat up blanket attacks by business on government, for a fee or to satisfy the frustrations of their bosses—for this has been the usual approach since the New Deal began. There are, however, other public relations men who see that both government and business leaders have a common interest in survival; that this common interest cannot be fulfiled without bringing about an effective two-way communication so that there will be a mutual understanding of each other's problems.

This does not mean that business must become the captive or toady of government, or that government must allow business a free hand. Nor does it mean that there never will be misunderstandings or quarrels. It could mean, however, that a full recognition of the role of both can result in a better life for the nation as a whole.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.



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Communication Letters

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Writers and Editors

ALFRED BALK, in his review of *Best Magazine Articles: 1966*, by Gerald Walker [*SR*, July 9], comments that the Benjamin Franklin Awards for magazine writing were discontinued in 1959 for lack of funds.

Mr. Balk, and Mr. Walker too, should have known about the establishment a year ago of the National Magazine Award. The first announcement of this new award was publicized to magazine editors and other interested persons in the fall of 1965. There were some seventy entries, which were judged by a distinguished jury.

The award was presented to *Look* magazine.

The award is to be given annually for outstanding editorial achievement. The judges shall interpret this language as covering outstanding editorial content, improved layout and design, new editorial techniques, or other demonstrations of editorial excellence.

ROBERT E. KENYON, JR.,
Secretary,
American Society of Magazine Editors.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The National Magazine Award, which is most heartening, would have been mentioned in the review were the award for writers. As Mr. Kenyon notes, it is a single award and went, in 1965, to an editor-publisher – and an admirable one.*

All Mr. Murrow's

I WOULD LIKE TO CORRECT an error that appears in the BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS column in your issue of September 10. Next spring Alfred A. Knopf will publish a collection of Edward R. Murrow's broadcasts from 1938 to 1961, not a biography-tribute. The book is being edited by Edward Bliss, a long time CBS colleague of Mr. Murrow's. Except for the introduction, the material is all Mr. Murrow's.

ASHBEL GREEN,
Managing Editor,
Alfred A. Knopf.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The information about the book was obtained from CBS. SR regrets the error.*

Grammarless Advertising

AFTER READING LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR in the July 9 issue of *SR*, I feel I should let you know that the signs in the new parking structure at Wayne State University in Detroit read: "Go Slowly." The battle for the preservation of the adverb has not yet been lost.

ANN PIKEN.
Orchard Lake, Mich.

INASMUCH as the cigarette manufacturers have been forced to print on their packs the warning that smoking may be hazardous to one's health, I submit that they be further enjoined to print this additional warning: "Cigarette advertising may be hazardous to your correct use of grammar."

JOHN LYNCH.
San Francisco, Calif.

THE CONTINUING CONCERN of your correspondents about "like" and "as" reminds me that pedants can work more havoc with our language than the uneducated. The pedants, who believed (mistakenly) that "scissors" or "island" were derived from the Latin, invented the comical spelling of these words. Pedants who still believe (mistakenly) that "none" is a contraction of "no one" insist, after the death of the tenth little Indian, "then there was none." The fear of ending a sentence with a preposition leads the pedant to speak of "a comfortable house in *which* to live." What a clumsy expression *which* to use!

HILLEL A. FINE.
Harrisburg, Pa.

REFERRING TO Barbara V. Gibbons's letter in this column on July 9, you and she may be interested to know that *slow* appears to be an adverb in all the dictionaries in our house (including the unabridged).

SONYA TRACHTENBERG BREIDBART.
Bayside, N.Y.

AMONG ALL the letters to your department of *SR*, I have never seen one concerning a mistake that irritates me even more than *like* used as a conjunction. That is, the accusative case of a pronoun before a parenthetical expression where the nominative case should be used. This mistake is very common in writing which is not expected to be free of errors, but even in *Horizon*, Spring, 1965, in an article by W. A. Swanberg called "Dreiser Among the Slicks" I found this: "She had a beautiful and talented seventeen-year-old daughter, Thelma, . . . *whom* she hoped would rise to success."

MARJORIE DEAN.
Toledo, O.

COULD IT BE that the business-minded sponsors of these cigarettes made the grammatical error *like* for *as* with malice aforethought? I have observed that some advertisers deliberately misspell or use a word in a wrong sense to call special attention to it and thus get people talking about it. No telling how much free word-of-mouth promotion for Winstons has resulted from this *like-as* controversy. Though to me, a nonsmoker, the expression is as irritating as tobacco smoke.

G. HARRIS DANZBERGER.
Hingham, Mass.

The PR Man's Job

AS REPORTED in the PUBLIC RELATIONS column of September 10, Thomas E. Mullaney, business and financial editor of *The New York Times*, has, in recent speeches, made out a good case for better executive-press relationships. However, one cannot escape the notion that he is suggesting that the PR man try to convince his boss that the PR department is an unnecessary overhead. Many PR men, perhaps feeling that this selling job may be all too easy, will stifle the impulse to improve the corporate image at this cost.

A. W. EDWARDS,
Sales Coordinator,
Colorado Instruments, Inc.
Bloomfield, Colo.

Reporters

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inexperienced) reporters for salaries as high as $400 a week. The time of such a man is, obviously, *valuable*. If a secretary could be hired to take his phone calls and handle his mail, if he could learn to dictate at least the bones of his stories, if he had a desk in a private office where he wouldn't be distracted, he then might be able to produce a great deal more for his paper.

Mr. Daniel adds that the *Times* isn't plagued with vacancies. Part of reason, undoubtedly, is high salaries. The other part, I believe, is status. There always has been—and there still is—a certain unique status in being a *Times* man.

My own opinion is that journalism today offers young men more real opportunities than it ever has before. And certainly the salaries never have been higher. Even some of the smaller papers are offering college boys $100 a week, and the larger ones go as high as $135.

The *Times* hires college boys as "news clerks" at $113.05. One of these boys, hired four years ago, is now a reporter making $260. Another, hired two years ago, is making $192. An office boy, hired in 1961 at $61, is making $235. E. R. Freedman, an assistant managing editor at the *Times*, points out that although the Guild top minimum is $200 for reporters with six years experience, "None of our people who pass their trial period on promotion wait that long before progressing to and beyond the top of the scale." Every newspaper is certainly not the *Times*, but the figures cited here are not too far out of line with those of other large papers, and the figures illustrate that public relations is not the only field in which writers can make hay.

Finally, in case I've overstated it, I ought to make clear that, thank goodness, there's still some of the game left in the newspaper game. And a number of reporters who have switched to public relations are the first to admit it.

One of our young reporters on the *News & Courier*, for example, made the switch a year or so ago, and moved out of town. One of the first things he did was to write a self-satisfied letter, obviously typed by his secretary, on his new letterhead stationery, to members of the city staff. But a few months later, when he revisited the office, he told his former colleagues:

"Sure I like it. Sure, it's wonderful. But there's this basic difference between newspaper reporting and public relations: On a newspaper, when your boss walks out of the room, you can turn to the fellow next to you and say, '*There* goes an s.o.b.' But in public relations, when the boss leaves, you say to the next guy, '*There* goes a *prince* of a man.'"

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Fouling the Air

Continued from page 32

oil with low sulfur content, burned in furnaces with smoke-control equipment, sharply reduces air pollution.

It is possible that the coal industry will claim its criticism is directed only to those who are talking about an "instant end to air pollution." If so, the qualification is worse than none at all. Since no one has urged an "instant end" to air pollution, why mention it at all if not to put the notion into people's minds that they have to choose between pollution and progress? The United States Public Health Service and countless other agencies and experts have stressed repeatedly that the problem has been building up over many years and requires a *sustained* and massive effort. At this moment, at least a half-dozen major American cities are unable to meet any reasonable standards for air safety. The counter-attack will have to be long-range and broad-gauge. There may never be a total solution but at least the problem can be kept within bounds.

Some months ago, in the course of my work with New York City's Task Force on Air Pollution, I met with coal industry representatives. I remember how pleasantly surprised I was to discover that both mine workers and mine owners spoke with a single voice. My memory went back to the Thirties, with its open warfare between mine workers and mine owners. Now they were not only sitting around the same table; they were on the same side. In fact, if we hadn't been introduced, I couldn't have told the mine workers from the mine owners.

They made good sense at that meeting. Their main point was that, before we condemn coal-burning as a source of airborne sulfur contaminants, we at least ought to look into the advanced possibilities for reducing the sulfur content in coal—especially in view of the already acute unemployment problem in the coal-mining industry. They presented evidence of their own research progress in sulfur-reduction. They pointed to improvements in control devices installed inside smokestacks for washing or electrostatically knocking out the smoke particles.

The report of the New York City Task Force gave serious attention to this approach. In the light of the coal industry's new advertising strategy, however, I am not so sure we were right. For it is apparent that the coal industry itself no longer believes that wide-ranging measures for controlling air pollution are possible without going back to the age of the cave. Once a man talks like a fool, everything he may have said becomes suspect. —N.C.

"KIDS! WHAT WILL THEY GET UP TO NEXT?"

China's 'Red Guard' Should Keep Us Wary

UNLIKE youthful unrest elsewhere in the world, the display of juvenile rampage and destruction in mainland China is under fairly good control. The young people have simply been given an assignment: harass and destroy every element of Chinese life which does not conform. The measure of conformity is Mao Tze-tung's familiar concept of "continuing revolution."

The "Red Guard" unrest is nonetheless surprising and disturbing.

The surprising aspect is the fact that Mao Tze-tung's followers have turned youth against the older generations. Even allowing for the exhilaration this might provide the young people—now free of the old ancestor worship—such action must contain risks.

Chief of these is that civil order and the functioning of the economy may break down under the weight of unrest. Also, the setting of group against group may carry the seeds of even greater, and unplanned, unrest.

To the rest of the world—and this now clearly includes Russia—Mao Tze-tung's China is presenting the appearance of a lunatic asylum in which the inmates have seized control.

The prospect is disturbing. Past "forward leaps" in China have sought greater production from farm and factory. People of all classes have been encouraged toward "right thinking" after the Mao manner.

But the present "revolution" also includes a xenophobia which has been deliberately encouraged. "Foreign devils" have been roughed up and harassed on the streets. A Catholic convent was decorated with a cartoon of Pope Paul VI, with "imperialist" soldiers emerging from the cover of his robes. Art objects from China's ancient days have been destroyed; demands are made that traffic lights be reversed—so that red means "go." Even the Russian embassy has been subjected to hooliganism.

The whipping-up of such feeling apparently means that Mao Tze-tung, or those who are using him in the name of revolution, are determined to go to virtually any length to establish the communal state.

THE Chinese have for centuries regarded themselves as superior to other peoples—"the barbarians." Whipping up such feelings for political purposes appears to show the bankruptcy of the leadership in Peking.

It's a time to keep a wary eye on China. Those who urge flexibility in our China policy—including President Johnson—seem to be on the right track. If Mao is about to hang himself through imposition of intolerable conditions in China this is not a time to give him further provocation —and new propaganda weapons. Conversely, this is an occasion when China should be watched carefully, with weapons—diplomatic and otherwise—at the ready.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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New Right

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but this is not the way of men who measure the human soul on bar charts. The trainee is therefore given the rush-week persuasion; he is garbed in a free blue blazer, brass-buttoned; he is handsomely paid for his bodily presence. Such programs dry up the very juices of ambition, and cultivate a feeble dependency on the state.

The false values of today's liberalism, rooted in a secular materialism, do not admit any other approach to the needs of the people. Money is seen as the great mustard plaster, sucking the ill humors forth. Are they rioting tonight in Harlem? Then pay the savages not to riot. Are libraries undernourished? Let us buy socially enriched books to fill them. Is the Merchant Marine running down? Money will fuel it up. Are poorly skilled workers underpaid? A higher minimum wage will put more 50-cent dollars in their pockets. This folly applies abroad as well as at home: If the United States cannot command respect, or win it, or earn it, the United States will buy it by the billions in foreign aid.

In this kindly and loving and profligate fashion, today's liberals advance along their munificent way, oozing rectitude from every pore. They *know* that fluoride is good for our teeth; so they would compel all men to drink it. They *know* that supplementary vitamins are unnecessary; so they would make it inconvenient to buy them. They *know* that racial integration is a good thing, right down to the semi-private hospital room; so they will swing the crowbar. They *know* that local building codes are obsolete; so they will compel the codes' revision, willy-nilly, to meet their own ideas of what is best. They *know* that the mountain people of Appalachia are unhappy, so they will impose a program to make them happy even if it makes them miserable.

And the curious thing—the really curious thing—is that these compulsions are sold to a gullible people as manifestations of what the President is pleased to call a "voluntary society." It is part of the Newspeak vocabulary of the Sixties. Secretary of Defense McNamara, operating by press gang, would swear all boys and girls into uniforms of their choice. The President, signing a Peace Corps bill, longs for the day when "some form of voluntary service is as common as going to school," but the President does not reflect that going to school is rarely a voluntary act. It is imposed upon children by law or by custom because it is good for them.

Just as the meaning of "voluntary" has been corrupted, so the meaning of "property" has been corrupted. The administration proclaims "equality" as a primary goal, but this is the equality invented by Procrustes. The Great Society promises "benefits," so long as it may shape and define what these benefits are. The states are reduced to imbecility and the cities to mendicancy, and this is "Creative Federalism." The liberal Left professes a love of freedom, right down to the repeal of Taft-Hartley's section 14(b). These people love the worker's freedom in terms of making him join a union.

In this block-by-block demolition of old values, it is small wonder that respect for law has declined with a respect for divine power. One of the most penetrating comments on the "New People" of our campuses and slums came from Roger Price, editor of *Grump*: "In rejecting the theology of Christianity, they have also, to a large extent, rejected its ethics. Many of them have concluded that if Jonah wasn't swallowed by the whale, it's okay to steal."

THE American conservative holds fast to the conviction that there is something better than all this.

If our cities are to be made genuinely beautiful, and not merely plastered over, the beauty must come from within. It must be achieved primarily by the cities themselves—by the people who dwell within them, exerting their own leadership, pursuing their own dreams, acting within their own inheritance. The wounds of our cities cannot be healed by busy little federal surgeons operating with great whacks of their carving knives, and leaving a Band-Aid of rent supplements behind.

If the problems of the Negro people are ever to be solved, these, too, must be solved primarily by the Negro people themselves, and on their own terms, in their own way. In this sense of the rallying cry, "Black Power" is absolutely sound. As the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., remarked in his famed "Letter from the Birmingham Jail," it is the white moderate who has become "the Negro's great stumbling block in his stride toward freedom." James Farmer, in the book *Freedom—When?* repeatedly makes the point that "the Negro community must get to work on itself." When the white power structure attempts to impose its solutions upon the colored community, as Farmer says, the Negro resents it to the depth of his soul.

It is a false approach. The conservative would hope to provide genuine opportunities for the Negro, to make training available to those with gumption enough to struggle up, and then to leave integration to find its own natural level. And the conservative, in opposing the unfair pro-

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visions of "fair housing" laws, would insist that two equal and very human rights are involved in the right of free contract—the right to buy, and the right not to sell.

The conservative would insist that the principles of a wise and constructive federalism be returned from the liberals' attic. There still is a great role for the states and cities to play in creating and experimenting with new forms of government and new areas of local responsibility. The conservative would urge that the old doctrine of separation of powers also be revived, and propped up in bed, and given a transfusion, toward the end that the regulatory powers of the executive agencies be kept strictly within the surveillance of the legislative branch.

In every applicable policy of government, the conservative would seek to preserve the individual's right to be left alone—to buy potato chips as he pleases, to take vitamin pills as he pleases, to enjoy his private property as he pleases, so long as he causes no harm to his neighbor. Acting upon Jefferson's skeptical view of public magistrates, the conservative, in questions of power, would "speak no more of confidence in Man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution."

Barry Goldwater sought to espouse most of these views in his ill-fated campaign two years ago. The shock of the Kennedy assassination still lay upon the land. Lyndon Johnson still held the sympathy of a people instinctively unwilling to opt at the time for further change. For a number of reasons, the time for these ideas was not right. But Victor Hugo's remark still holds much truth: No force can withstand the power of an idea whose time has come. In a nation that is beginning to ache for a return to law and order, for a renewed respect for property rights, and for a greater measure of personal freedom, the time for these ideas moves steadily toward the striking hour.

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RUSTIC CHARM, Chappaqua area, N.Y. Complete privacy. Retiring doctor wishes to relinquish wooded 2½ acre estate. Picturesque modern 5 room house, 2 baths, air-conditioning, oil heat. Includes separate house now rented $1,500 per annum. Price $46,000, will retain 60% mortgage at 4½%. Box V-489.

For Sale—Furnished

FURNISHED COTTAGE, winterized, hideaway or retirement, wooded area, 30 miles east Pittsburgh. 2 bedrooms, study, center fireplace, modern, built 1960. $19,000. Box V-445.

POMPANO BEACH, FLORIDA—Living, dining, sun, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, carport. Landscaped. Quality furnished, air-conditioned, electric heat. Prime location, ocean view, adjoining exclusive tennis and bath club, regulation pool. Excellent condition. Apply Alonzo Boardman, Jr., P.O. Box 850, Augusta, Georgia 30903. Telephone 404-722-5561.

For Rent—Furnished

HARRISON, MAINE. Historic Maine farmhouse. Lovely hilltop view of White Mountains. Furnished Early American. 3 bedrooms, 2 fireplaces, studio and 3 guest cabins. Perfect retreat. SR Box V-458.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box V-495.

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, new cottages overlooking lake and mountains. Private estate with air field, trout, bass fishing, deer, bear, grouse and turkey hunting. Skiing, skating, swimming, tennis, golf and riding at nearby world-famous Homestead Resort Hotel. Call or write for brochure: Clinton M. Hester, Shoreham Building, Washington, D.C. 202-347-2836; 703-522-1451.

ANTIGUA—Beautiful villa and apartment on Caribbean beach; maid; gardener. Box V-981.

For Winter Rental

ARIZONA, TUCSON—3 bedroom furnished home for winter rental. $450 month. Quiet 2 acre estate. Mountain view. Heated pool. Patio, ramada, courtyard, cactus garden, carport. Owner, SR Box V-430.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

NYC. EAST 50s, for sale—Cooperative apartment, together with collection of modern paintings, drawings, and prints. Large living room, bedroom, small kitchen. Beekman Place neighborhood, conservative prewar building. Expensive, principals only. Box V-468.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Rent

NEW YORK CITY—Upper East Side spacious apartment. Large living room and foyer, 2 bedrooms with window dining room convertible to third, 2½ baths, fully equipped kitchen. Immediate occupancy. $345 per month. Box V-92.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE FOR WRITER. Quiet, air-conditioned, furnished midtown office, part of small Foundation suite. Complete privacy. Reasonable. Box T-589.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NOVA SCOTIA—1 to 3 acre oceanfront retreats on the beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own "private beach." Unusual opportunity for investment or summer homesite—not distant but different! $2,500 per retreat. Terms. For tourist information on Nova Scotia, write Nova Scotia Travel Bureau, Halifax, Nova Scotia. For free brochure on vacation retreats write: MARITIME ENTERPRISES, LTD., "Canada's Ocean Playground," P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

AN ISOLATED 90 ACRE TRACT on a small mountain in the Central Adirondacks. Has large main building, chapel, log cabin, 2 dormitories, sleeping lean-tos, winter house, ball field, waterfront, town road, water and electricity, 70 beds. Good for summer school, camp or a large family. For lease or sale. Box V-488.

FOR LIVING IN A FOREST. A few 2 to 10 acre lots in 1,000 acre tree farm, southern N.H. Swimming, fishing in private ponds and river. Hunting, hiking in forest. Unique offer. Prices $1,200 to $6,500. Tree Growers, Box 27, Gilsum, N.H. Call person to person, John Calhoun, 603-352-2865.

COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK. About 10 acres on Otsego Lake. Suitable motel or small housing development or private estate. Reply LETTER ONLY to Owner, Five Mile Point, Cooperstown, New York.

CAMPS

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States—exclusively for persons over 60! Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care, good transportation. Near shopping, attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 6-hole golf course, gardens . . . come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Health Care Center on the grounds . . . providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information write Manager, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT. Vacation or retirement. Gracious country living. 203-354-3504.

(Continued on page 128)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 127)

VACATIONS

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HERITAGE HILL. Holland—Colonial Country Inn. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

BOARD, BOTTLE AND BED since 1789. John Hancock Inn, Hancock, N.H.

GO GAUGUIN! Caribbean mountain studio. Bring sweaters. Hammond, Naguabo, P.R.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME, Sanibel Island, Florida. Private cottage, Gulf beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Rent week, month, season. Brochure. L.I., MAyfair 1-3252. SR Box A-90.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountainside location bordering Great Smokies. Small. Secluded. Informal. Brochure.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

AH, TRANQUILITY! Mellow 1814 coaching inn . . . gourmet meals . . . in tiny, foliage-bright village. Orchestra Friday and Saturdays. Friday dinner, Saturday breakfast, luncheon, dinner, Sunday breakfast, charming room, bath, $24 person. ($20 without bath.) Vernon Stiles Inn, Thompson, Connecticut.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

ESCAPIST'S ISLAND. Completely informal. Good table. Private baths. Interesting people. Scenery. Do nothing or bird, fish, swim, snorkel, sail. Thousands of flamingos, reef fishes and breezes. Low weekly rates, air fares. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 1, Netherlands Antilles.

WALKER'S WRINKLE—Brooklin, Maine 04616. Unusual cuisine, comfortable accommodations, roam 73 acres.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

CORTEZ, FLORIDA—On beautiful Sarasota Bay. Mecca for artists, writers, and educators. Excellent food. Private dock. Reasonable rates. Brochure. ALBION INN.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food American Plan. $13 to $16 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

DANTE'S 4th CIRCLE is now located at THE MONTPELIER, NEVIS, in the Leeward Islands. Caribbean sun (82° F.) and trade winds. Folder "S" describes all.

SUN without wind or dust. In a veritable oasis in the desert, where the sky is wide, is one of the most respected and unique resort hotels in Arizona. 25 miles from main road. Miles of riding trails, lovely pool, tennis, golf, 60 species of birds, health-giving springs. Superb cuisine. Send for colorful folder 2. Castle Hot Springs Hotel, Castle Hot Springs, Arizona.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

HEALTH REJUVENATION. Reducing. Vacationing. Fasting. Sunbathing. Pool. Boating. Beaches. Delightful natural foods. Lectures. Rates $9.00 up. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

BUCCANEER INN on Longboat—Secluded hideaway overlooking peaceful Sleepy Lagoon. Patio Rooms, Apartments, Pool, Fishing, Boating, Private Gulf Beach privileges. Holiday Award Restaurant. Write: The Fields, Buccaneer Inn, Sarasota, Florida 33577.

THE YODLER, Stowe, Vermont. Just relax until skiing. Hospitality always.

VACATIONS

SEA TEE. Morning at Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C. Surf scoters skim the ebbing tide. Cries of the children reveal a lucky catch on their crab lines. The balcony outside is bathed in sunlight. Tradewinds ruffle the palmettos, while beyond, emerald green golf courses beckon by the sea. Even pet alligator, Caesar, bellows: This is the way a vacation should be! Box 15, The Adventure Inn, Hilton Head Island, S.C.

FOR ISLAND LOVERS it's heaven—Nisbet Plantation, Nevis, West Indies. 18th century luxury, 20th century comfort. Mile long private beach; tennis; aircraft.

LA FONDA DE TAOS—Congenial and reasonable accommodations for the year round. Comfortable and picturesque inn on the plaza of the Southwest's art and literary center. Write Saki Karavas, Box 746, Taos, New Mexico.

TWO LOVELY COTTAGES directly on Gulf of Mexico. 2 bedrooms, 1½ baths, kitchen, dining-living room and porch. Kitchen utensils and linen provided. Private, uncrowded beach. Sea Spray Cottages, 5145 Gulf of Mexico Drive, Longboat Key, Florida.

TRAVEL

BACK TO THE SALT MINES. It's probably not our salt mines which keep people coming back to Bonaire, but once a visitor has enjoyed a stay on this tranquil island in the sun, we can usually count on seeing him again. Our sun, sea and sand are the gawk of the Caribbean. There is radiant, rejuvenating sunshine every day. A sparkling surf massages away tension while our cozy warm sand toasts you into utter relaxation. A few days of unwinding and you're all set for a go at Bonaire's fabulous skin diving, skiing or fishing. Or, for a drive that winds from untouched hill country down to snow-bright salt flats. You'll flip when a thousand wild pink-plumed flamingos take off overhead. After sunset . . . a beach barbecue with a musical beat, a moonlight swim for two, or the heartwarming "thunk" of a slot machine when you hit the jackpot. Hurry on down. It's a mere $150—by punctual KLM round trip jet . . . New York to Bonaire in the Netherlands Antilles. Write Bonaire Tourist Office, Suite 1520, 7 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y., or phone, area code 212-CO 5-3665.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates—Schedules—700 Passenger Carrying Freighters. Inexpensive—nevertheless First Class. Voyages vary from 7 days to around the world. TravLtips, 40-21WK Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

JOURNEY IN ARCHEOLOGY April 10th-May 12th, 1967. Tokyo, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Darjeeling, Kalimpong, Gangtok, Kathmandu, Patan, Bhatagaon, Pokhara, Delhi, Srinagar, Pahalgam, Amritsar, Lahore, Rawalpindi, Peshawar, Saidu Sharif, Khyber Pass, Kabul, Bamiyan, Teheran, Rome. Personally conducted by author, Light from the Ancient Past and The Archeology of World Religions (Princeton University Press). Write Dr. Jack Finegan, 1798 Scenic Avenue, Berkeley, California 94709.

CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS, visit friendly Bush Negro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; fish; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-4, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020.

SEE THE WORLD for $14 a day and less! Only modern, air-conditioned Nedlloyd Lines Dutch passenger-freighters offer Eastern Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf, East/South Africa, Near East, Middle East, Pakistan, India, Malaysia, Central America, Gulf of Mexico and Great Lakes services. Members of The Interchange Lines. Regular sailings from New York, Montreal, Los Angeles and San Francisco. See your travel agent or write for detailed information to NEDLLOYD LINES, Holland-America Line, Dutch World Services, Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y. 10014. Offices in principal cities. All ships under Netherlands registry.

THIS AD + $7.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient theater and everything; 350 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

TRAVEL

EUROPE? There is a special kind of person who seeks something different, distinctive—perhaps mediaeval or renaissance art, architecture, antiques. New 72 page Castles guidebook gives descriptions, rates of 300 castles, baronial mansions, monasteries which accept guests. 13 countries, 144 pictures, fold-out map. $2.50 postpaid. Robert P. Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

CROW'S NEST TOUR to Morocco March 15th-April 5th, 1967. Fly N.Y.-London-Gibraltar. VW microbuses across strait to Tangier. Drive Meknes-Fez-Marrakech-desert-Agadir-up coast to Casablanca-Rabat and back home. Cost $952.60. Donald Hart, Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, 242 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Connecticut 06103.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Linden Hill Hotel Weekend. Three days, two nights. $33.50 per person, double. Including meals, theater tickets, tour of Washington, tennis, sauna, bike path. Sixteen acre resort 25 minutes from Capitol Hill. Brochure: SR Box V-59. 301-OL 6-0300.

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS 1967: We investigate the natural history of Europe, Africa, Australasia and the world. Principal objective bird observation, although a full ecological picture is sought. EUROPE: Mediterranean April 29th, four weeks; Iron Curtain countries May 20th, four weeks; Britain May 29th, three weeks; Iceland June 25th, two weeks; Scandinavia June 25th, four weeks. AFRICA: Two midsummer tours. SOUTH PACIFIC: Four consecutive three-week tours in autumn (their spring) covering Fiji, New Caledonia, New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand. Also two-week NORTH AMERICA tours: Florida in January; Texas April 25th; Arizona May 13th; and series of four tours "north with the spring" from California to Alaska. Six different routes in Mexico and Central America. Several spaces left on 1966 SOUTH AMERICA tours: Brazil November 5th and Venezuela-Guianas November 26th. Special two-week Christmas trip Mexico West Coast. Come along! We seek out back-country routes, try for an experience-in-depth of the natural scene and the people. (Not recommended if you're strong for night life.) Crowder Nature Tours, Harpers Ferry, W. Va. 25425.

HOW TO BE LOVED IN ST. MAARTEN. All you have to do is go there! The Dutch Antillians of St. Maarten just naturally love visitors. They love Americans. The chambermaids are considerate. The beachboys are helpful. The waiters aren't greedy for tips. The free-port shopkeepers say a cordial goodbye even when you don't buy. St. Maarten is different in other ways too. It's not only a little bit of Holland in the Caribbean but a little bit of France too. See the Dutch side and the French side. Crossing the border is a cinch . . . no customs, no immigration, and they speak English on both sides. Next time, try St. Maarten. Try the uncrowded beaches, the warm surf, adventurous trips to the nearby islands of Saba and St. Eustatius, the reasonable rates, the exciting little casino . . . they even love you when you win! Be loved in St. Maarten. You'll love it. Write St. Maarten Tourist Office. Suite 1520, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y., or phone area code 212-CO 5-3665.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE TOBAGO*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter especially for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in investment opportunities, industrial development, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues airmailed anywhere. $15. (*To-BAY-go). Caribbean Report, 509 Fifth Avenue, Suite 700, New York 10017.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. One block from U.N. All transportation, churches, shops, theaters only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations have private bath, television and direct dial telephones. Old English lounge and restaurant is N.Y.'s favorite rendezvous. Singles from $7; double from $10 daily. Special family rooms featuring 2 baths and special rates for extended stays. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

A MOST UNUSUAL VACATION. More than a vacation, a trip to Surinam (Old Dutch Guiana) is a conversation piece. At the Surinam Torarica Hotel you'll live in total luxury, yet the most primitive jungle is only moments away. The Surinam Torarica offers gourmet dining, air-conditioned rooms, olympic size swimming pool, casino—comfort and recreation in the best Continental style. And for your venturesome moods there are up-river explorations with native guides, Bush Negro fire dances and a world of other fascinations that only seeing is believing, and that only Surinam offers. Just a few jet hours away via Pan Am or KLM. The phone number, 212-CO 5-1737 in New York. Or write Executive House, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Or see your Travel Agent.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

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Tomorrow morning when you get up, take a nice deep breath. It'll make you feel rotten.

Every day your lungs breathe in air that contains sulfur dioxide (which contributes to chronic bronchitis and pulmonary emphysema), benzopyrene (which has produced cancer on the skin of mice), carbon monoxide (which, in sufficient quantities, will kill you), acrolein (which was an ingredient in tear gas in World War I) and enough soot and dirt to turn your lungs black, instead of the healthy pink they're supposed to be.

No wonder you feel lousy.

If these facts bother you, send your name and address to: Citizens for Clean Air, Inc., Box One Million, Grand Central Station N.Y. 10017.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1696

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Due to motion.	144 87 110 92 11 96 16
B. Alive.	152 150 134 91 58 160 44
C. One of a class of religious persons in Germany, 17th cent. under Spener and Francke.	85 138 157 114 107 103 165
D. Reduce a burden; illuminate.	67 164 127 170 111 62 135
E. River of Woe in Greek mythology.	109 63 118 33 84 142 125
F. Wrote musical symbols on staff paper.	9 149 182 79 175 117 129
G. Familiar word for Islamic masjids.	141 131 82 24 186 171 61
H. Better prepared for what one is about to do or experience.	177 5 48 90 26 81 120
I. Protect and aid.	143 78 47 163 12 98 1
J. Two Latin wds. for *Praise (be to the) goddess.*	189 93 72 174 15 180 113
K. Unfolded or unrolled.	151 179 167 27 80 176 154
L. Melody, as opp. to recitative.	172 89 52 145 45 106 119
M. Outstanding Amer. sculptor of Russian-Polish extraction (1880–1959).	30 187 88 121 14 38 65
N. English name of Queen of Serbia (twice) who died in 1941.	75 124 59 173 73 28 20
O. Prolix orator, or any whale.	22 185 178 159 100 128 116
P. The innominate artery.	2 112 10 29 43 132 140
Q. Suffix meaning, having such a disposition.	139 40 77 83 3 18 8
R. One who follows a cult negating the laws of beauty.	66 133 104 7 188 36 99
S. Widely used rig for sailboats, a modification of the "Bermuda" rig.	123 95 86 13 46 108 53
T. Deviation from the common rule.	158 153 105 19 126 50 32
U. Alloy chiefly of copper, with zinc, nickel, iron.	181 101 55 64 148 137 146
V. The kind of oak which Congreve's "Music hath charms" to bend *(The Mourning Bride).*	54 21 76 136 4 35 39
W. What the slayer of the Jabberwock stood awhile *in,* as he rested by the Tumtum tree.	169 156 71 115 49 34 56
X. Entice by soft words or the like.	70 161 31 42 69 17 184
Y. Leading (something specific; 2 wds.)	23 183 122 37 74 162 168
Z. Manner by which complete disintegration of any double quartet is effected (specific phrase not listed; 2 wds.)	102 97 51 68 147 57 130
Z^1. Shakespeare's word for this world as one morally distressed.	41 60 25 94 6 155 166

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 I	2 P	3 Q	4 V	5 H		6 Z^1	7 R	8 Q		9 F	10 P	11 A					
12 I	13 S	14 M	15 J		16 A	17 X	18 Q	19 T	20 N	21 V	22 O		23 Y	24 G	25 Z^1	26 H					
27 K	28 N	29 P	30 M		31 X	32 T	33 E		34 W	35 V		36 R	37 Y	38 M	39 V						
40 Q	41 Z^1		42 X	43 P	44 B		45 L	46 S		47 I	48 H	49 W	50 T	51 Z	52 L	53 S					
54 V	55 U		56 W	57 Z	58 B	59 N		60 Z^1		61 G	62 D	63 E	64 U	65 M	66 R						
67 D	68 Z	69 X		70 X	71 W	72 J	73 N	74 Y		75 N	76 V	77 Q		78 I	79 F	80 K					
81 H		82 G	83 Q	84 E	85 C	86 S	87 A	88 M	89 L	90 H		91 B	92 A		93 J	94 Z^1					
95 S	96 A	97 Z	98 I	99 R		100 O	101 U	102 Z	103 C		104 R	105 T	106 L	107 C	108 S	109 E					
110 A	111 D		112 P	113 J	114 C	115 W	116 O	117 F		118 E	119 L	120 H	121 M	122 Y		123 S					
124 N	125 E	126 T	127 D	128 O	129 F		130 Z	131 G		132 P	133 R	134 B	135 D	136 V	137 U	138 C					
139 Q		140 P		141 G	142 E	143 I	144 A	145 L	146 U	147 Z		148 U	149 F	150 B	151 K						
152 B	153 T	154 K		155 Z^1	156 W	157 C		158 T	159 O	160 B	161 X	162 Y	163 I	164 D	165 C	166 Z^1					
	167 K	168 Y		169 W	170 D	171 G		172 L	173 N	174 J	175 F	176 K	177 H		178 O	179 K					
180 J	181 U		182 F	183 Y	184 X		185 O	186 G	187 M	188 R	189 J										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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